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THE NEW YORKER

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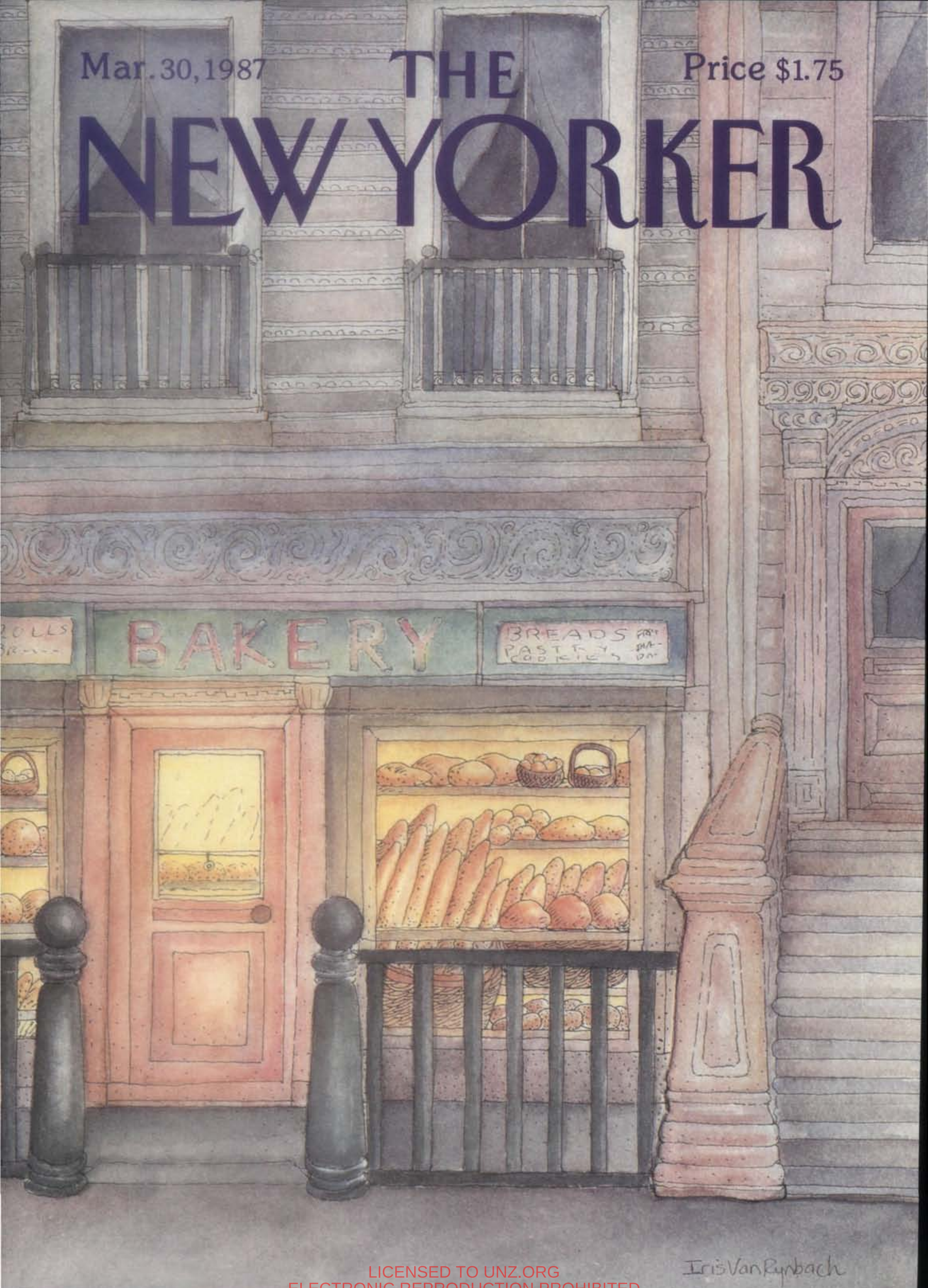
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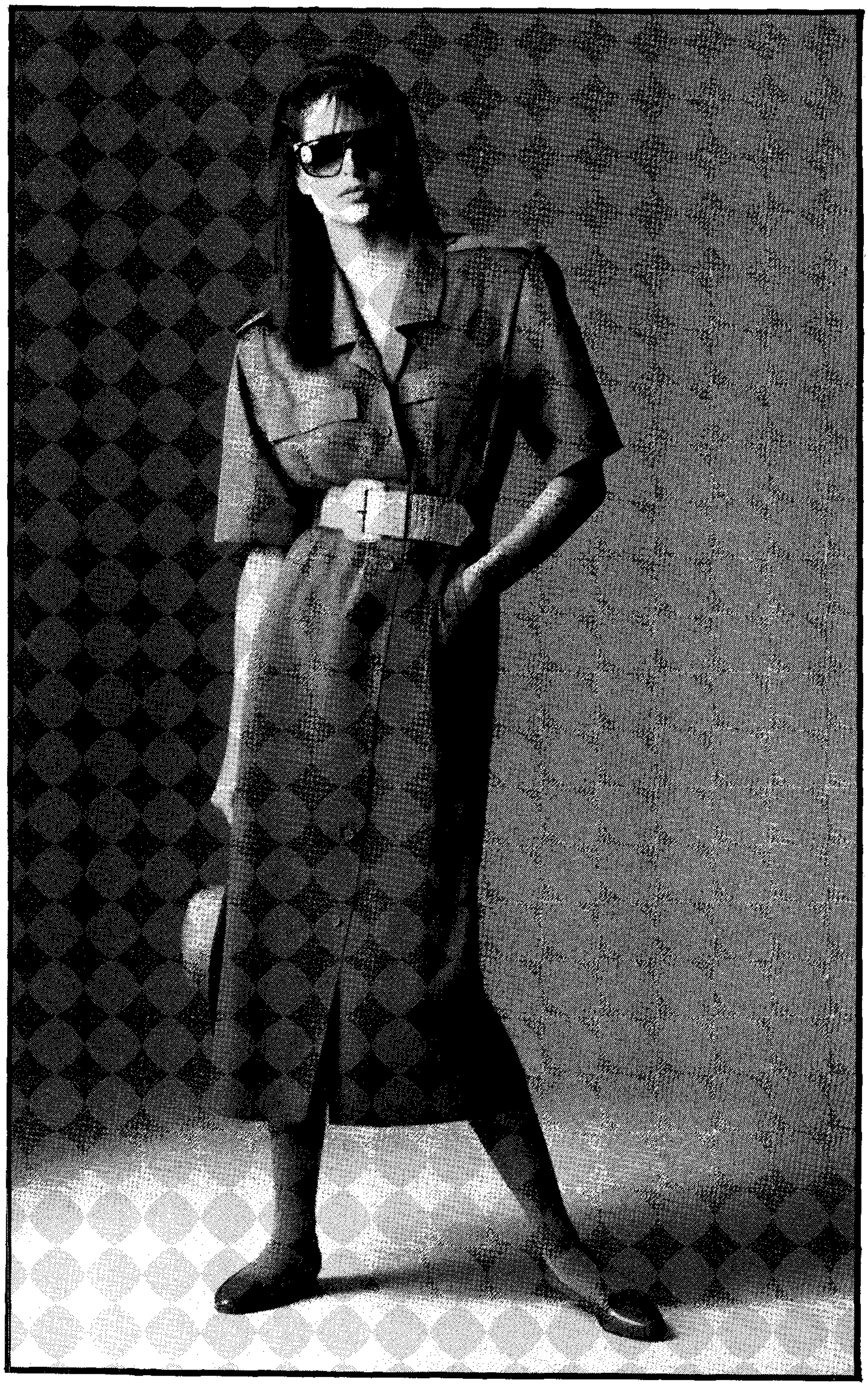

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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29	30	31	1	2	3	4

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Blithe Spirit—Richard Chamberlain, Blythe (no pun intended) Danner, Judith Ivey, and Geraldine Page are featured in a revival of Noël Coward's comedy. Directed by Brian Murray. Previews through Monday, March 30. Opens officially on Tuesday, March 31. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Broadway Bound—A touching and unexpectedly serious study of a family—presumably the playwright's—as it begins to fall apart in Brooklyn in the nineteen-forties. Neil Simon retains his accustomed skill at comedy but has wisely suppressed his weakness for sure-fire gags. Linda Lavin is superb as the troubled mother; also in the cast are Jonathan Silverman, Philip Sterling, John Randolph, Jason Alexander, and Phyllis Newman. Gene Saks directed. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/15/86.) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Coastal Disturbances—Tina Howe's funny and beautiful play about love is set on a private beach on Massachusetts' North Shore. Annette Bening, as a photographer from this city, and Timothy Daly, as a lifeguard, are the beguiling lovers, and among the other actors, as summer people, are Rosemary Murphy, Jonas Abry, Heather Mac Rae, and Ronald Guttman. Carole Rothman is the able director. (12/1/86) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Colored Museum—A sharp, satiric revue on the subject of blackness and related matters, which is almost done in by damnable sound amplification. George C. Wolfe was the clever writer, and L. Kenneth Richardson the able director. The performers, all of them splendid, are Loretta Devine, Tommy Hollis, Reggie Montgomery, Vickilyn Reynolds, and Danitra Vance. (11/10/86) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Common Pursuit—An English import. Six Cambridge undergraduates, in the sixties, plan to launch a literary magazine in accordance with the rigorous standards of the critic F. R. Leavis, and in the ensuing twenty years manage to breach these standards. Simon Gray's play, while not especially original, is consistently entertaining, and it is very well performed under the direction of the dramatist and Michael McGuire. (11/3/86) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Death and the King's Horseman—Wole Soyinka's drama about a Nigerian chief who, according to Yoruba law, must follow his king to death. Under the playwright's direction, the fascinating rituals and atmosphere of an African marketplace come across, but the story is not clearly told, and much of the irony goes by the board. With Earle Hyman in the title role. (3/16/87) (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, March 29.)

Equity Library Theatre—The sixth in this season's series of eight productions is a revival of the 1939 musical **too many girls,** with a score by Richard Rodgers, lyrics by Lorenz Hart, and a book by George Marion, Jr. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, April 5. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Fences—James Earl Jones stars in a play by August Wilson. Lloyd Richards directs. Previews Wednesday, March 25. Opens officially on Thursday, March 26. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Gay Divorce—An unsatisfactory revival of the 1932 Cole Porter show. (3/9/87) (Kaufman, 534 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday at 2 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, March 29.)

A Girl's Guide to Chaos—A comedy by Cynthia Heimel. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 869-4731. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Groucho: A Life in Revue—A surprisingly lively and touching show about the great comedian/humorist. Frank Ferrante's dedicated impersonation becomes a true performance; Les Marsden, doubling, comes close to Chico and seems inspired as Harpo; and Faith Prince deftly acts the women in their lives, among them, of course, Margaret Dumont. Arthur Marx (son of Groucho) and Robert Fisher were the playwrights; Mr. Marx directed. (10/20/86) (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Hunger Artist—Conceived and directed by Martha Clarke and "created with" the actors who perform it, this evocation in words, music, and dance of the works of Franz Kafka makes a long, depressing evening. (3/9/87) (St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. 265-4375. Tuesdays and Fridays at 8, and Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 9:30. Closes Saturday, April 4.)

Jackie Mason's "The World According to Me!"—Jackie Mason is a classic standup Jewish comedian, the George Washington of the Borscht Belt. His material consists almost entirely of outrageous insults addressed to Jews, Italians, Poles, Puerto Ricans, and Wasps. (Only the Irish escape unscathed, and who knows why? Perhaps they are being offered the greatest insult of all.) For more than thirty years, Mason's audiences—that is, his victims—have found him hilarious, and the sorry truth of the matter is that he *is* hilarious, for reasons that might well cause Freud himself to break down and sob as he sought to explain them. (Brooks Atkinson,

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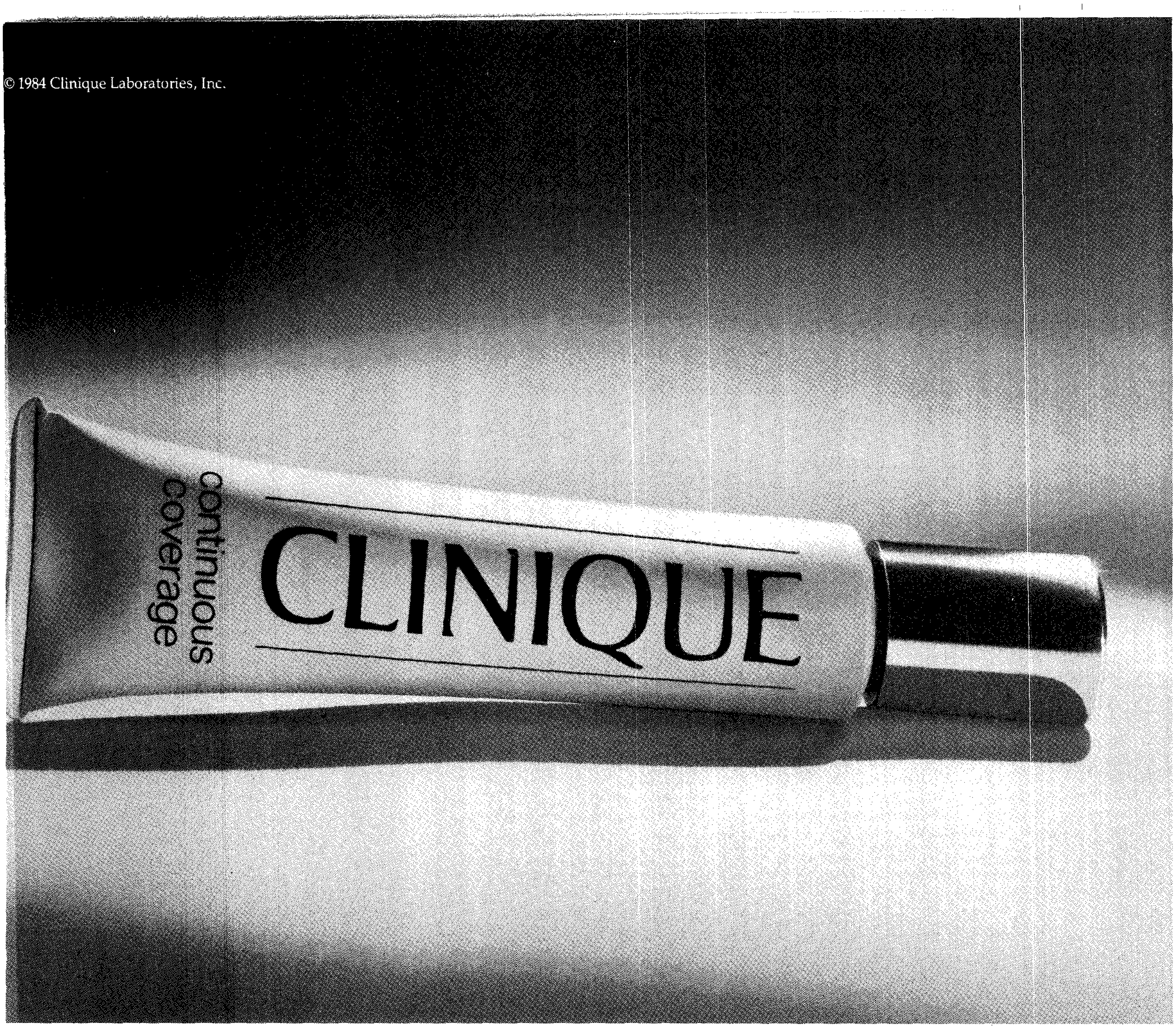

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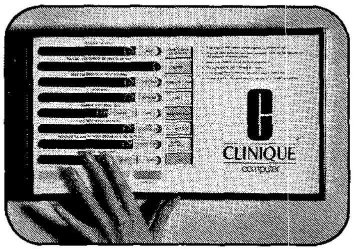

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

256 W. 47th St. 719-4099. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

The Knife—A very, very solemn cantata about an Englishman, married and with three children, who undergoes a sex-change operation. The show doesn't amount to much, in spite of the good singing and acting of Mandy Patinkin, as the patient, and Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio, as a woman who loves him. David Hare was both author and director; music by Nick Bicât and lyrics by Tim Rose Price. (3/23/87) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Lady Day at Emerson's Bar & Grill—A play of sorts about one of Billie Holiday's last engagements, at a night club in Philadelphia. (9/29/86) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 6. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Me and My Girl—Robert Lindsay brings to life a silly chestnut of a British musical, dating back to the thirties. (8/25/86) (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 947-0033. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Mikado—The Stratford (Ontario) Festival production of the Gilbert and Sullivan operetta, seen earlier this year at City Center. Previews Tuesday and Wednesday, March 31-April 1. Opens officially on Thursday, April 2, and will run through Sunday, April 19. (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 977-9370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Miracle Worker—Karen Allen stars in a revival of William Gibson's play. (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Les Misérables—Colm Wilkinson is a strong Jean Valjean and Terrence Mann is his strong pursuer Javert in this musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel, which comes to us from France by way of England. The real standouts of the production, however, are the settings, by John Napier, and the lighting, by David Hersey. But even these, remarkable though they are, are not sustaining enough for the three and a half hours that the show runs. (3/23/87) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays at 2.)

The Nerd—A comedy by Larry Shue, with Mark Hamill and Robert Joy. Charles Nelson Reilly is the director. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

On the Verge—A diverting little comedy by Eric Overmyer, about three Victorian lady explorers who travel through time (from the eighteen-eighties to 1955) over Terra Incognita. Lisa Banes, Patricia Hodges, and Laura Hicks play the indomitable heroines, and Tom Robbins plays everybody they meet on their journey. Garland Wright was the able director. Scenery, costumes, and lighting, all commendable, were designed by John Arnone, Ann Hould-Ward, and James F. Ingalls. (Reviewed in this issue.) (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 967-9077. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Sex Tips for Modern Girls—A musical with a book by Peter Eliot Weiss and score and lyrics by John Sereda. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

South Pacific—This production, by the New York City Opera, is haunted by the original, and apparently irreplaceable, performance; nevertheless, the score and lyrics and book are strong enough to carry it. This time, the stars are Richard Rodgers, Oscar Hammerstein II, and Joshua Logan. (3/16/87) (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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Staggerlee—A bountiful, joyous jazz musical, with a rhythm-and-blues score and lyrics by the prodigiously gifted Allen Toussaint, and an artful, entertaining book by Vernel Bagneris, who also contributed the additional lyrics. The setting is a Southern city during Mardi Gras. The witty, vivid scenery, lighting, and costumes were designed by Akira Yoshimura, Allen Lee Hughes, and JoAnn Clevenger, respectively. Mr. Bagneris directed the prodigiously gifted black company, which is headed by Ruth Brown, Adam Wade, and Marva Hicks. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Second Avenue Theatre, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 674-1460. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5.)

Stardust—The lyrics of Mitchell Parish, as sung and performed by an engaging company of three men and three women. The composers (over the past sixty-five years or so) include Duke Ellington, Hoagy Carmichael, and Leroy Anderson. The singers include André De Shields and, most notably, Michele Bautier. (3/2/87) (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Starlight Express—A bore on roller skates. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Steel Magnolias—A play by Robert Harling. (WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. 206-0523. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 9; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 3. Close Sunday, April 12.)

Sweet Sue—Mary Tyler Moore, Lynn Redgrave, Barry Tubb, and John K. Linton play a middle-aged woman and a college undergraduate who meet one summer and fall in love, or seem to. Why four actors are required to embody two distinctly simple characters is a question that only the playwright, A. R. Gurney, Jr., is in a position to answer. (1/19/87) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Wednesday through Saturday, March 25-28, at 8. Matinées Wednesday, March 25, and Saturday, March 28, at 2. Moves on Wednesday, April 1, to the Royale, 242 W. 45th St., 239-6200, where performances will be given Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, with matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Widow Claire—Horton Foote continues to explore the lives of the citizens of Harrison, Texas. The principal characters here are a racy, nervous widow and young Horace Robedaux, played by Hallie Foote and Eric Stoltz. (12/29/86) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Women Beware Women—Howard Barker's drama, based on the seventeenth-century play of the same name by Thomas Middleton. (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

York Theatre Company—A revised version o "The Apple Tree," a 1966 musical by Jerr Bock and Sheldon Harnick. (York Theatre, E. 90th St. 534-5366. Fridays and Saturday and Wednesday, March 25, at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sunday at 3. Closes Saturday, April 11.)

Long Runs—**BIG RIVER:** A musical about Huckleberry Finn and Jim and their adventures o the Mississippi. The large cast is full o charm and so is the scenery, by Heidi Landesman. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8 Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LA CAGE AUX FOLLES:** big, handsomely designed and handsomel costumed musical. The book, by Harve Fierstein, is sentimental nonsense, but th music, by Jerry Herman, is pleasantl tuneful. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8 Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CATS:** A musical versio of T. S. Eliot's "Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats." Music by Andrew Lloyd Webber choreography by Gillian Lynne, and directio (and some lyrics) by Trevor Nunn. A super spectacle, which may run for many mor years and give cats the right to vote and hol office. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8 Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancer audition for a handful of chorus jobs in show not yet in rehearsal, and by the tim the evening is over we know everything abou all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . **DROOD:** Charles Dickens' unfinished novel "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," served as basis for this jolly, silly musical, with charming songs by Rupert Holmes, an excellen cast headed by George Rose, and uninhibite direction by Wilford Leach. (Imperial, 24 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 11,200 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhous 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838 Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays a 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinée Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gowe Champion and a few classic songs enliven a otherwise inert pastiche of the Warne Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler star. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200 Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinée Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **I'M NOT RAPPAPORT:** Her Gardner's synthetic, though often entertaining, comedy about two old men who share bench in Central Park, starring Hal Linde and Ossie Davis. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8 Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant jokey musical is wholly free of camp. Th score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics Martin P. Robinson designed the menacin plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8 and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **NUNSENSE:** A musica comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays throug Saturdays, except Friday, March 27, at 8 Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays, excep March 28, at 2, and Sundays at 3. Specia performance Sunday, March 29, at 7.) . . . **OH CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches tha purport to give us a refreshing view o sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St 302-2302. Mondays through Fridays at 8 Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays a 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays a 3.)

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

with Maureen McGovern, Larry Kert, and Jack Gilford. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Thursday and Friday, March 26-27, at 8; Saturday, March 28, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, March 29, at 2 and 7.)

BEEHIVE—A musical revue, featuring girl-group songs of the sixties. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 7:30 and 10; and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 5.)

FORBIDDEN BROADWAY—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

DANCE

MURRAY LOUIS DANCE COMPANY—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday, March 25, and Friday, March 27, at 8, and Sunday, March 29, at 2: "Black and White," with guest artists Tigger Benford, percussion, and Ben Hazard, synthesizer; "Butterfly;" "Interims;" "The Disenchantment of Pierrot;" and "Geometrics." . . . ¶ Thursday, March 26, and Saturday, March 28, at 8, and Sunday, March 29, at 7:30: "Revels," "Bach Suite," "Return to Go," and "The Station." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

DANCE THEATRE OF HARLEM—Wednesday matinée and evening, March 25: "Allegro Brillante," "Saffron Knot," "Phoenix Rising," and "Serenade." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, March 26, and Saturday evening, March 28: "The Four Temperaments," "Wingborne," "Othello," and "Dougla." . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 27, and Saturday and Sunday matinées, March 28-29: "The Four Temperaments," "Manifestations," "Wingborne," and "Dougla." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, March 31, and Wednesday matinée and evening, April 1: "Allegro Brillante" and "Giselle." . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday evenings, April 2-3, "Toccata e Due Canzoni," "Bugaku," and "Firebird." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée and evening, April 4: "Footprints Dressed in Red," "Fancy Free," and "Firebird." (Davis Hall, City College, Convent Ave. at 134th St. 239-6200. Evenings at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Through Sunday, April 5.)

MEREDITH MONK AND PING CHONG—In a revival of "The Travelogue Series: Paris/Venice-Milan/Chacon," with a twenty-member company. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Tuesday, March 31, at 7:30; Wednesday through Saturday, April 1-4, at 8; and Sunday, April 5, at 2 and 7:30.)

REBECCA KELLY DANCE COMPANY—Two premières—"Ladies in Waiting" and "Window"—plus "American Landscape" and "Abrha." (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. Friday and Saturday, March 27-28, at 8. For information about tickets, call 431-8489.)

JUILLIARD DANCE ENSEMBLE—Benefit performances of new and repertory works. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. Friday and Saturday, March 27-28, at 8, and Sunday, March 29, at 3. For information about tickets, call 874-7515.)

MUNA TSENG DANCE PROJECTS—A contemporary dance company in "Monkeys," a new full-length work. (Midtown Y, 344 E. 14th St. 673-2207. Saturday, March 28, at 8 and 10, and Sunday, March 29, at 3 and 8.)

SHIMAZAKI DANCERS—In a program of modern dance. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, W. 120th St. and Riverside Dr. 864-2929. Wednesday, April 1, and Friday, April 3, at 8, and Sunday, April 5, at 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			25	26	27	28
29	30	31	1	2	3	4

ALGONQUIN HOTEL, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—In the lobby, people come and go talking of the Forty-fourth Street Chowder and Marching Club (which used to meet here) and of the Thanatopsis Club (which also used to meet here) and of **MARGARET WHITING**, who is singing in the candlelit mead hall known as the Oak Room. Shows at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining.

ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A nautically appointed bar and restaurant. Any swaying you may notice yourself doing is probably generated by the musicians, who perform amidships on a railed-in platform. Friday and Saturday, March 27-28, are in the hands of drummer **VERNEL FOURNIER'S** group, featuring trombonist **BENNY POWELL**, and the next weekend (April 3-4) is set aside for singer **LODI CARR'S** trio. Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten.

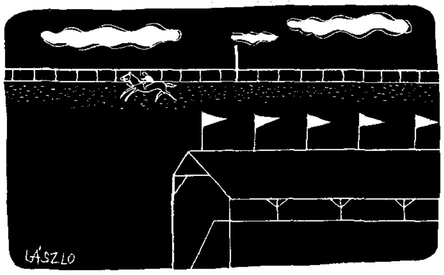
BALLROOM, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A sleek, carpeted, neat-as-a-pin music room, which is also hushed and smokeless during **BLOSSOM DEARIE'S** early-bird concerts. She sings her first note at six-thirty Wednesdays through Saturdays. On Tuesday, March 31, singer **KAREN AKERS** begins a two-week stint. Shows Tuesday and Wednesday, March 31-April 1, at nine, and Friday and Saturday, April 3-4, at nine and eleven.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—On the back wall of this club, there is a little neon version of the Manhattan skyline, with a crescent moon and two stars attendant upon it—one of the best examples of inert-gas folk art we know of. Through Sunday, March 29, Latin-jazz flutist **DAVE VALENTIN'S** quintet trades sets with the funky samba trio Azymuth, and on Tuesday, March 31, the Brazilian-born singing-and-piano-*playing sensation* **TANIA MARIA** *arrives with her* backing crew, bassist **EDDIE GOMEZ** and drummer **STEVE GADD**. Music from nine. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Rock, jazz, folk, comedy, and combinations thereof. Wednesday, March 25, **BUSTER POINDEXTER & THE BANSHEES OF BLUE**; Thursday, March 26, country-music types Nanci Griffith and the O'Kanes; Friday, March 27, **ROGER MC GUINN**; Monday through Thursday, March 30-April 2, pop-jazz guitarist Larry Carlton; and Friday and Saturday, April 3-4, **SONNY ROLLINS**. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A crowded, duskily lit neighborhood bar, where first-rate pianists and bassists compete for your ear with professional conversationalists. Truth and beauty usually prevail. The pianists and bassists: **JOHN HICKS** and **RAY DRUMMOND** through Saturday, March 28; **KENNY BARRON** and **SANTI DEBRIANO** on Sunday, March 29; and **HILTON RUIZ** and Mr. Drummond starting Monday, March 30. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

CARLOS I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—Everything about this club is nice: the long rows of tables covered with pink linen, the bijou bandstand, the view from the bar of the bandstand, and the view out the window of Vaux & Withers' gabled Victorian courthouse. Post-bop trumpeter **LESTER BOWIE** is fronting a quintet through Sunday, March 29. On Tuesday, March 31, singer-pianist **SHIRLEY HORN** drops by. Mondays are in the swell hands of seven-string guitarists **BUCKY** and **JOHN PIZZARELLI**. Music from nine every night except Monday, when it begins at eight. Dining.



CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The Café Carlyle is a cozy, elegant room; its key personnel (the musicians, the headwaiter) and some of its patrons (key personnel, no doubt, in other venues) wear tuxedos, but you needn't. Pianist-singer Buddy Greco and his quintet perform through Saturday, March 28, and on Tuesday, March 31, the one and only **BOBBY SHORT** returns. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in the Bemelmans Bar, you can listen to pianist and singer **BARBARA CARROLL** Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-forty-five.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Through a heavy-duty steel door, through a green Plexiglas door, down a long, narrow, fun-house passageway (mirrors in which you can watch yourself multiply; corrugated-metal siding that you can riffle), and down a flight of stairs, you'll find this velvet-and-mirror-walled *boîte*. The music is furnished by singer Marlena Shaw through Sunday, March 29, and by saxophonist **MICHAEL BRECKER** and his quintet starting Tuesday, March 31. On Mondays, **LES PAUL** plugs in his guitar and plays with his trio. Music nightly from eight except Mondays, when sets begin at nine. Dining.

FREDDY'S, 308 E. 49th St. (888-1633)—**SYLVIA SYMS** sings in this little Turtle Bay supper club through Saturday, March 28. Shows at nine Tuesdays through Thursdays and at eight-thirty and eleven on Fridays and Saturdays.

GREENE STREET, 101 Greene St. (925-2415)—Once a truck warehouse, this SoHo establishment now provides space for palm trees to mature in and for non-trucking types to eat and drink and listen to good pianists. The schedule: Wednesday and Thursday, March 25-26, Michael Weiss; Friday and Saturday, March 27-28, **LARRY VUCKOVICH**; and starting Tuesday, March 31, **HAL SCHAEFER**. Sets begin at seven Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at seven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Mondays.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—Turn-of-the-century New York Sunday *Herald* posters and Hirschfeld caricatures on the walls, and, next to the brass-railed partition between the bar and the dining room, a modern Steinway. Tuesdays through Saturdays belong to pianist **KENNY BARRON** and bassist **SANTI DEBRIANO**. Music from about nine-thirty.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Texas-like in significant respects, though not in the open-spaces-and-clear-sight-lines department, in which it is New York-like. Wednesday, March 25, New Orleans R. & B. with Johnny Adams, Walter (Wolfman) Washington, and Timothea; Thursday, March 26, veteran British rockers Wishbone Ash; Friday and Saturday, March 27-28, rockabillyist **ROBERT GORDON**; Sunday and Monday, March 29-30, a funk mini-festival—**KELVYNATOR** and Foreign Legion on Sunday, and **JAMES WHITE & THE BLACKS**, J.J. Jumpers, and Ike Turner, Jr., on Monday; and Tuesday, March 31, the **JAMES COTTON** blues band. Music after nine. Dining.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Currently a jazz-singers' showcase for two of the finest: **CARMEN MC RAE** through Saturday, March 29, and **JOE WILLIAMS** starting Tuesday, March 31. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven. On Mondays after nine-thirty, Woody Allen usually sits in on clarinet with the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Orchestra. Dining. Closed Sundays.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A half-century-old ballroom that presents up-to-the-minute rock. Thursday and Friday, March 26-27, hard-core Minneapolis trio **HÜSKER DÜ**, who do an excellent, melodic cover of "Love Is All Around," the theme of "The Mary Tyler Moore Show;" Saturday, March 28, the rambunctious L.A. band Fishbone; Friday, April 3, the KBC Band, one of the Jefferson Airplane progeny, with Paul Kantner, Marty Balin, and Jack Casady; and Saturday, April 4, Zebra. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at eleven. Dancing.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—Hip-swivelling music from Brazil and elsewhere. Jugs and drums are suspended from the rafters, and a dioramic slice of jungle life is affixed to the wall above the bandstand. Wednesday and Thursday, March 25-26, **max roach** and his all-percussion octet **m'boom;** Friday, March 27, Tabou Combo; Saturday, March 28, **pé-de-boi;** and Tuesday, March 31, Southwestern bluesmen **eddie (cleanhead) vinson** and **clarence (gatemouth) brown.** Music from nine Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from eleven on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A convivial and crowded jazz club—but not so crowded, as Yogi Berra said of another night spot, that nobody comes here anymore. **art blakey** and his current crop of **jazz messengers** work out through Sunday, March 29. Starting Tuesday, March 31, pianist **abdullah ibrahim** and his all-star septet **ekaya** supply the music. On Mondays, **gil evans'** electrified sixteen-piece orchestra plays the maestro's swirling-color arrangements of such tunes as Charles Mingus's "Orange Was the Color of Her Dress, Then Silk Blue" and Jimi Hendrix's "Up from the Skies." Shows from about ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—A low-ceilinged, plain-but-functional blues and rock outpost. The decorative flourishes include pictures of Big Joe Turner, a Mets pennant, roadhouse neon, and a fiddle-footed black cat, which roams the premises looking for a seat better than the one it just abandoned. The schedule: Wednesday, March 25, the Ordinaires and Loup Gurou, a zydeco outfit; Thursday, March 26, the **ben vaughn combo;** Friday, March 27, **buster poindexter & the banshees of blue;** Sunday, March 29, Tijuana Bible and the Tall Lonesome Pines; Monday, March 30, Yo La Tengo and Last Roundup; Wednesday, April 1, Blonde Fox, featuring wild-woman chanteuse **phoebe légère,** and Velveteen; Thursday, April 2, Roger Miller Maximum Electric Piano; and Friday and Saturday, April 3-4, West Coast soul artists Frankie Lee and Sonny Rhodes. Music after nine-thirty.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Salsa bands get going in the big downstairs room on Mondays after nine; on March 30, **papo lucca & sonora poncena, larry harlow & orquesta harlow,** and pianist **michel camilo** will all be present. In addition, Friday and Saturday, April 3-4, will be given over to conga drummer **mongo santamaria** and his group plus Brazilian trumpeter **claudio roditi's** quintet. *Their* music from nine-thirty. . . . ¶ In the Terrace Bar, you can keep an eye on Village street life and listen to pianist **harold mabern** and bassist **jamil nasser** through Sunday, March 29, and to pianist **roland hanna** starting Tuesday, March 31. On Tuesdays, jazz harpist **daphne hellman's** trio is also on duty. Music from around ten.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—This hallowed basement establishment has been receiving jazz pilgrims from all over the world for more than half a century. A first-rate trio in the form of pianist **steve kuhn,** bassist **ron carter,** and drummer **al foster** plays here through Sunday, March 29. Starting Tuesday, March 31, the versatile, imaginative tenor saxophonist **joe henderson** leads a quartet. On Mondays, the foreman of the **mel lewis orchestra** settles in behind his Pearl drums and Istanbul cymbals and lets his youthful but experienced crew rip. Music after ten.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Those who can resist the temptations of the large barroom here—pinball, video games, a dialogue with a budding logical positivist from Columbia U.—will find another, smaller room, where jazz musicians hold sway. Through Sunday, March 29, pianist Eddie Bonnemère's trio, and starting Wednesday, April 1, pianist **steve colson's** group, featuring saxophonist **david murray.** Mondays are comedy nights. Shows nightly from about nine. Dining.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—Osso buco and jazz. The latter emanates from a passageway between a back room reserved for trenchermen and a front-room bar. Pianist **mike le donne** and bassist **michael moore** collaborate through Saturday, March 28, and starting Monday, March 30, Mr. Moore teams up with cornettist **ruby braff** and pianist **john bunch.** On Sundays, the hardworking Mr. Moore and **gene bertoncini** play glistening guitar-bass duets. Music from eight Mondays through Saturdays, and from seven on Sundays.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Keith Jarrett—Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Friday, March 27, at 8.

Julius Hemphill—Weill Recital Hall at Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Friday, March 27, at 8.

Kansas—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. Friday, March 27, at 8.

Bill Cosby—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 757-3100. Friday, March 27, at 8; Saturday, March 28, at 8 and 11:30; and Sunday, March 29, at 3 and 8.

Mel Tormé and George Shearing—Lehman College Concert Hall, the Bronx. 960-8833. Saturday, March 28, at 8.

"Reunion Concert"—With the Righteous Brothers, Tommy James & the Shondells, Mitch Ryder & the Detroit Wheels, the Association, and Blood, Sweat, and Tears. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Saturday, March 28, at 8.)

Pretenders—With the Smithereens. (Radio City Music Hall. Tuesday through Friday, March 31-April 3, at 8.)

Iron Maiden—Madison Square Garden. Thursday, April 2, at 8.

Robin Williamson and Martin Carthy—Washington Square Church, 135 W. 4th St. Friday, April 3, at 8. For information about tickets, call 206-1050.

Benefit Concert—The Harlem Blues and Jazz Band. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Tuesday, March 31, at 8. For information about tickets, call 874-0552.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

James Bishop—Fifteen sand-colored oils on paper by a minimalist. Through April 25. (Simon-Neuman, 42 E. 76th St.)

Marijke de Goey—Wire sculptures, including wall works that at first glance appear to be line drawings. Through Saturday, March 28. (Urdang, 23 E. 74th St.)

Victor Elmaleh—Tiny abstract watercolors, plus paper collages and two tapestries. Through Saturday, April 4. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Michael Goldberg and Norman Bluhm—Several paintings apiece, from the fifties and sixties, by two second-generation New York School artists. Through April 18. (Vanderwoude Tananbaum, 24 E. 81st St.)

Michael Harnett—A mélange of lace, grillwork, still-life, industrial landscape, and classical architecture painted on extremely narrow vertical panels. Through Saturday, March 28. (Perlow, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Edward Hopper (1882-1967)—More than seventy drawings, including early sketches of his mother and father, and a few paintings, among them "Sunlight in a Cafeteria" (1958). Through April 18. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St.)

Alexej Jawlensky (1864-1941) **and Andreas Jawlensky** (1902-84)—Thirty-four paintings by the elder, and thirty-five paintings and pastels by his son. Through May 30. (Hutton, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays.)

Neil Jenney—New paintings that combine serial images, words, and frames. Through April 18. (Mathes, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

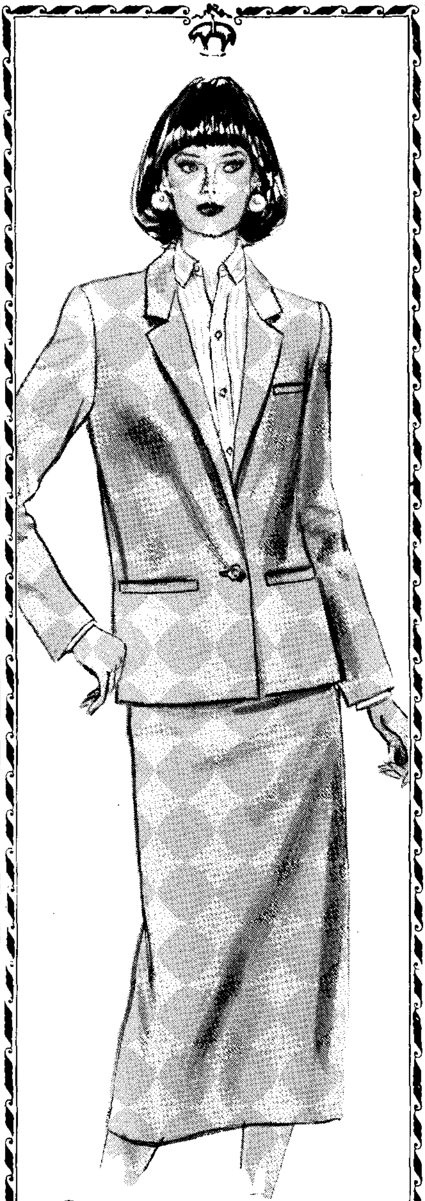
Lois Lane—A ten-year survey of her paintings, revealing a certain continuity between the 1977 black-on-black canvases and the 1987 black-and-white-and-gray works. Through April 11. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Michael Lekakis—A retrospective of carved-wood sculptures. Through Saturday, April 4. (Kouros, 23 E. 73rd St.)

Sandra Mackintosh—Musical instruments inspired this group of eighteen highly polished wood sculptures. Through Saturday, April 4. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

Roxi Marsen and Jane Swavely—Abstract paintings by each. Through Saturday, March 28. (CDS Gallery, 13 E. 75th St.)

Robert Petersen—Minimalist paintings using



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

sand and powdered pigments, plus other works. Through Saturday, March 28. (Castelli Graphics, 4 E. 77th St.)

Sandra Mendelsohn Rubin—Sharp-focus landscapes of Northern California, cityscapes of Venice, California, and self-portraits. Through April 11. (Bernard, 33 E. 74th St.)

Pat Steir—New tondo paintings in a show that complements her exhibit at The New Museum. Through Thursday, April 2. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Alan Turner—Symbolic paintings depicting eyes, noses, and other body parts out of their natural order. Through Saturday, April 4. (McCoy, 19 E. 71st St.)

Joe Zucker—A series of large new paintings with nautical subjects, which were realized through a heroic technique that involved applying paint to the individual squares of a sash-cord grid. Through Saturday, March 28. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Adele Alsop—Plein-air paintings executed in Massachusetts and Utah. Through Saturday, March 28. (Schmidt Bingham, 41 W. 57th St.)

Robert Arneson / James McGarrell—Two new series of sculptures in ceramic and in bronze—one on Jackson Pollock, the other on Ronald Reagan. Drawings, also. / Figurative paintings and monoprints. Through Thursday, April 2. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St.)

Jake Berthot—New abstract drawings. Through April 18. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St.)

Alexander Calder (1898-1976) / **Alfred Jensen** (1903-81)—Bronze sculptures, mostly from 1944. / Patterned abstractions dating from 1961 to 1978. Through April 18. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Herman Cherry—Recent abstract paintings. Through Saturday, April 4. (Ross, 50 W. 57th St.)

Daniel Dallmann—Portrait paintings and drawings of women, and realist landscapes. Through Wednesday, April 1. (Schoelkopf, 50 W. 57th St.)

David Dewey—Realist watercolors of houses seen in the glare of sunlight and from the perspective of one looking up at the third story. Through Saturday, March 28. (Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St.)

Lesley Dill—Wood and synthetic-cement sculptures of elongated figures, some blackened with paint or tar. Through Saturday, April 4. (Lamagna, 50 W. 57th St.)

Jeanne Duval and Leigh Palmer—Two still-life painters, the former a traditionalist who depicts household objects in her home in Rome, the latter a realist whose palette and subjects are indicative of New England and New Mexico. Through Saturday, April 4. (French, 41 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Friedel Dzubas / Jules Olitski—New color-field paintings, including a seventeen-panel work. Through Saturday, March 28. / Painted-and-folded Plexiglas sculptures. Through Saturday, April 4. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Pablo Gargallo (1881-1934)—Portrait sculptures, radical in their day, by a Spaniard whose work has rarely been shown here. Bronze and copper were his main materials. Through Saturday, April 4. (Herstand, 24 W. 57th St.)

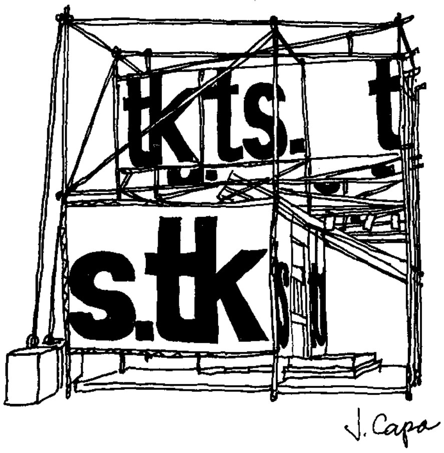
Edward Giobbi—Figurative and abstract works from the past three decades, including circular paintings in mixed mediums and works on paper. Through Wednesday, April 1. (Armstrong, 50 W. 57th St.)

Sidney Goodman—New paintings. Through Saturday, March 28. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Al Held—Three superlarge abstract geometric paintings from 1959—one measures more than thirty feet long. Through Saturday, March 28. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

Clinton Hill—Nonobjective painted-wood wall reliefs, handmade-paper works, and cut-plastic assemblages. Through April 11. (Pearl, 38 E. 57th St.)

Wolf Kahn / Emily Mason—Landscapes in adventurous colors. / Abstract oils. Through Wednesday, April 1. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			25	26	27	28
29	30	31	1	2	3	4

Rockwell Kent (1882-1971)—Prints and drawings. Through Saturday, March 28. (Associated American Artists, 20 W. 57th St.)

Michael Kessler—Large abstract paintings. Through Saturday, March 28. (Tilton, 24 W. 57th St.)

Robert Kushner / Nancy Burson—Bronzes, in the artist's first show of sculptures. / Cibachrome prints co-opting paintings by van Gogh, Cézanne, and El Greco, by an artist who starts off the process at the keyboard of a personal computer. Through April 18. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Joe Lasker—New oils. Through Saturday, April 4. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Hans Moller—Semi-abstract paintings of Monhegan, Maine, from a palette of brilliant colors. Through Saturday, April 4. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Henry Moore (1898-1986) / **Brian Wall**—Eighteen photographs that Moore took of his sculptures, both indoors and out. / Six small steel sculptures. Through May 9. (Lowinsky, 38 E. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Etchings and lithographs by Moore are at Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St. Open Mondays. (Through April 18.)

Darragh Park—Representational paintings of cityscapes, landscapes, and figures. Through Saturday, March 28. (De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St.)

Arnaldo Pomodoro—Bronzes inspired by columns, spheres, and spirals. Through April 18. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

Robert Rauschenberg—New works on paper. Through Saturday, April 4. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Gerhard Richter—Abstract paintings. Through Saturday, April 4. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays. . . . ¶ Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.)

Millard Sheets—Stylized paintings from the thirties to the present. Through Saturday, April 4. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Janet Stayton—Eight monotypes and two oils on paper. Through Saturday, March 28. (Heesy, 50 W. 57th St.)

Neil Welliver—New realist paintings of forests, streams, and boulders. Through Saturday, March 28. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Timothy Woodman—Painted-aluminum wall reliefs of genre scenes—"Bucket Brigade," for instance. Through Saturday, April 4. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Early-Twentieth-Century Europeans—A loan show of paintings and sculptures, among them two Bonnard nudes, an early and a late Mondrian, figures by Giacometti, and a Duchamp urinal. Through April 25. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Phoebe Adams / Kevin Larmon—Bronzes. / Oils. Through Wednesday, April 1. (Marcus, 578 Broadway.)

Richard Anuszkiewicz—Large-scale painted-wood constructions. Through April 18. (Green, 152 Wooster St.)

Shusaku Arakawa—Recent works. Through April 18. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

Ilan Averbuch / John Baeder—Four massive sculptures in wood, stone, and steel. / Nostalgic paintings of roadside diners. Through Saturday, March 28. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Elvira Bach—Neo-expressionist paintings of female figures. Through Saturday, March 28. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Lynda Benglis / Robert Mangold—Recent wall sculptures. / Works on paper. Through April 18. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Siri Berg—Hard-edge paintings with contrasting rough and smooth textures. Through April 18. (Allen, 110 Greene St.)

James Biederman / Charles Gaines—Abstract paintings with irregular shapes. / New conceptual works. Through Saturday, March 28. (Weber, 142 Greene St. Mr. Gaines' work is also on view at the Castelli Gallery, same address.)

Pierre Clerk—Painted-aluminum sculptures of interlocking geometric shapes, and trompe-l'oeil wall reliefs with the same shapes. Through Saturday, March 28. (DiLaurenti, 383 West Broadway.)

Elba Damast—Abstract paintings and other works. Through Saturday, March 28. (Little-john-Smith, 133 Greene St.)

Norris Embry (1921-81)—Late-career paintings and drawings on paper by an Expressionist. Through Saturday, March 28. (Esman, 70 Greene St.)

Jean Feinberg—New abstract oils. Through Saturday, March 28. (Davis, 568 Broadway.)

R. M. Fischer—New machinelike sculptures. Through Saturday, April 4. (Baskerville+Watson, 578 Broadway.)

Julie Gross—New abstract paintings. Through April 15. (Stephen Rosenberg, 115 Wooster St. Opens at noon.)

Richard Hambleton / Alan Sonfist—Paintings of idyllic landscapes interrupted by geometric forms. / An installation of cast-bronze branches and real leaves which is part of an effort by the artist to broadcast his concerns about endangered trees. Through April 8. (Brown, 100 Greene St.)

Betti-Sue Hertz—Paintings of numerous attenuated figures, creating an effect tantamount to abstraction. Through Saturday, April 4. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Robin Hill—Leaning freestanding sculptures in wire mesh, concrete, and wood, all of which is covered with pigmented beeswax. Through Saturday, April 4. (Lang & O'Hara, 568 Broadway.)

Louise Kramer—New sculptures and drawings that document the hanging of four women in Auschwitz. Through Saturday, March 28. (A.I.R., 63 Crosby St.)

Roy Lichtenstein—Geometric abstractions, eight on irregularly shaped canvases (called "imperfect" by the artist), one on a rectangular ("perfect") canvas. A show of drawings is at the Museum of Modern Art. Through Saturday, April 4. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Donald Lipski—Sculptures that good-humoredly echo works by other artists—a pair of urinals for Duchamp, a circle for Richard Long. Through Saturday, March 28. (Germans van Eck, 420 West Broadway.)

Thomas Macaulay—A sculptural installation staking out two- and three-dimensional space with painted paper, tape, and pins. Through April 11. (Twining, 568 Broadway. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Saturdays.)

Brice Marden—New paintings. Through Saturday, March 28. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

Richard McDermott Miller—Bronze figures in a year-long show. (Friends of Figurative Sculpture, a new gallery at 53 Mercer St. Opens at noon Fridays through Sundays.)

Kate Millett—Drawings and sculptures that refer to two periods when the artist was a patient in psychiatric hospitals. Through Sunday, March 29. (NoHo, 168 Mercer St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

Keith Milow—Wall sculptures, some of them in hydrostone tinted with copper powder, and some in wood and sheet lead. Through April 18. (Wood, 127 Spring St.)

Tom Otterness—A new bronze piece consisting of three large tables, with benches, that provide a platform for more than a hundred other sculptures. Through April 11. (Alexander, 59 Wooster St.)

Halina Rusak / Leila Daw—Paintings of patterns found in folk-art textiles. / One-of-a-kind books and other works. Through April 11. (SoHo 20, at 469 Broome St. Opens at noon.)

Edith Schloss / Peter Kunz Opfersei—A small retrospective of watercolors and oils. / Works on paper. Through Saturday, April 4. (Ingber, 415 West Broadway.)

T. L. Solien—Stylized symbolic paintings and sculptures, among them a freestanding painted-steel cutout depicting a pumpkin in a landscape. Through Saturday, April 4. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Imants Tillers—Paintings. Through April 15. (Cutler, 164 Mercer St.)

Grace Bakst Wapner—Fanciful all-white vase-like ceramic sculptures. Through April 11. (Steinbaum, 132 Greene St.)

Debra Weier / Matthew Radford—Abstract relief paintings. / Paintings of crowded streets and tall buildings in muted colors. Through Tuesday, March 31. (Wren, 153 Mercer St.)

Margaret Wharton—Severely stylized wall constructions using chair parts, copper, and fabric. Through April 8. (Kind, 136 Greene St.)

Terry Winters—A group of seventy-six works on paper with the over-all title "Schema." Through April 18. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Tod Wizon—Surreal landscapes. Through Tuesday, March 31. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

Paul Wong—Recessed compartments, housing metal objects, are built into wood panels that are partly painted with encaustics and partly collaged with Japanese veneer paper. Through April 7. (Condeso-Lawler, 76 Greene St.)

Group Shows—At the **castelli**, 142 Greene St.: The second part of the gallery's thirtieth-anniversary show includes works from the sixties and early seventies by Hanne Darboven, Laura Grisi, Joseph Kosuth, and others. Through Saturday, April 4. . . . **gibson**, 568 Broadway: Conceptual works by Peter Halley, Bertrand Lavier, Olivier Mosset, Robert Smithson, and others. Through April 25. . . . **gladstone**, 99 Greene St.: Paintings and sculptures by five Arte Povera artists—Alighiero Boetti, Luciano Fabro, Pier Paolo Calzolari, Jannis Kounellis, and Mario Merz. Through Saturday, March 28. . . . **thorp**, 103 Prince St.: Marble sculptures by Philip Pavia from the past three decades, and abstract paintings by Robert Ackerman and Paul Mogensen. Through Saturday, April 4.

OTHER GALLERIES

Macyn Bolt—New wall sculptures. Through April 18. (Bromm, 170 Avenue A, at 11th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Carroll Dunham—Twenty-five abstract drawings on alphabet-tabbed file cards. Through April 5. (Gorney, 204 E. 10th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Peter Hopkins—Paintings and photographs. Through April 12. (American Fine Arts, 511 E. 6th St., between Avenues A and B. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Saturdays.)

Stephanie Brody Lederman—Pictographic drawings and collages. Through Sunday, March 29. (Rastovski, 534 E. 6th St., between Avenues A and B. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Marilyn Lerner—New relief paintings showing her allegiance to Russian Constructivism. Through Saturday, April 4. (Good, 39 Great Jones St.)

David Nelson / Julian Beck (1925-85)—Small abstract oils on wood. / Works on paper from 1944 to 1950 by an artist who was better known for his theatrical work. Through April 18. (56 Bleecker Street Gallery.)

Deborah Remington—Recent abstract paintings. Through April 5. (Shainman, 500 E. 11th St., near Avenue A. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Keith Sonnier—Four works from the sixties, among them neon and incandescent-light sculptures. Through Sunday, March 29. (Nature Morte, 204 E. 10th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Philip Taaffe—Eight large canvases collaged with silk screens and painted. Through April 12. (Hearn, 735 E. 9th St., just west of Avenue D. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Michael Zansky—Semi-abstract landscapes in oil-and-encaustic on wood. Through April 11. (Bouckaert, 100 Hudson St.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Ruth Bernhard / Ellen Carey—Gelatin-silver prints of female nudes. / Photographs with paint and collage additions. Through April 19. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Marilyn Bridges—Aerial photographs of ancient land markings—the Nazca lines, Yucatán ruins, and so forth. Through May 2. (Burden, 20 E. 23rd St. Opens at noon.)

Jack Delano—More than thirty prints, from Farm Security Administration work to recent pictures taken in Puerto Rico. Through April 25. (Photofind, 138 Spring St.)

Jan Groover—A retrospective show of eighty photographs is at the Museum of Modern Art. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

W. Snyder MacNeil—Faces (of the artist's husband and daughter) and hands (of her friends) are the subjects of a series of platinum-palladium prints. Through April 16. (Pfeifer, 568 Broadway.)

Gordon Parks—A retrospective of more than two hundred prints by this photojournalist. (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. Daily, except Sundays, 10 to 6.) . . . ¶ Fifty F.S.A. prints. (Schomburg Center, 515 Lenox Ave., at 135th St. Mondays through Wednesdays, noon to 8; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.) Both shows through Saturday, March 28.

Barbara Pfeffer—Photographs of Jewish communities in New York, Israel, and Russia and of Mayor Koch, Teddy Kollek, and Isaac Bashevis Singer. Through April 11. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Saturdays.)

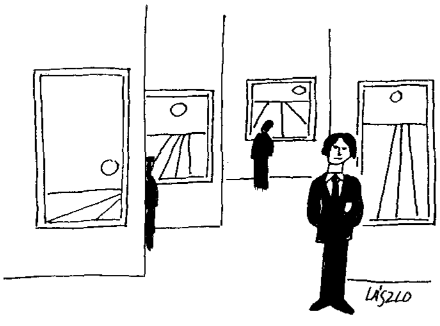
James Van DerZee (1886-1983)—Photographs of people and life in Harlem from 1908 to 1956, many shown for the first time. Through April 19. (Sharpe, 175 Avenue B, at 11th St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

Joel-Peter Witkin / Josef Breitenbach (1896-1984)—Photographs and a single sculpture. / Portraits of Ernst, Brecht, and Joyce, among other prints. Through April 25. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.)

Group Show—Large-format photographs by Nancy Goldring, Sandy Skoglund, David Hockney, Elliot Schwartz, and others. Through April 20. (Baum, 109 Hudson St. Open Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A show of Italian paintings that singles out artists—Correggio, the Carracci brothers, Parmigianino—from the Emilia-Romagna region, a center of art in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. More than half of the two hundred works, which include large altarpieces and frescoes, are on loan from Italian collections and are seen here for the first time. Starts Thursday, March 26. . . . ¶ Opening the same day is an exhibit of Emilian drawings and prints (1500-1700) from the museum's collections. . . . ¶ The library of an 1859 Gothic Revival house designed by Frederick Clarke Withers has been installed among the period rooms in the American Wing. . . . ¶ "Dance" is the title of the Costume Institute's show of men's and women's evening dress and accessories. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)



Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective show of works by Paul Klee. Through May 5. . . . ¶ A survey of Roy Lichtenstein's drawings. Through June 2. A complementary show is at the Leo Castelli Gallery, 420 West Broadway. . . . **photography:** Prints by Jan Groover. Through June 2. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—An exhibit of paintings, drawings, and prints by the Belgian artist Pierre Alechinsky which chronicles his use of sketches in the borders of his works. Mr. Alechinsky has taken this border motif one step further by painting a rising sun around the museum's elevator entrances. . . . ¶ About sixty works that Peggy Guggenheim either showed at her gallery Art of This Century (open from 1942 to 1947) or donated to American museums, in an effort to promote the avant-garde of her time. There are works by Jackson Pollock, David Hare, and Matta that haven't been seen here since the forties. Both shows through May 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A show of paintings by David Salle spanning the past eight years. Through Sunday, March 29. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Mary Frank's 1985 terra-cotta sculpture "Persephone," and drawings and monotypes showing different representations of the goddess, among other works. Through June 7. . . . ¶ Sculptures by Peter Gourfain, including "Roundabout," a huge wheel-shaped construction incorporating clay, bronze, and wood relief which was nearly a decade in the making. Also, paintings and drawings. Through May 11. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 10 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A three-inch-tall frog carved in jet, with turquoise eyes and a turquoise collar, is the centerpiece of a show of two hundred Pueblo artifacts. The frog was found at the turn of the century in a ceremonial chamber of the seven-hundred-room Pueblo Bonito, in Chaco Canyon, New Mexico. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—An exhibit of paintings and sculptures by twenty-eight contemporary American artists who are candidates for the Academy-Institute's 1987 art awards. Through Sunday, March 29. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A show devoted to Louis Sullivan (1856-1924), the influential Chicago-school architect and mentor to Frank Lloyd Wright. Drawings, photographs, models, and architectural details from some of his projects. Through June 28. . . . ¶ The accomplishments of a contemporaneous Spanish architect, Antoni Gaudí, seen in the context of the work of his peers in Barcelona, are the focus of an exhibit that includes architectural drawings, furniture, tiles, metalwork, and glass objects. Through June 9. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"The Age of Bruegel: Netherlandish Drawings of the Six-

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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"teenth Century," a selection built around the work of Pieter Bruegel the Elder. Eight of the drawings are by him, the others by artists who influenced him (Bosch, for instance) and whom he influenced (Roelandt Savery). Through April 5. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway—Pat Steir has transformed the walls of the museum into a huge personal sketchbook—the sketchbook of an artist who is practicing portraiture. The installation has drawings of eye after eye, ear after ear, mouth after mouth. Through April 12. A complementary show (ending Thursday, April 2) of paintings is at M. Knoedler & Co., 19 E. 70th St. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Fridays, noon to 10; Saturdays, noon to 8.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A selection of silver collected by Sam Wagstaff, who at his death, earlier this year, was best known for his photography collections. Most of these pieces are late-nineteenth-century American hollowware and flatware. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—"Harlem Renaissance: Art of Black America," a show of two hundred paintings, sculptures, photographs, and prints, nearly all of them by five pivotal artists of the twenties—Aaron Douglas, William H. Johnson, Palmer Hayden, Meta Vaux Warrick Fuller, and James Van DerZee. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

ART AFTER DARK

(Performance, music, dance, video, film, and combinations thereof.)

Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077—Joelle Ballonzoli (dance), Friday and Saturday, March 27-28, at 11. . . . ¶ Mitchell Kriegman (performance), Friday and Saturday, April 3-4, at 11. Through April 18.

The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793—Dana Reitz (dance), Thursdays through Sundays at 8:30. Through April 5.

P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288—Performance works by Mark Anderson, Ann Carlson, Mimi Goese, Ishmael Houston-Jones, Bill Obrecht, and Susan Rethorst, Friday through Sunday, March 27-29, at 8.

Note—Performance works by Dancenoise and by Danny Mydlack. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Monday, March 30, at 8. For information about tickets, call 674-0910.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Alice Tully Hall is 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall and Weill Recital Hall at Carnegie Hall 247-7800; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; and for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, March 25: "Turandot," with Eva Marton, Leona Mitchell, Placido Domingo, and Paul Plishka; conducted by James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, March 26: "Carmen," with Agnes Baltsa, Ileana Cotrubas, José Carreras, and Gregg Baker; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 27: "Dialogues of the Carmelites" (in English), with Maria Ewing, Jessye Norman, and Régine Crespin; Manuel Rosenthal. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 28: "Turandot," with Eva Marton, Leona Mitchell, Placido Domingo, and Paul Plishka; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 28: "Samson et Dalila," with Marilyn Horne, Jon Vickers, Louis Quilico, and Terry Cook; Jean Fournet. . . . [**Note:** A special concert will be given on Sunday, March 29, at 2:45, by eleven singers, winners of the 1987 Metropolitan Opera National Council competition; conducted by Richard Woitach.] . . . ¶ Monday evening, March 30: "Dialogues of the Carmelites" (in English), with Maria Ewing, Jessye Norman, and Régine Crespin; Manuel Rosenthal. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, March 31: "Samson et Dalila," with Marilyn Horne, Jon Vickers, Louis Quilico, and Terry Cook; Jean Fournet. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, April 1: "Turandot," with Eva Marton, Leona Mitchell, Placido Domingo, and Paul Plishka; James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, April 2: "La Bohème," with Roberta Alexander, Barbara Daniels, Dennis O'Neill, and Brian Schexnayder; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 3: "Samson et Dalila," with Marilyn Horne, Jon Vickers, Gregg Baker, and Terry Cook; Jean Fournet. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, April 4: "Dialogues of the Carmelites" (in English), with Maria Ewing, Jessye Norman, and Régine Crespin; Manuel Rosenthal. . . ; ¶ Saturday evening, April 4: "Turandot," with Eva Marton, Leona Mitchell, Placido Domingo, and Paul Plishka; James Levine. (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

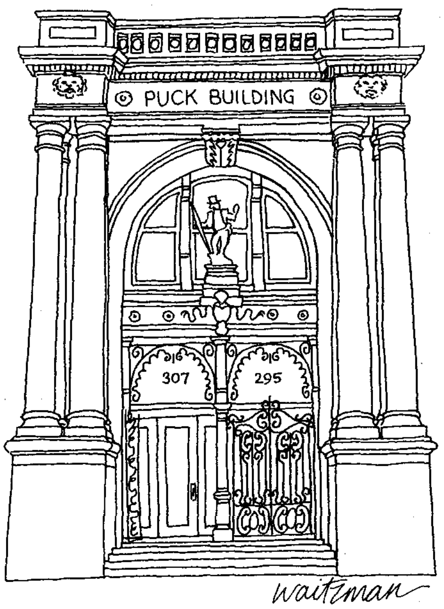
"Chérubin"—José Serebrier conducting a comic opera by Massenet. Staged by Lou Galterio. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, Broadway at 122nd St. Wednesday, March 25, and Friday, March 27, at 8, and Sunday, March 29, at 2:30. For information about tickets, call 749-2802.)

Golden Fleece, Ltd.—Jerome Shannon conducting four works by American composers: one each by Richard Peaslee and Lou Rodgers and two by John David Earnest. Miss Rodgers is the director. (TOMI Theatre, 23 W. 73rd St. Thursday and Friday, March 26-27, at 8; Saturday, March 28, at 3 and 8; and Sunday, March 29, at 3 and 7. For information about tickets, call 691-6105.)

Vineyard Opera Shop—James Kurtz conducting Giuseppe Sarti's 1782 opera, "Fra i Due Litiganti il Terzo Gode." Directed by Joseph LoSchiavo. (309 E. 26th St. 683-0696. Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30, and Sundays at 3. Through Sunday, April 5.)

Center for Contemporary Opera—Richard Marshall conducting the première of "Tomorrow and Tomorrow," by Canadian composer Timothy Sullivan. Staged by Stephen Jarrett. (Henry Street Settlement, 466 Grand St. Saturday, March 28, and Friday and Saturday, April 3-4, at 8. For information about tickets, call 279-4200.)

After Dinner Opera Company—Presenting Susan Bingham's trilogy based on short stories by O. Henry. (Bruno Walter Auditorium, New York Public Library at Lincoln Center, 111 Amsterdam Ave., at 65th St. Wednesday, April 1, at 4. Tickets are free; for information, call 477-6212.)



ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Stanislaw Skrowaczewski conducting—Thursday, March 26, at 8; Friday, March 27, at 2; Saturday, March 28, at 8; and Tuesday, March 31, at 7:30: A Boccherini-Bruckner program, with Lorne Munroe, cello. . . . ¶ Thursday through Saturday, April 2-4, at 8, and Tuesday, April 7, at 7:30: An all-Brahms program, with Krystian Zimerman, piano.

Stuttgart Chamber Orchestra—Patrick Strub conducting. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, March 29, at 3.)

Chamber Orchestra of Europe—Lorin Maazel conducting, with Frank Peter Zimmermann, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, April 2, at 8.)

New York Pops—Skitch Henderson conducting an all-Gershwin program, with Eric Hamelin, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 27, at 8, and Saturday, March 28, at 2.)

String Revival—Howard Shanet conducting, with the Composers String Quartet. (Faculty Room, Low Memorial Library, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Sunday, March 29, at 3. For information about tickets, call 280-3825.)

Orchestra of St. Luke's—Julius Rudel conducting, with James Galway, flute, and Emily Mitchell, harp. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, March 30, at 8.)

Brooklyn Philharmonic—Lukas Foss conducting a program that includes Barber, Brahms, and a new work by Oliver Knussen. With Elmar Oliveira, violin. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4120. Friday and Saturday, April 3-4, at 8, and Sunday, April 5, at 2.)

I Cantori—Bart Folse directing, with William Hanrahan, bass; Janet Montgomery, organ; and a string quartet. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Saturday, March 28, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Masterworks Choral Series—The second of seven concerts with Peter Tiboris directing a chorus of some three hundred people. More than eighty university and adult groups are participating in the series. (Avery Fisher Hall. On Monday, March 30, at 8, a Brahms-Bruckner-Rutter program, with Melissa Bauman, soprano; James Stith, baritone; and the American Symphony Orchestra.)

Oratorio Society of New York—Boris Brott directing, with Brenda Harris, soprano; Marcia Baldwin, mezzo-soprano; Michael Dash, countertenor; Charles Lindsey, tenor; and Robert Violette, bass. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, March 31, at 8.)

St. Cecilia Chorus and Orchestra—David Randolph directing Bach's "St. Matthew Passion," with Mary Burgess, soprano; Antoinette Hardin, mezzo-soprano; Grayson Hirst and Michael Best, tenors; and William Metcalf and Kevin Deas, basses. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 4, at 7:30.)

RECITALS

Janet Baker—Mezzo-soprano, with the Orchestra of St. Luke's, James Conlon conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, March 25, at 8.)

Maurizio Pollini—Playing piano music by Chopin and Debussy. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, March 26, at 8.)

Mannes Trio—Chamber music. (Mannes College of Music, 150 W. 85th St. Thursday, March 26, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Heinz Holliger and Andras Schiff—Oboe and piano, with assisting artists, in two programs of chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium. Thursday, March 26, and Sunday, March 29, at 8.)

Tokyo String Quartet—With Carter Brey, cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium. Friday, March 27, at 8.)

Arnold Steinhardt and Lydia Artymiw—Violin and piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium. Saturday, March 28, at 2:30.)

Gerald Ranck—Harpsichord, in an all-Bach program, with William Zito, lute/guitar, and Mark Hill, oboe. (Cathedral of St. John the

Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Saturday, March 28, at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

Jean-Pierre Rampal—Flute. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 28, at 8.)

Nobuko Imai—Viola. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Saturday, March 28, at 8.)

Alexander Schneider, Laurence Lesser, and Lilian Kallir—Violin, cello, and piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, March 28, at 8: A Haydn-Beethoven-Schumann program. For information about tickets, call 586-4680. . . . ¶ New School Auditorium, 66 W. 12th St. Sunday, March 29, at 2: An all-Haydn program, with Liliane Questel, piano soloist. For information about tickets, call 741-5689.)

Ensemble for Early Music—With Talisman, a male vocal sextet. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 28, at 8.)

René Heredia—Flamenco guitarist. (Weill Recital Hall. Saturday, March 28, at 8:30.)

Rafail Sobolevsky—Violin, with Charles Abramovic, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 29, at 2:30.)

Donna Wissinger—Flute. (Merkin Concert Hall. Sunday, March 29, at 3.)

NAC-U.S.A.—Presenting works by seven composers, among them Francis Thorne, who will perform his "Nocturnes" for piano and voice, with Catherine Rowe, soprano. (St. Stephen's Church, 122 W. 69th St. Sunday, March 29, at 3. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—A varied program, including the première of "Keys to the City," by Tobias Picker, who will play the piano part. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, March 29, at 5, and Monday and Tuesday, March 30-31, at 7:30.)

Daniel Horne—Piano. (Weill Recital Hall. Sunday, March 29, at 5:30.)

Daniel Morganstern and Eric Larsen—Performing, over two concerts, Beethoven's sonatas and variations for cello and piano. (Weill Recital Hall. Sunday, March 29, and Saturday, April 4, at 8:30.)

Harolyn Blackwell—Soprano. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Monday, March 30, at 8.)

Maria Radicheva and Paul Ostrovsky—Violin and piano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Monday, March 30, at 8.)

Marlow Fisher and Friends—The violist and other instrumentalists. (St. Stephen's Church, 122 W. 69th St. Monday, March 30, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Naoko Yoshino—Harp. (Merkin Concert Hall. Tuesday, March 31, at 2.)

Musical Elements—Daniel Asia and Robert Beaser conducting, with John Shirley-Quirk, bass-baritone, and Sara Watkins, oboe. A new work by Mr. Asia will be performed. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Tuesday, March 31, at 8.)

New Music Consort—In a program that includes the première of William Thomas McKinley's "Nostradamus," with Ronald Borror, trombone. Also with Martin Goldray, piano, and Rachel Rudich, alto flute. (Weill Recital Hall. Tuesday, March 31, at 8.)

Group for Contemporary Music—Presenting New York premières of works by Roger Reynolds, Donald Erb, and David Liptak. (Merkin Concert Hall. Tuesday, March 31, at 8.)

Benita Valente—Soprano, with Cynthia Raim, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, April 1, at 8.)

Barbara Stein Mallow—Cello. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, April 1, at 8.)

Juilliard String Quartet—Chamber music. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. Wednesday, April 1, at 8. Tickets are free; for information, call 874-7515.)

Music by Eliot Sharp and John Zorn—Eight instrumentalists, including the composers, performing on a variety of electronic and acoustic keyboard instruments. (Alternative Museum, 17 White Street. Wednesday, April 1, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Music Spectrum—Boris Berman, piano; Katherine Ciesinski, mezzo-soprano; the Franciscan String Quartet; and others. (Merkin Concert Hall. Wednesday, April 1, at 8.)

Bruce Wolosoff—Piano. (Weill Recital Hall. Thursday, April 2, at 8.)

Music from Marlboro—The second in a series of three chamber-music concerts. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium. Thursday, April 2, at 8.)

Boston Camerata—Joel Cohen conducting vocal and instrumental music of the Elizabethan era. (Merkin Concert Hall. Thursday, April 2, at 8.)

Amara Ensemble—With Marc-André Hamelin, piano; Jody Applebaum, soprano; Mia Wu, violin; and Rick Ostrovsky, double bass. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Thursday, April 2, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Waverly Consort—A program of Iberian theatre and dance music from the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. With guest artists. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, April 2, and Saturday, April 4, at 8.)

Peter Serkin—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 3, at 8.)

Juilliard Contemporary Music Ensemble—Paul Zukofsky conducting. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, April 3, at 8. Tickets are free; for information, call 874-7515.)

Note—Jerome Rose, piano, will give a recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, April 12, at 5. Free tickets, limited to two per applicant, will be issued in the order that written applications are received on Monday, March 30 (not before). A self-addressed, stamped envelope should be enclosed.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400, for the Meadowlands 1-201 935-3900, and for Nassau Coliseum 1-516 587-9222.)

Basketball—At **byrne meadowlands arena:** Nets vs. Chicago Bulls, Thursday, March 26, at 7:30; Knicks, Wednesday, April 1, at 7:30; and Philadelphia 76ers, Friday, April 3, at 7:30. . . . **madison square garden:** Knicks vs. Boston Celtics, Tuesday, March 31, at 7:30, and Indiana Pacers, Saturday, April 4, at 7:30.

Boxing—Golden Gloves New York City finals. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, April 3, at 7:30.)

Hockey—At **madison square garden:** Rangers vs. Devils, Wednesday, March 25, at 7:35; St. Louis Blues, Friday, March 27, at 7:35; and Washington Capitals, Wednesday, April 1, at 7:35. . . . **nassau coliseum:** Islanders vs. Vancouver Canucks, Thursday, March 26, at 8:05; Quebec Nordiques, Thursday, April 2, at 8:05; and Buffalo Sabres, Saturday, April 4, at 5:05. . . . **byrne meadowlands arena:** Devils vs. Minnesota North Stars, Friday, March 27, at 7:35; St. Louis Blues, Sunday, March 29, at 1:35; and Pittsburgh Penguins, Tuesday, March 31, at 7:35.

Racing—At Aqueduct: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1.

Running—The Perrier Ten-Kilometre Run will start at 11 on Saturday, March 28, at Central Park's East Drive at 69th Street, and finish near the Tavern on the Green.

Trotting—At Meadowlands: Weeknights at 7:30; through Saturday, Aug. 15.

ET ALIA

Poetry and Prose Readings—Josef Skvorecky and Irini Spanidou reading from their own fiction. (Manhattan Theatre Club at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. Monday, March 30, at 8. For tickets, call 645-5848.) . . . ¶ Jan Morris reading from her own prose. (Endicott Booksellers, 450 Columbus Ave., at 81st St. Tuesday, March 31, at 8. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Joanna Gleason and Treat Williams reading from the poetry of Randall Jarrell. (New York Public Library Trustees Room, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. Tuesday, March 31, at 6. For information about tickets, call 930-0654.) . . . ¶ David Leavitt and Barry Yourgrau reading from their own fiction. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Tuesday, March 31, at 8.) . . . ¶ Liz Rosenberg and Arthur Smith reading from their own poetry. (National Arts Club, 15 Gramercy Park S. Wednesday, April 1, at 6:30. No tickets necessary.)

Discussions—Stephen Sondheim and John Guare speaking about lyric-writing. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Thursday, March 26, at 8.)

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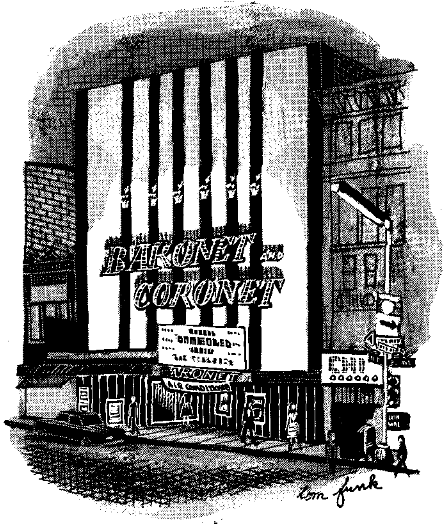
THE MOVIE HOUSES



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29	30	31	1	2	3	4

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 14.

EAST SIDE

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through March 26: At 6, "The Gods and the Dead" (1972; directed by Ruy Guerra; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese); at 8, "Graduate First" (1979; Maurice Pialat; in French); and, at 10, "The Fire Within" (1963; Louis Malle; in French), with Maurice Ronet.
March 27: At 6, three Werner Herzog short films, in German—"The Great Ecstasy of the Sculptor Steiner" (1975), "Last Words" (1981), and "La Soufrière" (1977); at 8, "Tasio" (1984; Montxo Armendariz; in Spanish); and, at 10, "In a Year of 13 Moons" (1978; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Volker Spengler.
March 28-29: At 4, "Late Spring" (1949; Yasujiro Ozu; in Japanese); at 6, three Werner Herzog short films; at 8, "Tasio;" and, at 10, "In a Year of 13 Moons."
March 31-April 2: At 6, "Princess Yang Kwei Fei" (†); at 8, "Tasio;" and, at 10, "How Tasty Was My Little Frenchman" (1971; Nelson Pereira dos Santos; a Brazilian film, in the Tupi language).
From April 3: At 6, "Woyzeck" (†); at 8, "Orchestra Rehearsal" (†); and, at 10, "The Marriage of Maria Braun" (†).

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "Angel Heart" (Alan Parker), with Mickey Rourke, Robert De Niro, Lisa Bonet, and Charlotte Rampling.
Theatre 2: "Lethal Weapon" (Richard Donner), with Mel Gibson and Danny Glover.
Theatre 3: "Lethal Weapon."

New Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through March 26: "A Nightmare on Elm Street, Part 3: Dream Warriors" (Chuck Russell).
From March 27: "Blind Date" (Blake Edwards), with Bruce Willis and Kim Basinger.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Raising Arizona" (Joel Coen), with Nicolas Cage and Holly Hunter.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Some Kind of Wonderful" (Howard Deutch), with Eric Stoltz, Mary Stuart Masterson, Craig Sheffer, and Lea Thompson.
Theatre 2: "Radio Days" (†).
Theatre 3: "Platoon" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through March 26: "Outrageous Fortune" (†).
From March 27: "Tin Men" (Barry Levinson), with Richard Dreyfuss, Danny DeVito, and Barbara Hershey.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Blue Velvet" (†).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Burglar" (Hugh Wilson), with Whoopi Goldberg.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through March 26: "Heat" (R. M. Richards), with Burt Reynolds.
From March 27: To be announced.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Black Widow" (1987 †).

Manhattan I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "The Mission" (Roland Joffé), with Robert De Niro and Jeremy Irons.
Theatre 2: "Lethal Weapon" (Richard Donner), with Mel Gibson and Danny Glover.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: Through March 26: "84 Charing Cross Road" (David Jones), with Anne Bancroft and Anthony Hopkins. From March 27: "Outrageous Fortune" (†).
Theatre 2: Through March 26: "Outrageous Fortune" (†). From March 27: "The Hanoi Hilton" (Lionel Chetwynd), with Michael Moriarty.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Round Midnight" (†).

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Man Facing Southeast" (Eliseo Subiela; an Argentine film, in Spanish).
Theatre 2: "Tin Men" (Barry Levinson), with Richard Dreyfuss, Danny DeVito, and Barbara Hershey.

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through March 26: "Beyond Therapy" (Robert Altman), with Jeff Goldblum, Julie Hagerty, Tom Conti, and Glenda Jackson. From March 27: "Street Smart" (Jerry Schatzberg), with Christopher Reeve.
Theatre 2: Through March 26: "Hoosiers" (David Anspaugh), with Gene Hackman, Barbara Hershey, and Dennis Hopper. From March 27: "Blind Date" (Blake Edwards), with Bruce Willis and Kim Basinger.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Raising Arizona" (Joel Coen), with Nicolas Cage and Holly Hunter.

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Radio Days" (†).
Theatre 2: "Platoon" (†).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Good Father" (Mike Newell), with Anthony Hopkins.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Angel Heart" (Alan Parker), with Mickey Rourke, Robert De Niro, Lisa Bonet, and Charlotte Rampling.

U.A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through March 26: "Hoosiers" (David Anspaugh), with Gene Hackman, Barbara Hershey, and Dennis Hopper.
From March 27: "Street Smart" (Jerry Schatzberg), with Christopher Reeve.

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Lethal Weapon" (Richard Donner), with Mel Gibson and Danny Glover.
Theatre 2: "Burglar" (Hugh Wilson), with Whoopi Goldberg.

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Some Kind of Wonderful" (Howard Deutch), with Eric Stoltz, Mary Stuart Masterson, Craig Sheffer, and Lea Thompson.
Theatre 2: "A Nightmare on Elm Street, Part 3: Dream Warriors" (Chuck Russell).

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through March 26: "Black Widow" (1987 †).
From March 27: To be announced.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; *Mondays through Fridays,* theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through March 31: "Reichsautobahn" (1985; directed by Hartmut Bitomsky; in German), a documentary. From April 1: "The Only Son" (1936; Yasujiro Ozu; in Japanese); and "I Lived, but . . ." (1983; Kazuo Inoue; in Japanese), a documentary about Ozu.
Theatre 2: Through March 26: "Ran" (1985; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese); and "A.K." (1985; Chris Marker; in English and Japanese), a documentary about the making of "Ran." March 27-28: "Rebel Without a Cause" (1955; Nicholas Ray), with James Dean, Natalie Wood, Sal Mineo, Corey Allen, and Nick Adams; and "Bigger Than Life" (1956; Nicholas Ray), with James Mason and Barbara Rush. March 29-30: "Andrei Roublev" (1969; Andrei Tarkovsky; in Russian). March 31-April 1: "The Girl Can't Help It" (1957; Frank Tashlin), with Tom Ewell, Jayne Mansfield, and Edmond O'Brien; and "Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?" (1957; Frank Tashlin), with Jayne Mansfield, Tony Randall, and Betsy Drake. April 2: "El Cid" (1961; Anthony Mann), with Charlton Heston, Sophia Loren, and Raf Vallone. April 3-4: "Dirty Harry" (†); and "A Fistful of Dollars" (1967; Sergio Leone), with Clint Eastwood.

Bleecker St. Cinema I and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: Through April 2: "Animation Celebration," a film comprising twenty-two films from seven countries. From April 3: "Working Girls" (Lizzie Borden).
Theatre 2: Through March 26: "Lily Tomlin" (Nicholas Broomfield and Joan Churchill), a documentary. March 27-April 2: "Blood Simple" (†). From April 3: "Animation Celebration."

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Raising Arizona" (Joel Coen), with Nicolas Cage and Holly Hunter.
Theatre 2: "Tin Men" (Barry Levinson), with Richard Dreyfuss, Danny DeVito, and Barbara Hershey.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Round Midnight" (†).

R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: Through March 26: "Evil Dead 2: Dead by Dawn" (Sam Raimi). From March 27: "84 Charing Cross Road" (David Jones), with Anne Bancroft and Anthony Hopkins.
Theatre 2: "Burglar" (Hugh Wilson), with Whoopi Goldberg.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Mona Lisa" (†).
Theatre 2: "Hollywood Shuffle" (Robert Townsend), with Townsend.
Theatre 3: "A Room with a View" (†).
Theatre 4: Through March 26: "Blue Velvet" (†). From March 27: "Street Smart" (Jerry Schatzberg), with Christopher Reeve.

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "Outrageous Fortune" (†).
Theatre 2: "Black Widow" (1987 †).
Theatre 3: "Hoosiers" (David Anspaugh), with Gene Hackman, Barbara Hershey, and Dennis Hopper.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through March 26: "Children of a Lesser God" (Randa Haines), with William Hurt and Marlee Matlin.
From March 27: A two-week program of fourteen new films from Spain.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through March 29: "Heat" (R. M. Richards), with Burt Reynolds.
From March 30: Theatre temporarily closed.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Working Girls" (Lizzie Borden).

New Carnegie, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)

"Gospel According to Vic" (Charles Gormley), with Tom Conti.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Kangaroo" (Tim Burstall), with Colin Friels and Judy Davis.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"The Decline of the American Empire" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Some Kind of Wonderful" (Howard Deutch), with Eric Stoltz, Mary Stuart Masterson, Craig Sheffer, and Lea Thompson.

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Scene of the Crime" (André Téchiné; in French), with Catherine Deneuve.
Theatre 2: "Marlene" (Maximilian Schell), a documentary.
Theatre 3: "Thérèse" (†).

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: Through March 28: "Waiting for the Moon" (Jill Godmilow), with Linda Hunt and Linda Bassett. From March 29: "Law of Desire" (Pedro Almodóvar; in Spanish).
Theatre 2: "Swimming to Cambodia" (Jonathan Demme), with Spalding Gray.

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "Raising Arizona" (Joel Coen), with Nicolas Cage and Holly Hunter.
Theatre 2: "A Room with a View" (†).

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Tin Men" (Barry Levinson), with Richard Dreyfuss, Danny DeVito, and Barbara Hershey.
Theatre 2: "Angel Heart" (Alan Parker), with Mickey Rourke, Robert De Niro, Lisa Bonet, and Charlotte Rampling.
Theatre 3: "Radio Days" (†).
Theatre 4: "Lethal Weapon" (Richard Donner), with Mel Gibson and Danny Glover.
Theatre 5: "Platoon" (†).
Theatre 6: Through March 26: "Hoosiers" (David Anspaugh), with Gene Hackman, Barbara Hershey, and Dennis Hopper. From March 27: "Blind Date" (Blake Edwards), with Bruce Willis and Kim Basinger.

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: "Hollywood Shuffle" (Robert Townsend), with Townsend.
Theatre 2: Through March 26: "Animation Celebration," a film comprising twenty-two films from seven countries. From March 27: "Hoosiers" (David Anspaugh), with Gene Hackman, Barbara Hershey, and Dennis Hopper.

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through March 26: "Round Midnight" (†). From March 27: "Prettykill" (George Kaczender), with David Birney and Season Hubley.
Theatre 2: Through March 26: "Evil Dead 2: Dead by Dawn" (Sam Raimi); and "Witchboard" (Kevin S. Tenney). From March 27: "Street Smart" (Jerry Schatzberg), with Christopher Reeve.
Theatre 3: "Outrageous Fortune" (†).
Theatre 4: Through March 26: "Mona Lisa" (†). From March 27: (Separate admissions) "Mona Lisa" (†) and "Round Midnight" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: Through March 26: "Radio Days" (†). From March 27: "Angel Heart" (directed by Alan Parker), with Mickey Rourke, Robert De Niro, Lisa Bonet, and Charlotte Rampling.
Theatre 2: "Black Widow" (1987 †).
Theatre 3: "Lethal Weapon" (Richard Donner), with Mel Gibson and Danny Glover.
Theatre 4: Through March 26: "Over the Top" (Menahem Golan), with Sylvester Stallone. From March 27: "Angel Heart."
Theatre 5: "Mannequin" (Michael Gottlieb), with Andrew McCarthy and Kim Cattrall.
Theatre 6: "Witchboard" (Kevin S. Tenney).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Tin Men" (Barry Levinson), with Richard Dreyfuss, Danny DeVito, and Barbara Hershey.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, Seventh Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "A Nightmare on Elm Street, Part 3: Dream Warriors" (Chuck Russell).
Theatre 3: "Hollywood Shuffle" (Robert Townsend), with Townsend.
Theatre 4: "Outrageous Fortune" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"Platoon" (†).

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Evil Dead 2: Dead by Dawn" (Sam Raimi).

New Embassy 49th Street, 49th St. near Seventh Ave. (757-7003)
March 25: Theatre closed.
March 26: "Crocodile Dundee" (Peter Faiman), with Paul Hogan.
From March 27: "Children of a Lesser God" (Randa Haines), with William Hurt and Marlee Matlin.

R.K.O. National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Burglar" (Hugh Wilson), with Whoopi Goldberg.
Theatre 2: Through March 26: "Angel Heart" (Alan Parker), with Mickey Rourke, Robert De Niro, Lisa Bonet, and Charlotte Rampling. From March 27: "Blind Date" (Blake Edwards), with Bruce Willis and Kim Basinger.

U.A. Twin 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1635)
Theatre 1: Through March 26: "Hoosiers" (David Anspaugh), with Gene Hackman, Barbara Hershey, and Dennis Hopper. From March 27: "Prettykill" (George Kaczender), with David Birney and Season Hubley.
Theatre 2: Through March 26: "Iron Warrior." From March 27: "Street Smart" (Jerry Schatzberg), with Christopher Reeve.

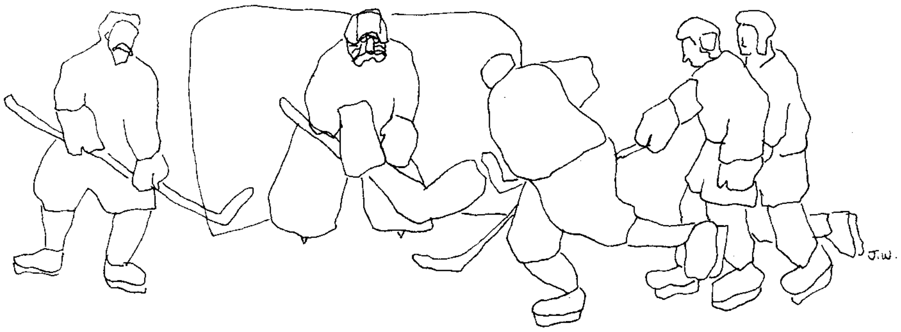
REVIVAL HOUSES

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through March 26: "Nashville" (1975; directed by Robert Altman), with Ronee Blakley.
March 27-28: "A Boy and His Dog" (1976; L. Q. Jones), with Don Johnson and Jason Robards; and "Dr. Strangelove" (1964; Stanley Kubrick), with Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden.
March 29: "Children of Paradise" (1945; Marcel Carné; in French), with Jean-Louis Barrault, Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, and Maria Casarès.
March 30-31: "A Special Day" (1977; Ettore Scola; in Italian), with Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni; and "Three Brothers" (1982; Francesco Rosi; in Italian), with Philippe Noiret, Michele Placido, and Vittorio Mezzogiorno.
April 1-2: "Room at the Top" (1958; Jack Clayton), with Laurence Harvey, Simone Signoret, and Heather Sears; and "Madame Rosa" (1978; Moshe Mizrahi; in French), with Simone Signoret.
April 3-4: "And the Ship Sails On" (1983; Federico Fellini; in Italian); and "Juliet of the Spirits" (1965; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Giulietta Masina.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
March 25: "Sailor's Luck" (1933; Raoul Walsh), with James Dunn, Sally Eilers, Sammy Cohen, and Victor Jory; "Under Pressure" (1935; Raoul Walsh), with Edmund Lowe, Victor McLaglen, Florence Rice, and George Walsh; and "They Drive by Night" (1940; Raoul Walsh), with Ann Sheridan, George Raft, Ida Lupino, and Humphrey Bogart.
March 26: "Battle Cry" (1955; Raoul Walsh), with Van Heflin, Aldo Ray, and Mona Freeman.
March 27-28: "The Roaring Twenties" (1939; Raoul Walsh), with James Cagney and Humphrey Bogart; and "High Sierra" (1941; Raoul Walsh), with Humphrey Bogart, Ida Lupino, Joan Leslie, and Arthur Kennedy.
March 29-31: "City Lights" (†); and four Chaplin short films—"Easy Street" (1917), "The Cure" (1917), "The Idle Class" (1921), and "A Dog's Life" (1918).
April 1-2: "The Circus" (†); and four Chaplin short films—"Sunnyside" (1919), "A Day's Pleasure" (1919), "Pay Day" (1922), and "The Pilgrim" (1923).
April 3-4: "The Great Dictator" (†); and "The Gold Rush" (1925; Charlie Chaplin; a silent film), with Chaplin, Mack Swain, and Georgia Hale.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
March 25: "Glenn or Glenda" (1952; Edward D. Wood, Jr.), with Bela Lugosi; and "The Bride and the Beast" (1958; Adrian Weiss), with Lance Fuller.
March 26: "The Third Man" (1950; Carol Reed), with Orson Welles, Joseph Cotten, Alida Valli, and Trevor Howard; and "Mr. Arkadin" (1955; Orson Welles), with Welles, Michael Redgrave, Patricia Medina, and Akim Tamiroff.
March 27-28: "Alphaville" (1965; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Eddie Constantine, Anna Karina, and Akim Tamiroff; "Made in U.S.A." (1967; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Anna Karina; and "Breathless" (1959; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo.
March 29: "The Rules of the Game" (1939; Jean Renoir; in French), with Marcel Dalio and Nora Gregor; and "Liebelei" (1932; Max Ophuls; in German), with Wolfgang Liebeneiner, Magda Schneider, and Luise Ulrich.
March 30: "That Uncertain Feeling" (1941; Ernst Lubitsch), with Merle Oberon, Melvyn Douglas, and Burgess Meredith; and "Slightly Honorable" (1940; Tay Garnett), with Pat O'Brien, Broderick Crawford, Edward Arnold, and Eve Arden.
March 31: "The Man from Beyond" (1922; a silent film), with Harry Houdini; "The Ghost Walks" (1934; Frank Strayer), with John Miljan and June Collyer; and "The Invisible Ghost" (1941; Joseph H. Lewis), with Bela Lugosi.
April 1: "Last Year at Marienbad" (1961; Alain Resnais; in French), with Delphine Seyrig; and "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" (1959; Alain Resnais; in French), with Emmanuèle Riva and Eiji Okada.
April 2: "The Maltese Falcon" (1941; John Huston), with Mary Astor, Humphrey Bogart, Sydney Greenstreet, Elisha Cook, Jr., and Peter Lorre; and "The Petrified Forest" (1936; Archie Mayo), with Leslie Howard, Bette Davis, and Humphrey Bogart.
April 3-4: "Andy Warhol's Bad" (1977); and "Andy Warhol: A Film Portrait" (1975), a documentary.

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
March 25: "Bringing Up Baby" (1938; Howard Hawks), with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, and Charles Ruggles; and "My Favorite Wife" (1940; Garson Kanin), with Irene Dunne, Cary Grant, Gail Patrick, and Randolph Scott.
March 26: "The Girl Can't Help It" (1957; Frank Tashlin), with Tom Ewell, Jayne Mansfield, and Edmond O'Brien; and "Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?" (1957; Frank Tashlin), with Jayne Mansfield, Tony Randall, and Betsy Drake.
March 27-28: "The Wages of Fear" (1953; Henri-Georges Clouzot; in French), with



Yves Montand, Charles Vanel, Folco Lulli, and Peter Van Eyck; and "Diabolique" (1955; Henri-Georges Clouzot; in French), with Simone Signoret, Vera Clouzot, and Paul Meurisse.

March 29: "1900" (†).

March 30: "The Wild Bunch" (†); and "Major Dundee" (1965; Sam Peckinpah), with Charlton Heston, Richard Harris, and Senta Berger.

March 31: "Panique" (†); and "Rififi" (1955; Jules Dassin; in French), with Jean Servais.

April 1: "Way Out West" (1937; James Horne), with Laurel and Hardy; and a program of Laurel and Hardy short films.

April 2: "The Fuller Brush Girl" (1950; Lloyd Bacon), with Lucille Ball, Eddie Albert, and Lee Patrick; and "The Fuller Brush Man" (1948; S. Sylvan Simon), with Red Skelton and Janet Blair.

April 3-4: "Monty Python and the Holy Grail" (†) and "Jabberwocky" (†).

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

March 25: "Mr. Moto's Last Warning" (1939; Norman Foster), with Peter Lorre, Ricardo Cortez, Virginia Field, and John Carradine; and "Mr. Wong, Detective" (1938; William Nigh), with Boris Karloff and Grant Withers.

March 26: "Adam's Rib" (1949; George Cukor), with Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, Judy Holliday, Tom Ewell, Jean Hagen, and David Wayne; and "Pat and Mike" (1952; George Cukor), with Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, and Aldo Ray.

March 27-28: "After the Thin Man" (1936; W. S. Van Dyke), with Myrna Loy and William Powell; and "The Thin Man" (1934; W. S. Van Dyke), with Myrna Loy and William Powell.

March 29-30: "L'Avventura" (1959; Michelangelo Antonioni; in Italian), with Monica Vitti, Gabriele Ferzetti, and Léa Massari; and "L'Amore" (1948; Roberto Rossellini; in Italian).

March 31: "The Gang's All Here" (1943; Busby Berkeley), with Alice Faye, Carmen Miranda, Charlotte Greenwood, and James Ellison; and "Coney Island" (1943; Walter Lang), with Betty Grable, George Montgomery, Cesar Romero, Charles Winninger, and Phil Silvers.

April 1: "Ball of Fire" (1942; Howard Hawks), with Barbara Stanwyck and Gary Cooper; and "Lady of Burlesque" (†).

April 2: "Detective Story" (1951; William Wyler), with Kirk Douglas, Eleanor Parker, and William Bendix; and "The Desperate Hours" (†).

April 3-4: "The Man Who Never Was" (†) and "The Spy Who Came In from the Cold" (†).

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

THEATRE 1: Through March 28: See listings under "Film Society of Lincoln Center." . . . ¶ March 30 at 2:30: "She Done Him Wrong" (1933; directed by Lowell Sherman), with Cary Grant and Mae West. . . . ¶ March 31 at 2:30: "My Favorite Wife" (1940; Garson Kanin), with Irene Dunne, Cary Grant, Gail Patrick, and Randolph Scott. . . . ¶ March 31 at 6: "Notorious" (1946; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains. . . . ¶ April 2 at 2:30 and 6: "Listen to Britain" (1942; Humphrey Jennings), "San Pietro" (1945; John Huston), and "Bambini in Città" (1946; Luigi Comencini). . . . ¶ April 3 at 2:30: "Sacrificed Youth" (1985; Zhang Nuanxin; in Chinese, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ April 3 at 6: "A Good Woman" ("A Girl of a Good Family;" 1985; Huang Jianzhong; in Chinese, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ April 4 at 2: "Yellow Earth" (1984; Chen Kaige; in Chinese, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ April 4 at 5: "The Black Cannon Incident" (1985; Huang Jianxin; in Chinese, with English subtitles).

THEATRE 2: Through March 28: See listings under "Film Society of Lincoln Center." . . . ¶ April 2 at 3 and 6:30: "Of Grace and Steel" (1984; Phyllis Jaroslow) and "Sweet Jail: The Sikhs of Yuba City" (1985; Beheroze F. Shroff), both documentaries.

Film Society of Lincoln Center (at MOMA)—The final programs in a festival of new films by new directors. March 25 at 6: "My Friend Ivan Lapshin" (1984; U.S.S.R.; Alexei German). . . . ¶ March 25 at 8:30: "My Life as a Dog" (1985; Sweden; Lasse Hallström). . . . ¶ March 26 at 6: "Backlash" (Australia; Bill Bennett). . . . ¶ March 26 at 8:30: "Tampopo" (Japan; Juzo Itami). . . . ¶ March 27 at 6: "Law of Desire" (Spain; Pedro Almodóvar). . . . ¶ March 27 at 8:30 and March 28 at 1: "Withnail & I" (United Kingdom; Bruce Robinson). . . . ¶ March 28 at 3:30: "Backlash." . . . ¶ March 28 at 6: "Tampopo." . . . ¶ March 28 at 8:30: "Law of Desire." (Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. 708-9500.)

Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015)—"Japan at War," films made in Japan between 1938 and 1947. March 25 at 7:30: "Morning for the Osone Family" (1946; Keisuke Kinoshita; in Japanese, with English subtitles), with Haruko Sugimura. . . . ¶ March 27 at 10:30 A.M.: "Night in China" (1940; Osamu Fushimizu; in Japanese, with English subtitles), with Kazuo Hasegawa. . . . ¶ March 27 at 4: "They Were Expendable" (1945; John Ford), with John Wayne and Robert Montgomery. . . . ¶ March 27 at 7:30: "Soldiers at the Front" (1939; Fumio Kamei; in Japanese, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ March 28 at 10:15 A.M.: "Chocolate and Soldiers" (1938; Takeshi Sato; in Japanese, with no English subtitles), with Kamatari Fujiwara. . . . ¶ March 28 at 2:30: "The Story of Tank Commander Nishizumi" (1941; Kozaburo Yoshimura; in Japanese, with English subtitles), with Ken Uehara. . . . ¶ March 28 at 7:30: "No Regret for Our Youth" (1946; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese, with English subtitles), with Setsuko Hara. . . . ¶ March 29 at 1: "Our Planes Fly South" (1943; Yasushi Sasaki; in Japanese, with English subtitles), with Shinyo Nara; and "Suicide Troops of the Watchtower" (1942; Tadashi Imai; in Japanese, with English subtitles), with Minoru Takada. . . . ¶ April 1 at 7:30: "A Ball at the Anjo House" (1947; Kozaburo Yoshimura; in Japanese, with English subtitles), with Osamu Takizawa. . . . ¶ April 3 at 7:30: "The Victory of Women" (1946; Kenji Mizoguchi; in Japanese, with English subtitles), with Kinuyo Tanaka; and "Between War and Peace" (1947; Fumio Kamei and Satsuo Yamamoto; in Japanese, with English subtitles), with Hatae Kishi.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Black Widow—Theresa Russell plays a slinky, cat-eyed dame who is somehow driven to marry a series of the richest millionaires in the country and murder them; Debra Winger plays an investigator at the Justice Department who notices the pattern in the sudden deaths and gets on the widow's trail. This may sound irresistibly succulent and trashy, but the director, Bob Rafelson, can't seem to give trash its due; he intellectualizes it. You expect the women to share identities or the picture to go lesbian, or *something*. But you're wrong. This is postmodernist film noir. Dennis Hopper and Nicol Williamson liven up their brief scenes as two of the widow's husbands; also with James Hong as a drugged-out private investigator, Terry O'Quinn as Winger's boss, and Sami Frey, Diane Ladd, Lois Smith, Leo Rossi, and David Mamet as a poker player. Cinematography by Conrad Hall. (Reviewed in our issue of 2/23/87.) (Plaza, 23rd St. West Triplex, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ 86th St. East; through March 26.)

Blood Simple (1985)—This splatter-movie art movie was directed by Joel Coen, who wrote the screenplay with his brother Ethan, who was the producer. A Texas roadhouse owner (Dan Hedaya) wants to have his young wife (Frances McDormand) and her lover (John Getz) murdered; he hires a killer, a good-ol'-boy private detective (M. Emmet Walsh) who takes his money and double-crosses him. The one real novelty in the conception is that the audience has a God's-eye view of who is doing what to whom, while the characters have a blinkered view and, misinterpreting what they see, sometimes take totally inexpedient actions. The film provides a visually sophisticated form of gross-out humor; the material is thin, though, and there isn't enough suspense until about the last ten minutes, when the action is so grisly that it has a kick. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 27-April 2.)

Blue Velvet—Written and directed by David Lynch, this is possibly the only coming-of-age movie in which sex has the danger and the heightened excitement of a horror picture. The film is consciously purplish and consciously funny, and the two work together in an original, down-home way. The setting is an archetypal small, sleepy city in an indefinite mythic present that feels like the past, and Kyle MacLachlan is Jeffrey, the clean-cut young man who's scared of his dirty thoughts (but wants to have them anyway). He commutes between the blue lady of the night (Isabella Rossellini, who's a dream of a freak) and the sunshine girl he loves (Laura Dern). The movie has so much aural-visual humor and poetry that it's sustained despite the wobbly plot and other weaknesses. With Dennis Hopper, who gives the movie a jolt of horrific energy, and Dean Stockwell, who is a smiling wonder as Ben the sandman. Also with Hope Lange, Priscilla Pointer, Brad Dourif, and Jack Nance. (9/22/86) (Eastside Cinema. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through March 26.)

The Circus (1928)—Chaplin at his most clown-with-a-breaking-heart masochistic. With Merna Kennedy. (Regency; April 1-2.)

City Lights (1931)—The famous Chaplin item. The mime is wonderful, the lonely use of sound for a swallowed whistle at a party is wonderful, the sight gags are wonderful, the sentimentality about the blind girl (Virginia Cherrill) is faintly frightening. (Regency; March 29-31.)

The Decline of the American Empire—The French-Canadian writer-director Denys Arcand takes on the subject of sex in a period of social change, without the binding ties of family and religion or strong commitment to the future—sex in a period when the eight principal characters (aging middle-class intellectuals connected with the History Department of a Montreal university) no longer believe in postponing pleasure. On this Friday afternoon in autumn, the women work out together at a gym in the city while the men, gathered at a lakeside cottage, prepare a festive dinner. Both groups talk about sex, and when they're together in the long evening they go on talking about sex, but more discreetly—with less bawdiness and bravura. Arcand isn't out to expose these people as spiritually empty; he's trying to present a truthful look at how they live. There's nothing weighty in his approach; it's a lovely, very unassuming picture, yet there is enough drama so that by the end a subtle shift in all the relationships is necessary. And the foreground action and the flashbacks that had been providing the background begin to merge. In French. (12/15/86) (Cinema 3.)

The Desperate Hours (1955)—Joseph Hayes' adaptation of his play about three escaped convicts who invade the home of an Indianapolis businessman and make life hell for him and his family. An excellent melodrama, in which Humphrey Bogart and Fredric March distinguish themselves as, respectively, a psychopathic criminal and a shrewd, decent householder. Directed by William Wyler. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 2.)

Dirty Harry (1971)—This right-wing fantasy about the San Francisco police force as a helpless group (emasculated by the unrealistic liberals) propagandizes for paralegal police power and vigilante justice. The only way that the courageous cop Dirty Harry Callahan (Clint Eastwood) can protect the city against the mad hippie killer (Andy Robinson) who terrorizes women and children is by taking the law into his own hands. Harry got his nickname because he's the dedicated trouble-shooter who draws the dirtiest assignments. He is our martyr—

stained on our behalf. As suspense craftsmanship, the picture is trim, brutal, and exciting; it was directed in the sleekest style by the veteran urban-action director Don Siegel, and Lalo Schifrin's pulsating, jazzy electronic trickery drives the picture forward. It's also a remarkably single-minded attack on liberal values, a kind of hardhat "The Fountainhead." Harry's hippie adversary is pure evil: sniper, rapist, kidnapper, torturer, defiler of all human values. This monster—who wears a peace symbol—stands for everything the audience fears and loathes. With Reni Santori, Harry Guardino, and John Vernon. Written by Harry Fink and his wife, R. M. Fink, Dean Riesner, and also John Milius (uncredited). (Film Forum; April 3-4.)

The Great Dictator (1940)—Chaplin plays a small-time Jewish barber and doubles as a mock Hitler called Hynkel, dictator of Tomania, who argues with Napaloni, dictator of Bacteria. The notion of a 1940 farce about Hitler and anti-Semitism works out much less queasily than it sounds. But the last impassioned speech about peace and unity still wrecks everything that has gone before; Chaplin the sentimentalist can always overrule Chaplin the innocent mime. (Regency; April 3-4.)

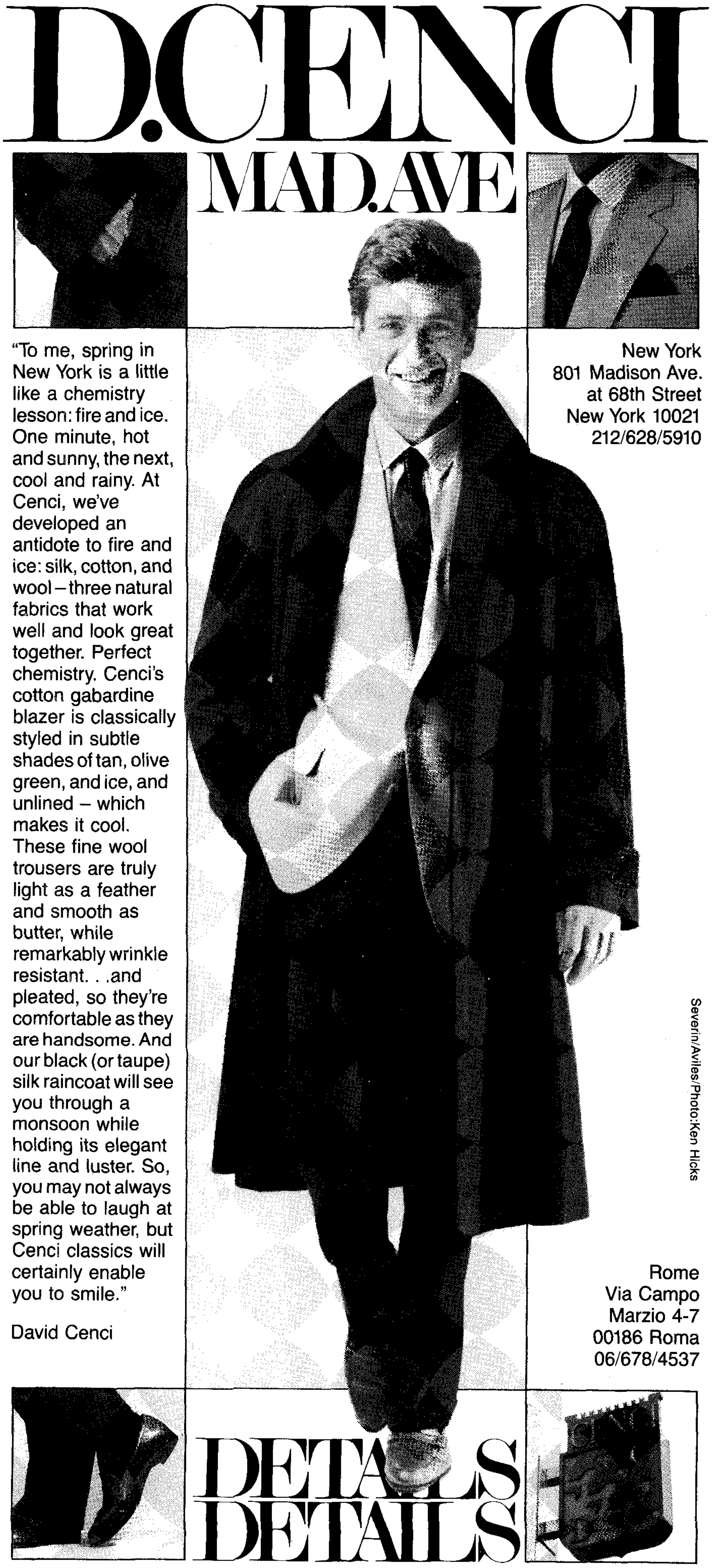
Jabberwocky (1977)—Blithely announced as "at last, a film for the squeamish," this is an agreeably deranged English comedy, directed by Monty Python's Terry Gilliam, with Python's Michael Palin playing a dim-looking youth called Dennis Cooper. It is set, vaguely, in the Middle Ages, which is to say in the middle of demolition, muddle, and mayhem. The villain is the Jabberwocky, who looks batlike in a cobwebby way below, but has a fishy face. (Thalia SoHo; April 3-4.)

Lady of Burlesque (1943)—Gypsy Rose Lee's murder-mystery novel, "The G-String Murders," cleaned up, and burlesque as an institution considerably tamed. Barbara Stanwyck's bumps and grinds are communicated via her face and a few percussion sounds, but she acts with a hard realism that suggests something of the milieu, and Michael O'Shea, who plays opposite her, has a relaxed show-biz authenticity. With J. Edward Bromberg, Iris Adrian, and Marion Martin. Considering how few of Gypsy Rose Lee's racy bits are actually left, the director, William Wellman, does a good job of simulating raciness. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 1.)

The Man Who Never Was (1956)—A reasonably diverting account of how the British, in 1943, deceived the Germans into thinking that their aim was to invade Greece rather than Sicily. To accomplish their purpose, a corpse equipped with all sorts of fake documents was floated onto a Spanish beach. Clifton Webb and Robert Flemyng are the principals, and they get very little assistance from Josephine Griffin and Gloria Grahame. Directed by Ronald Neame. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 3-4.)

The Marriage of Maria Braun (1979)—Directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. A personification, in a woman (Hanna Schygulla) who has been married for a day and thereafter does whatever is required to survive, of Germany in the last days of the Second World War and the economic miracle that followed. It has its arbitrary sequences and longueurs, but there is also some good work, particularly in the persons of minor characters. In German. (Public Theatre; starting April 3, showings at 10.)

Mona Lisa—Directed by the Irish novelist turned moviemaker Neil Jordan, the whole movie has some of the potency of cheap music that's represented by the title song (in Nat King Cole's 1950 recording). The short, chunky Bob Hoskins is tremendous as a one-time petty crook, just emerged from prison; given the job of chauffeuring a black call girl (Cathy Tyson) on her nightly rounds, he falls in love with her. She sets him to searching for a friend she's worried about—a blond fifteen-year-old heroin addict. As he makes his way through the strip joints and whores' hangouts, he's sickened by the way the girls are mistreated, and he sees that his old boss (Michael Caine) is in the rotten thick of it. Jordan shows a gift for making the emotional atmosphere visual, and vice versa. And the way he uses baroque touches and the clichés



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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of old thrillers they become part of a fluid, enjoyable texture. With Robbie Coltrane, Clarke Peters, and Zoe Nathenson. Script by Jordan and David Leland. (6/16/86) (Quad Cinema, and Olympia Quad.)

Monty Python and the Holy Grail (1975)—A cheerfully loused-up reworking of the story of King Arthur, written and acted by the Python team. (Thalia SoHo; April 3-4.)

1900 (1977)—Alfredo (Robert De Niro) is the heir to the vast landholdings of his grandfather (Burt Lancaster), and Olmo (Gérard Depardieu) is the bastard grandson of the patriarch (Sterling Hayden) of the peasant clan that lives on those holdings and labors for a share of the crop. "1900" is a romantic moviegoer's vision of the class struggle: the belief that permeates the movie is that Communism will preserve the folk culture of the peasants. In form, it's an opera-novel, and it has all of director Bernardo Bertolucci's themes and motifs. It's like a course to be enrolled in, with a guaranteed horror every hour; there are also sequences as great as any ever filmed. With Dominique Sanda, Alida Valli, Donald Sutherland, Stefania Sandrelli, and Laura Betti. Four hours and five minutes. (Thalia SoHo; March 29.)

Orchestra Rehearsal (1979)—Federico Fellini's style here is as compact and silvery as a sardine. The musicians rehearse—in a shadowed thirteenth-century church oratory with perfect acoustics—under the baton of a German conductor (Baldwin Baas) and give touching, funny interviews to Fellini (off camera) about their instruments. When they revolt against the dictatorship of the conductor, the movie turns into a political metaphor that draws a false comparison between artistic discipline and totalitarianism, but it can be skimmed for its eloquent details. Music by the late Nino Rota, who scored all of Fellini's movies from "The White Sheik" (1952) on, and to whom this one is dedicated. In Italian. (Public Theatre; starting April 3, showings at 8.)

Outrageous Fortune—Two young New York actresses of contrasting types—Shelley Long is a lofty ditz and Bette Midler is a vulgarian-sexpot Kewpie doll—discover they've been sharing a lover (Peter Coyote). When he disappears, they chase him across the country to the cliffs and mesas of New Mexico, becoming friends along the way. Near the start, there are a few snappers for Midler, and she gets to shoot some wonderful derisive looks at Long. Though the gags aren't fresh, the screenwriter, Leslie Dixon, knows how to construct them. But with Arthur Hiller directing much of the dialogue turns into squawking, and the movie is flattened out and rackety, with Midler doing her damnedest to pump sass and energy into it. Peter Coyote gives a polished and wily performance in the first section, before he gets lost in the noise; also with Robert Prosky, George Carlin, Florence Stanley, John Schuck, Ji-Tu Cumbuka, and Jerry Zaks. (2/23/87) (23rd St. West Triplex, Olympia Quad, and Embassy. . . . ¶ 34th St. East, and Coronet; through March 26. . . . ¶ Baronet; starting March 27.)

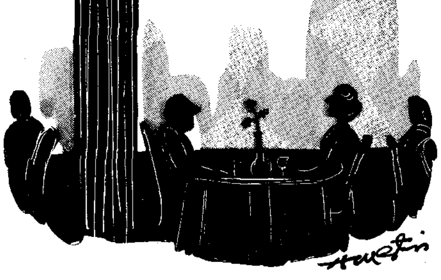
Panique (1946)—Julien Duvivier's psychological thriller is a devastatingly effective job of visual storytelling. Michel Simon is the stranger in a Paris suburb who is framed for murder; Viviane Romance and her lover, Paul Bernard, are the ones who frame him. The sordid, intriguingly nasty movie—taken, inevitably, from a Simenon novel—has some pretensions toward being a parable of sadistic injustice; on that level, it can't be taken very seriously. But in terms of how the sequences are planned, and how they build, it's an unusual, near-perfect piece of film craftsmanship. In French. (Thalia SoHo; March 31.)

Platoon—Vietnam, as seen by the writer-director Oliver Stone, who dropped out of Yale and, feeling, he says, that he needed to be an anonymous common soldier, enlisted and saw action with the 25th Infantry along the Cambodian border. Charlie Sheen plays Chris, the autobiographical figure (who, regrettably, narrates the movie by reading aloud the letters he writes home to his grandmother). Chris finds two authority figures in two sergeants who represent good and evil. Willem Dafoe's Sgt. Elias is a supersensitive hippie pothead, who cares about the men—he's a veteran fighter who's kept his soul. Tom Berenger's Sgt. Barnes is a kickass boozer—a psycho whose scarred, dead-eyed face suggests the spirit of war. There are fine, scary scenes, but there are others where you think, It's a bit much. The movie crowds you; it doesn't give you room to have an honest emotion. And when Chris calmly, deliberately shoots a fellow-soldier, and the murder is presented as an unambiguous, justified execution, you may wonder at the mixture of war elegy and pulp revenge fantasy. With Keith David, Forest Whitaker, and Kevin Dillon. Cinematography by Robert Richardson. (1/12/87) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

Princess Yang Kwei Fei (1955)—One of the great Mizoguchi's eighty-odd films. This one is set in China in the eighth century: a stirring, gentle love story about an emperor and a concubine. Mizoguchi began his career as a painter, and his films show it. Very rewarding. In Japanese. (Public Theatre; March 31-April 2, at 6.)

Radio Days—Woody Allen looks back fondly, in a warm, amber-toned reminiscence of what radio meant to him and his family at the start of the Second World War. The actors who make up the eleven-year-old hero's lower-middle-class Jewish family in Rockaway Beach are a wonderful group of comedians—Michael Tucker, Julie Kavner, Josh Mostel, Renee Lippin, Joy Newman, Dianne Wiest—yet they're never up close, at the center of our attention. Allen has reduced everyone to harmlessness. It's pure nostalgia—the past sweetened and trivialized. The mood is soft regret: he treats the old songs (the film incorporates a generous assortment of hits) as a value that we've lost. As he spells it out, the public's memories of the stars of radio become dimmer each year. The question the film asks—its theme—is "Will our fame last?" With Mia Farrow as the one character whom we follow over a period of years, as she rises from cigarette girl to jewel-decked radio star, and Seth Green as the boy, Gina DeAngelis, Danny Aiello, Denise Dummont, Tito Puente, Jeff Daniels, Tony Roberts, Wallace Shawn, and Diane Keaton. The cinematography is by Carlo Di Palma. (3/9/87) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex. . . . ¶ Criterion Center; through March 26.)

A Room with a View—Adapted from the early novel by E. M. Forster, this is a whimsical social comedy about a muddled young English girl (Helena Bonham-Carter) who desires yet fears sexual love; she runs away from the man (Julian Sands) who stirs her emotions, and becomes engaged to a rich twit (Daniel Day Lewis). Bonham-Carter lacks the carriage and presence of a trained actress, and Sands is playing Forster's flimsy—almost abstract—dream of a natural, uninhibited lover, and is rather vague. But the movie is well paced, and it never loses its hold on a viewer's affections, because it's so thoroughly inhabited. It's more than a little precious, but it's a piece of charming foolishness. With Denholm Elliott, Maggie Smith, Judi Dench, Simon Callow, and Rosemary Leach. It was directed by James Ivory, from a script by Ruth Prawer Jhabvala that pares down the text skillfully and takes much of its lively, dizzy dialogue directly from Forster. (3/24/86) (Quad Cinema, and Embassy 72nd St.)



Round Midnight—Most of Bertrand Tavernier's mournful, blue-toned movie, which, an opening title tells us, was "inspired by incidents in the lives of Francis Paudras and Bud Powell," is set in Paris in 1959. The French jazz enthusiast Paudras is now called Francis Borier and is played by François Cluzet, and Powell, the great bebop pianist, who suffered frequent nervous breakdowns and then made a new life abroad, is now the dazed, alcoholic tenor-sax man Dale Turner, and is played by the near-legendary Dexter Gordon. The enthusiast is a saintly groupie. You know what kind of movie it's going to be when you see this guy out in a drenching rain, crouched against the building where the American is playing, because he doesn't have the money to go in. Cluzet is soaking wet, but his eyes shine and he listens to Dexter Gordon's music worshipfully. The French are pretty hard to take when they celebrate how much they love American art. You may come out with the feeling that Tavernier is proud of the gloomy dullness of the movie, that he sees virtue in it. With Sandra Reaves-Phillips, Lonette McKee, John Berry, Martin Scorsese, Philippe Noiret, and many well-known musicians. (D. W. Griffith, 8th St. Playhouse, and Olympia Quad.)

The Spy Who Came In from the Cold (1965)—Richard Burton is splendid as the grubby and despairing hero of the le Carré novel. Also on hand are Oskar Werner and Claire Bloom. Martin Ritt was the director. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 3-4.)

Thérèse—Shot in a diorama in a richly austere visual style—the actors appear against a mottled, opaque backdrop—this Alain Cavalier film is undoubtedly a feat of some sort. (But perhaps it's no more than an art curiosity.) It concentrates our attention on the bare, masterly images (lighted by Philippe Rousselot) that come out of the darkness, and on tiny sounds and whispered bits of conversation. The script, by Cavalier and his daughter, Camille de Casabianca, is a minimalist version of the story of the young girl who at fifteen got permission to enter the Carmelite order; she died of tuberculosis in 1897, at twenty-four, and was canonized and became popular as St. Theresa of Lisieux, the Little Flower of Jesus, and the model of the pure woman. (This is at least the fourth French movie she has inspired.) What Cavalier's version gives us is the beaming eagerness of a girl (Catherine Mouchet) who seems born to be a nun. She takes completely literally her marriage to Christ, and burns with love for her bridegroom. But Cavalier's formal, noncommittal style is so measured that after a while the film's austerity may begin to seem as repressive as the cloistered life. In French. (1/26/87) (Lincoln Plaza.)

The Wild Bunch (1969)—It's a traumatic poem of violence, with imagery as ambivalent as Goya's. By a supreme burst of filmmaking energy, Sam Peckinpah is able to convert chaotic romanticism into exaltation. The movie is set in the Texas and Mexico of 1913, and, in Peckinpah's words, "I was trying to tell a simple story about bad men in changing times. 'The Wild Bunch' is simply what happens when killers go to Mexico." Pouring new wine into the bottle of the Western, Peckinpah explodes the bottle; his story is too simple for this imagist epic. And it's no accident that you feel a sense of loss for each killer of the Bunch: Peckinpah has made them seem heroically, mythically alive on the screen. With William Holden, Ernest Borgnine, Robert Ryan, Ben Johnson and Edmond O'Brien. (Thalia SoHo; March 30.)

Woyzeck (1979)—A Standard Authorized Version of the Büchner play, from the hand of Werner Herzog. Klaus Kinski, as Woyzeck, is a splendid actor but overpowers both cast and text. With Eva Mattes, who won a Best Supporting Actress award at Cannes for this performance. In German. (Public Theatre; starting April 3, showings at 6.)

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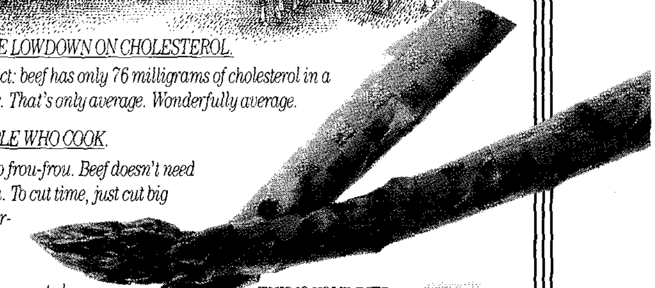

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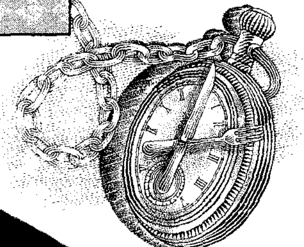

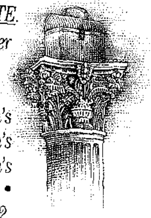

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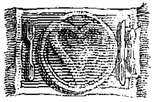
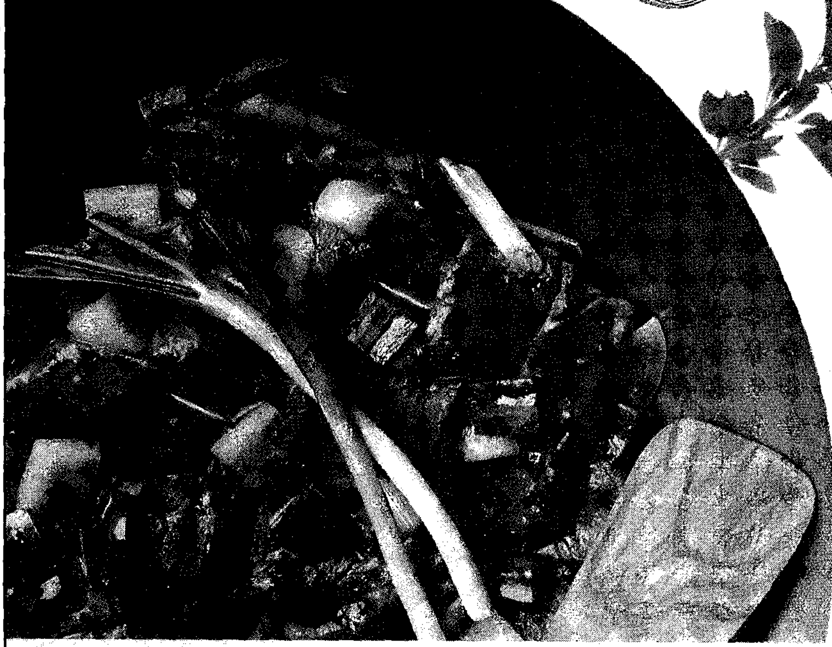
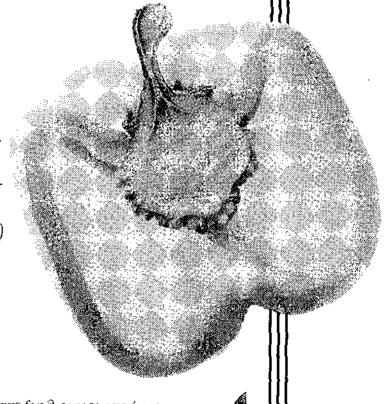
THE UNSATURATION POINT.



Over half the fat in beef is actually mono- or poly-unsaturated. That's why 3 ounces of tenderloin have only 3.1 grams of saturated fat out of 7.9 grams total. May your body and your taste buds make peace.





TERIYAKI BEEF STIR-FRY.

Preparation: 15 min.
Cooking time: 10 min.
Cut 1 lb. top round steak in thin strips. Marinate in 3 Tbs. teriyaki sauce, 1 Tbs. oil and 2 tsp. cornstarch 30 min. Stir-fry 2 bell peppers (3/4" cube) and 6 green onions (2" pieces) in 1 Tbs. oil 3 min.; remove. Stir-fry beef (1/2 at a time) 2-3 min. Return all ingredients. Cook until hot. 4 servings.
Calories: 247 per serving; 162 from beef.

*Figures are for 3-ounce servings, cooked and trimmed.**

BEEF

© 1987 Beef Industry Council and Beef Board

ROUND TIP
*6.4 gms total fat**
(2.3 gms sat. fat)
162 calories

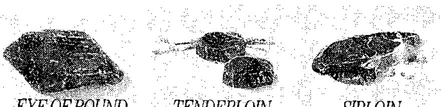
TOP LOIN
*7.6 gms total fat**
(3.0 gms sat. fat)
172 calories

TOP ROUND
*5.3 gms total fat**
(1.8 gms sat. fat)
162 calories

Beef.

Real Food For Real People.

Source: U.S.D.A. Handbook No. 8-13



EYE OF ROUND
*5.5 gms total fat**
(2.1 gms sat. fat)
155 calories

TENDERLOIN
*7.9 gms total fat**
(3.1 gms sat. fat)
174 calories

SIRLOIN
*7.4 gms total fat**
(3.0 gms sat. fat)
177 calories

CONTEMPT FOR COMPROMISE HAS JUST FOUND TWO PERFECT VEHICLES O EXPRESSION. Learning to compromise, some say, the essence of growing older.

If so, the Bavarian Motor Works has created a machin that reverses the aging process. Two of them, in fact–the L6 and the M6. Reincarnations of the European Grand Touri tradition that so exceed the common notions of luxury and performance as to be glittering anachronisms in a world of diminished expectations.

With the BMW L6, the compromises and constraints o mass production give way to the rigors of minuscule production. Thus, the L6 can encase the driver in a cockpit hand-stitched leather.

While its legendary 6-cylinder, 182-horsepower BMW engine ensures that luxury never descends into lethargy.

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BMW M6

The BMW M6, on the other hand, is a luxury car that vas test-driven where few luxury cars have ventured: before he cheering throngs of the world's great racecourses.

To accomplish this, BMW's elite Motorsport Division nbued this BMW coupe with an astonishing 24-valve, 3.5-ter, 6-cylinder engine capable of developing 256 horsepower.

So while being supported by specially-designed sports eats, you can enjoy a power plant so propulsive, it can ocket you from 0 to 60 in a scant 6.8 seconds. Guided all he while by BMW's Digital Motor Electronics, which optimizes ngine performance on a millisecond-by-millisecond basis, naking the M6 not only a supremely elegant vehicle, but a upremely intelligent one.

Together, the limited editions M6 and L6 are adamant ejections of the belief that cars are compromises on wheels.

Because it's true we live in an imperfect world.

But nobody ever informed BMW's engineers.

THE ULTIMATE DRIVING MACHINE.

A private investor entrusts capital to Morgan for good reason.

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2. Morgan is expert in planning and administering estates. Most of our trust officers have law degrees. All apply sound, impartial judgment to complicated issues, from minimizing taxes to supervising the appraisal and sale of special assets such as an art collection or a privately held firm. James Goodfellow, shown above, recently arranged the sale of a $10 million collection of paintings and other fine art.

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

AMERICANS have a peculiar relationship to the history and theory of language. We tend to act as if the whole world spoke English (as the whole world occasionally reminds us, with annoyance), and then, about once a decade, we get involved in arguments about the presence (or absence) of a single word in a foreign language, usually Russian. Ten years ago, one sometimes heard it claimed that the Russian language had no word for "détente," so that when the Russians wanted to refer to the relaxation of tensions between nations they had to borrow "our" word. The implication was clear: the basic Russian temperament lacked any impulse toward compromise or accommodation.

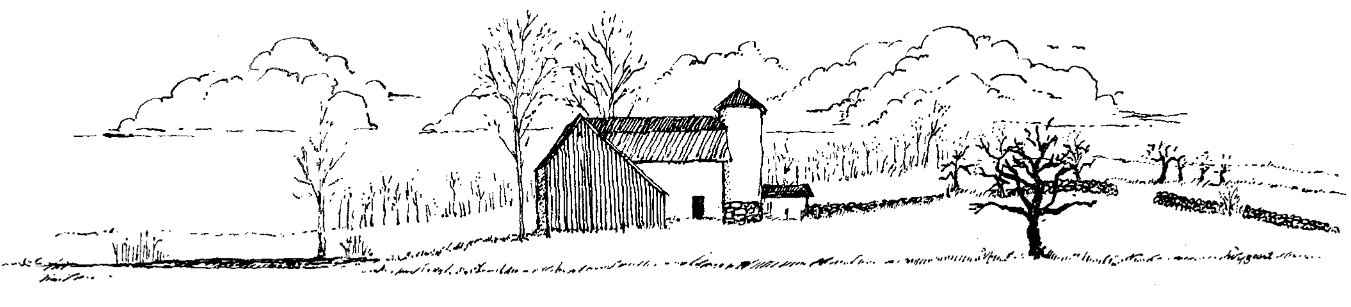
Of course, "détente" was hardly our word to begin with. In fact, a look at the first volume of the O.E.D. supplement ("détente" didn't even make the O.E.D.'s first cut) reveals that the word began to be used in English only around 1910, and then always in italics, to indicate that it was on loan, like "*Zeitgeist*" or "*raison d'être*." English borrowed the word from French when English-speakers became interested in the concept—in precisely the same way that in the nineteen-seventies Russian had to borrow the word, or so we preferred to believe, because Russian-speakers had suddenly become interested in the concept. The fact is that the Russians already *had* a word for it: "*razryadka*." (Ironically, our own appropriation of "détente" took place just before the First World War, which suggests how much good it does to have such a word in your lexicon when you have no real way of implementing it.)

More recently, President Reagan has revealed to us that the Russian language has no word for "freedom." The Russians, that is, are not merely repressive by choice but, trapped within the confines of their language, are incapable of imagining an alternative. This is a direct replay of the "détente" situation. Of course there is a word for freedom in Russian: "*svoboda*."

The current romance of the press with the word "*glasnost*" is a kind of mirror image of the "détente" and "freedom" episodes. "*Glasnost*," as everyone knows by now, is Mikhail Gorbachev's pet term for his policy of making public certain aspects of Soviet life that had previously been kept private. Now, "*glasnost*" is not a particularly obscure or esoteric Russian word, nor is it a neologism of Gorbachev's. As a Russian dictionary will tell you, "*glasnost*" is simply a noun form of the adjective "available for public knowledge," and means "publicity," or "openness." In Russia at the moment, "*glasnost*" is taking on extra nuances and overtones as it is used in new contexts—like many words, it has no single fixed meaning but a whole spectrum of implications (and can, of course, just be used cynically). But in the Western press "*glasnost*" has been transmogrified from an ordinary Russian word into a journalistic affectation, and, rather than reach for the appropriate English word or phrase, newsmagazine writers and others have begun to use "*glasnost*" as though it were a curious or untranslatable Russian idiom, or a kind of sinister acronym, like SMERSH. And then "*glasnost*" is such an appealing word to *say*. It is the first Russian loan word that has the bouquet of one of the great French loans—like "*savoir-faire*" or "*voilà!*" —although "*glasnost*" is more a vodka-and-caviar word, with a bracing start and an oily finish.

In all these instances, the underlying assumption seems to be that the vocabulary of a language determines the thoughts of its speakers. (Or, as the linguists will have it, that "lexical structure constrains cognition.") If the Russians don't have a word for "détente," they can't have the concept; if they don't have a word for "freedom," they can never be free; and, by the same logic in reverse, when we borrow a word of theirs, even if we borrow a perfectly ordinary word incorrectly, we have somehow opened a window onto the enigmas of the Russian spirit—we have somehow become, for the moment, Russian.

Linguists call the belief that words determine thoughts "linguistic relativism"—or the Whorfian hypothesis,



after Benjamin Whorf, the amateur linguist who made it famous. Most linguists aren't crazy about the Whorfian hypothesis. It's empirically weak (since even people who speak languages that don't have different words for "red" and "orange," for instance, have no trouble visually discriminating between the two colors). And it suffers from circular logic, since the only way we English-speakers can talk about supposedly untranslatable concepts is to put them into English. The appeal of linguistic relativism in our time—the belief among otherwise sophisticated people in what is really a primitive kind of word magic—may involve what the philosopher Karl Popper calls "the myth of the framework": our desire to believe that people who differ from us are beyond the reach of rational discussion, shut off in an imprisoning framework of words and concepts utterly alien to our own. The effect of this myth is to make the world a more precarious place, since it excludes the possibility of rational argument before the arguing even begins. But, fortunately, détente, freedom, and *glasnost* are concepts available to all of us. It is not the barriers of language that keep us from applying them.

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A FRIEND writes:

"They were talking about black and white on the school bus today," my wife said recently. After all this time, the subject makes me slightly uneasy. She is black and I am white. When we were married, long ago, we took the view, tacitly and despite certain evidence to the contrary, that it simply wasn't a problem. I suppose we also took some comfort from the fact that we lived in New York, a city where, for the most part, it really didn't matter. For years, my wife, who was from the Islands and felt herself an outsider, if not a foreigner, was fearful of venturing too far into white America, but as time passed we made many such forays, and always—well, almost always—without incident. Still, the subject was never far from her consciousness. She dreaded TV news reports about racial violence and sometimes would beg me to turn them off. She had a craving for insulation that, I suppose, only an islander can understand. And she worried about whether racial identity would be a problem for our daughter, who is now ten, and began to speak of her sometimes as a black child.

"Why black?" I said once. "She's as white as she is black. Why do you call her black? She's a child of mixed race. What's wrong with that for an identity?"

My wife said, "But most people would describe her as a black child. That's the way people think."

In any event, our daughter was on the school bus, my wife recounted, riding down the West Side with a dozen other children, including her friend Maggie. Maggie had a guest on the bus, a schoolmate who was going home with her to play. Maggie is white and the little girl, who lives in Harlem, is black, and the children fell to talking about racial differences.

The little girl from Harlem said of her father, "Three of his grandparents were black, but he thinks like a white."

My daughter asked, "What do you mean?"

The little girl said, "Well, for instance, he organizes everything in the refrigerator alphabetically."

A pause followed this startling disclosure, after which my daughter said, "That's not white, and it's not black, either. That's your *father*."

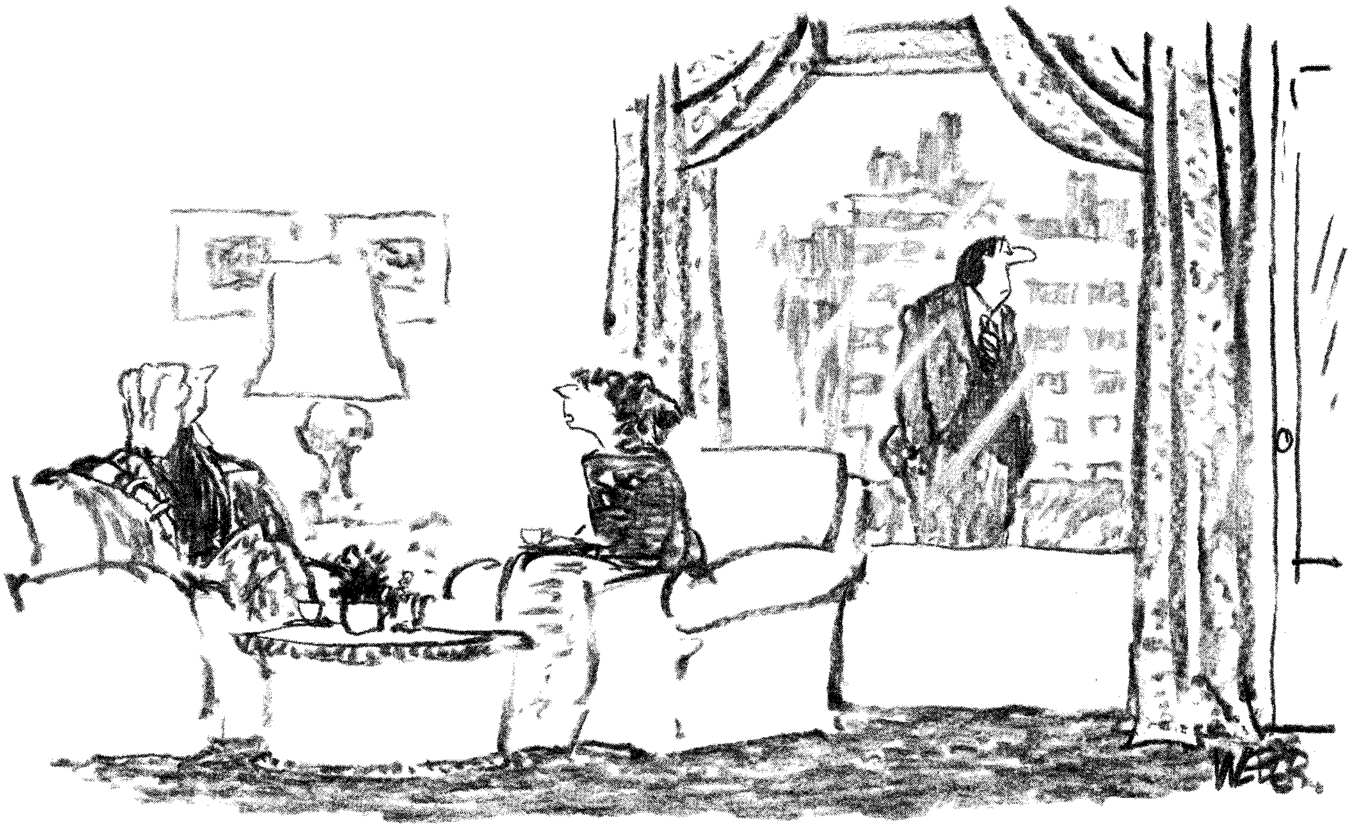
After my wife told me this story, we both eased up a bit. We thought about the alphabetically arranged refrigerator, and about the child who believed it had some special meaning. We thought, with a measure of relief, about how our daughter is developing a gentle savviness that in some ways is grittier than our own. We thought, So far, so good.

• •

Carlos

MOVIE critics, movie publicists, and various free-lancers, scholars, and hobbyists who somehow get into press previews say it's not that bad to mill around under the marquee of the R.K.O. National Twin with teenagers who have won free passes in radio contests, or to chat near a freight elevator outside a screening room in a Broadway office building. But probably none of them would describe this form of social life as glamorous, charming, and civilized, except for all the times Carlos Clarens was there. A Havana-born movie critic and historian who looked like one of the stars he wrote about—Gilbert Roland, say, in "Gigolettes of Paris" (1933)—Carlos Clarens was for the past fifteen years a familiar, enchanting presence among the habitués of this city's film festivals, revival houses, and museum showings. Even his writing was gregarious. He liked movies that cluster in genres, and wrote about them in two books that are essential companions for specialists and fans ("An Illustrated History of the Horror Film" and "Crime Movies"); he wrote subtitles, for people who don't know five languages, as he did; in reviews and articles, he had a sharp but sympathetic eye for the social implications of details. (Once, in the magazine *Film Comment*, writing about some Hollywood studio portraits from an exhibit at the Museum of Modern Art, he construed a photograph of Norma Shearer in a flimsy sweater by noting sweetly, "Nipple and wedding band are discreet reminders that Mrs. Irving Thalberg was a trouper.") Four years ago, he took his own collection of hundreds of thousands of movie stills out of storage and (with a partner, Howard Mandelbaum) started a photo-rental business, Phototeque. Last month, he died unexpectedly, of heart failure during an asthma attack. All the people who knew him had thought they would grow old wondering how Carlos stayed so young. His obituaries said he was fifty-six.

It seemed strange, on a recent Monday night, to be going down to Lafayette Street, to the Little Theatre at the Public, not for a movie and the likelihood of meeting Carlos in the lobby but for a tribute to Carlos Clarens. (Similar events were held at the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, in Los Angeles, and at the Cinémathèque, in Paris, the city he had lived in, and often returned to, after leaving Havana in the nineteen-fifties.) The Little Theatre seats a hundred people, but this night it overflowed. Fabiano Canosa, the director of film at the Public, introduced the



"Ted's been down in the dumps since they started giving greed a bad name."

• •

program's speakers, and added, "Carlos was one of the first people, when I met him in Brazil, to tell me to run around and see the films of Busby Berkeley." Phillip Lopate, a novelist who divides his time between New York and Houston, spoke about a friendship that balanced his own earnest temperament with Carlos's lighthearted one. "We shared a passion for the films of Mikio Naruse," he said, looking up from some prepared remarks, "and during the Naruse retrospective we would get together for a quick coffee at the Bagel Restaurant on West Fourth Street to synchronize our viewings of 'Mickey,' as Carlos affectionately called the grim, neglected Japanese director." The writer Susan Sontag spoke of Carlos as she'd known him in the early stages of his excitement about movies—at the Cinémathèque, standing in line for several shows a day, and in a loft on West Fourteenth Street at a gathering called the Huff Society, run by the legendary film historian William K. Everson, where they watched movies of the thirties and forties while sitting on tin chairs. Mary Corliss, curator of the Film Stills Archive at the Museum of Modern Art, who worked and travelled with Carlos to research the museum's 1978 exhibit on Hollywood art direction and was collaborating with him on a book about the subject, spoke of his generosity with everything he knew and "the seductive music of his company." And Donald Lyons, who writes movie criticism and teaches English at Rutgers, recalled this: He saw Carlos one day at the museum after a two-o'clock show and mentioned that the plot of the movie, a nineteen-thirties English melodrama called "The Nursemaid Who Disappeared," reminded him of a novel called "Warrant for X;" they agreed to meet in the cafeteria before the four-o'clock show, "Poison Pen;" and when Carlos returned he had bought a blue silk tie, had stopped by the Donnell Library and ascertained that "Warrant for X" was the American title of the novel "The Nursemaid Who Disappeared," and had decided to make osso buco for dinner. "The tiniest time spent with him," said Donald Lyons, "was irradiated with a formal joy."

The tribute concluded with six excerpts from movies about places Carlos loved. A cargo net full of tropical fruit was lowered from the steamship Brazil onto Carmen Miranda's head, and everyone on the dock sang "You Discover You're in New York." Different noises of early-morning Paris—shutters creaking open, a broom sweeping the cobblestones—gathered and syncopated till they woke up Maurice Chevalier. Benny Goodman, Gene Krupa, and a lot of other musicians in a cavalcade of open cars played and sang "Hooray for Hollywood" on their way to the St. Louis Airport, where they saw Dick Powell and lifted him over a chain-link fence. Carlos Clarens himself (working for his friend the French director Agnès Varda) wore a fringed jacket as he drove a woman named Shirley from the Los Angeles Airport to Viva's house, and said, "Hollywood—you're always driving to a city, but you never seem to get there." The activity in a San Francisco honky-tonk came to a standstill for Alice Faye, who had bright-yellow hair and red lips but a true solemnity in her voice as she sang "You'll never know just how much I miss you." Tourists in a Havana night club learned a new dance craze called the Yango.

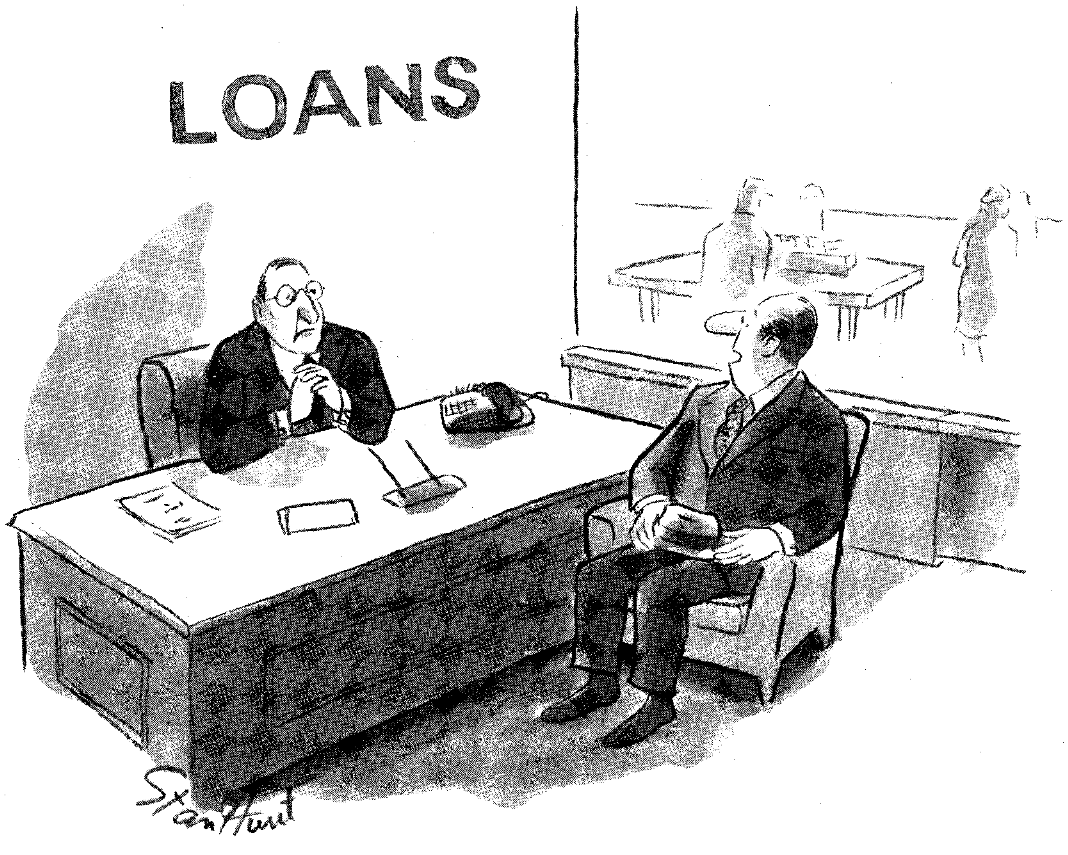
Lords, Serfs, Psychics, Apples

PROBLEM: Rutherford Place, a Beaux-Arts building at the corner of Second Avenue and Seventeenth Street, was built by J. P. Morgan, and has served, in various incarnations, as a maternity hospital, a tuberculosis sanatorium, and a methadone clinic; now it has been turned into a building of simplex, duplex, and triplex apartments with monthly rents beginning at eighteen hundred and twenty dollars and spiralling rapidly upward to over four thousand. You want people to start paying these hefty sums as soon as possible. What do you do?

SOLUTION: You scent the apartments, lobby, corridors, and elevators with perfume and Crabtree & Evelyn air-fresheners. You give tenants wine and games, and come across as an all-around nice guy.

We learned all this one recent evening when we stopped by Rutherford Place for a tour with Barnet Liberman, a partner in 305 Second Avenue Associates, the firm that owns the building. "I don't live here, but I do live downtown with a hundred and eighty-six of my tenants," he told us. "You know, when you live in a building with your tenants, there's animosity toward the landlord. So we play softball—the Lords against the Serfs. That way, they can work out their aggression. Once a year." Mr. Liberman, a large, affable man in green corduroys, a blue-and-white striped shirt, and suède desert boots, darted into the kitchen area of his office and came out bearing a bottle of wine and two plastic champagne glasses tied to it with red ribbon. "When people move in, we give them a bottle of Rutherford Hill. It's a real kick and a half. We also give them this board game." He handed us a heavy box with a panoramic helicopter view of New York City skyscrapers on top. "It's called 'Only in New York, The Game.' The artwork is by Milton Glaser."

Artesia Adamo, a petite woman with large dark eyes, manages leasing for Rutherford Place. "We have a lot of artistic people in the building," she said. "Photographers go mad for us. We have an Italian count from Florence. He has a line of cosmetics. We have a famous psychic, who's married to an Egyptian art collector. She was out jogging one day, stopped in her tracks, and just knew she would live here." (The psychic, we later learned, is named Elnour Iskander and claims to be the sole practitioner of ancient Egyptian hypnotherapy. A veteran of many press conferences, Dr. Iskander can tell you in forty-five seconds that she originally came to New York to appear on "The Joe Franklin Show" and has been on it three times so far, and that she once hypnotized a woman over the phone, after which the woman lost two hundred pounds.)



"I suppose mere promises would not suffice."

"Not a bunch of complainers," Mr. Liberman said of his tenants as he and Miss Adamo led us in the direction of a model apartment, with lots of stairs, a rowing machine, and the noise of a television set in the background, the last designed to make the apartment seem like home. "Tenants started moving in several months before the renovations were completed, and they had to put up with some inconveniences during the shakedown period. We now have fifty-eight per cent of the apartments rented. Artesia, remember the mice we had that first month? What did we do? Did we give out a cheeseboard? I know we distributed sonic devices, but we didn't need them, because we had an absolutely gigantic cat. Everybody loved the board game. It's not a trivia game—it's strategy. You have to travel to each of the boroughs to collect the letters that spell out 'New York.' Do you take a helicopter? Is there a landing pad at your destination? Along the way, you can mug your opponent. People enjoy that."

"Do you smell apples?" Miss Adamo asked. "We were trying to think of scents that match the feel of the apartments. Here we have a lot of yellow, and it's sun-drenched and it has a young feel. And so we thought of apple. We tried different things. When you walk into the lobby, it's Valentino. First we tried Coco. As in Coco Chanel."

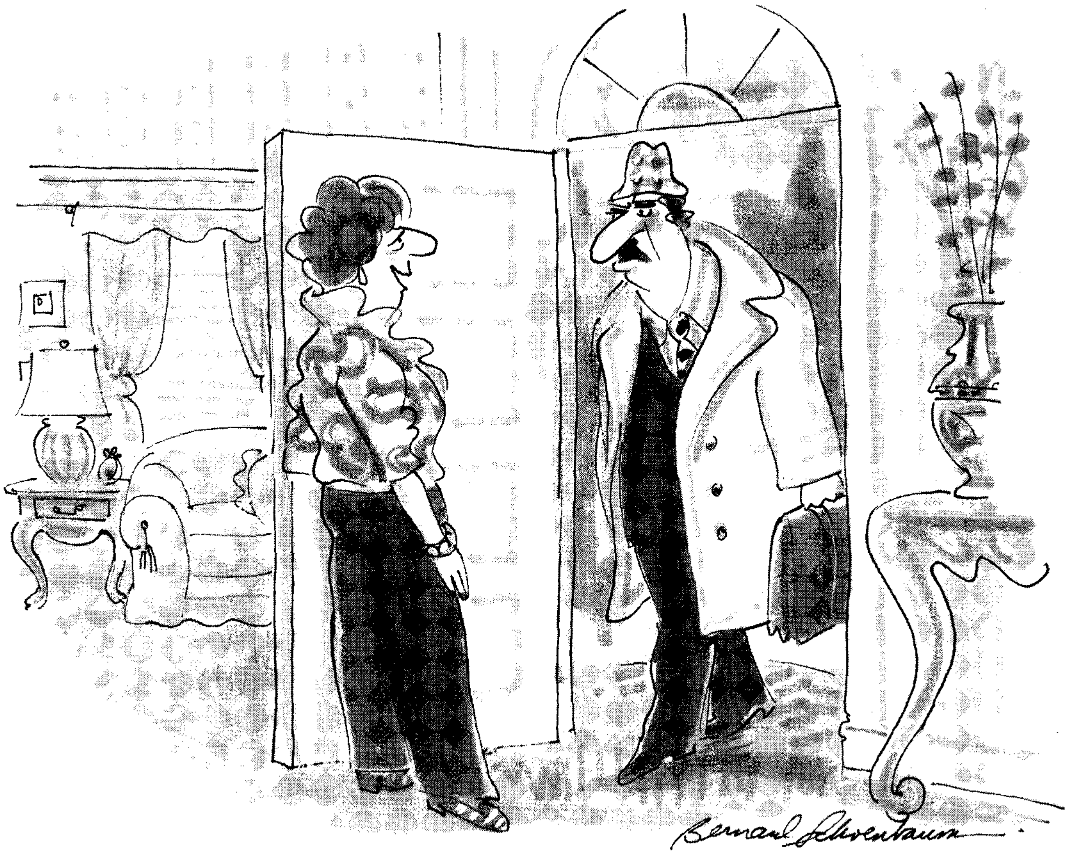
"I remember Coco," Mr. Liberman said sentimentally. "I thought up the whole idea of scents the day my daughter was born. My wife went into labor. We went to the hospital, and the doctors told us to go out, have lunch, have a glass of wine, and if that didn't stop the labor to come back. We were driving past Saks Fifth Avenue, and my wife said, 'You know, you need a raincoat.' So we went into Saks. I noticed that the little vestibule at the Forty-ninth Street entrance was scented."

"Scents are icebreakers," Miss Adamo added. "We thought about using a different fragrance in every room—cinnamon in the kitchen, and so on. We tried to get chocolate, but we couldn't find a scent that really smelled like chocolate."

"After Coco, we tried apple, Valentino, Moroccan musk," Mr. Liberman said.

"We have Valentino in the elevators," Miss Adamo said. "I think it's a base of sandalwood. Delicate. On the sophisticated side. Not as obvious as Coco. How would you describe it, Barnet?"

Mr. Liberman was watching a gray-haired jogger in a gray skirt and red socks running around Stuyvesant Park. "Coco was sincere but salaciously sinister," he said. "Valentino is braggadocious but polite. The Moroccan musk was—well, people just stayed out of the room."



"Ah, Les Misérables."

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Beauty

THE seventieth annual International Beauty Show, at the Javits Center, stated its purpose this way: "To bring together under one roof the world's most complete collection of professional beauty products, current trends in beauty/fashion, and master-class education for salon owners and professionals." Over three days, here is what we saw:

Hair being sold by the foot, the pound, in rolls, and in pieces.

Fourteen-karat-gold fingernails, nails with corporate-logo appliqués, nails that looked like wild-mammal and reptile skin, nails that extended inches beyond the fingertips, nails with diamond studs in them—all these nails being promoted by companies with names like Nocturnal Nails, Princess Nails, and Nail Art International.

Copies of the magazine *Nail Fashion.*

A man covered to the neck in a white sheet and lying perfectly still while a machine trained steam on his pink face. A heavyset woman, lying face down and fully clothed on a padded table, being buffed by an earnest salesman with an enormous vibrating apparatus. A woman who had her upper lip covered by a special adhesive strip that painlessly removed her facial hair when it was ripped off.

Dozens of total strangers who stood around and watched.

Haircutting demonstrations that took place in structures resembling revival tents. Haircutters who wore white tie and tails while they worked; who danced to disco music; who diagrammed a haircut for their audience the way John Madden diagrams a play on the CBS Chalkboard; and who narrated, or had an m.c. narrate, along with every snip.

Haircuts that elicited applause. Haircuts that looked like the effects of illness.

Japanese scissors made of materials like molybdenum steel and zirconia ceramic and costing as much as four hundred and seventy-five dollars.

A hydraulic barber chair upholstered in red, white, and blue. Lots of barber chairs that looked like bucket seats in foreign sports cars.

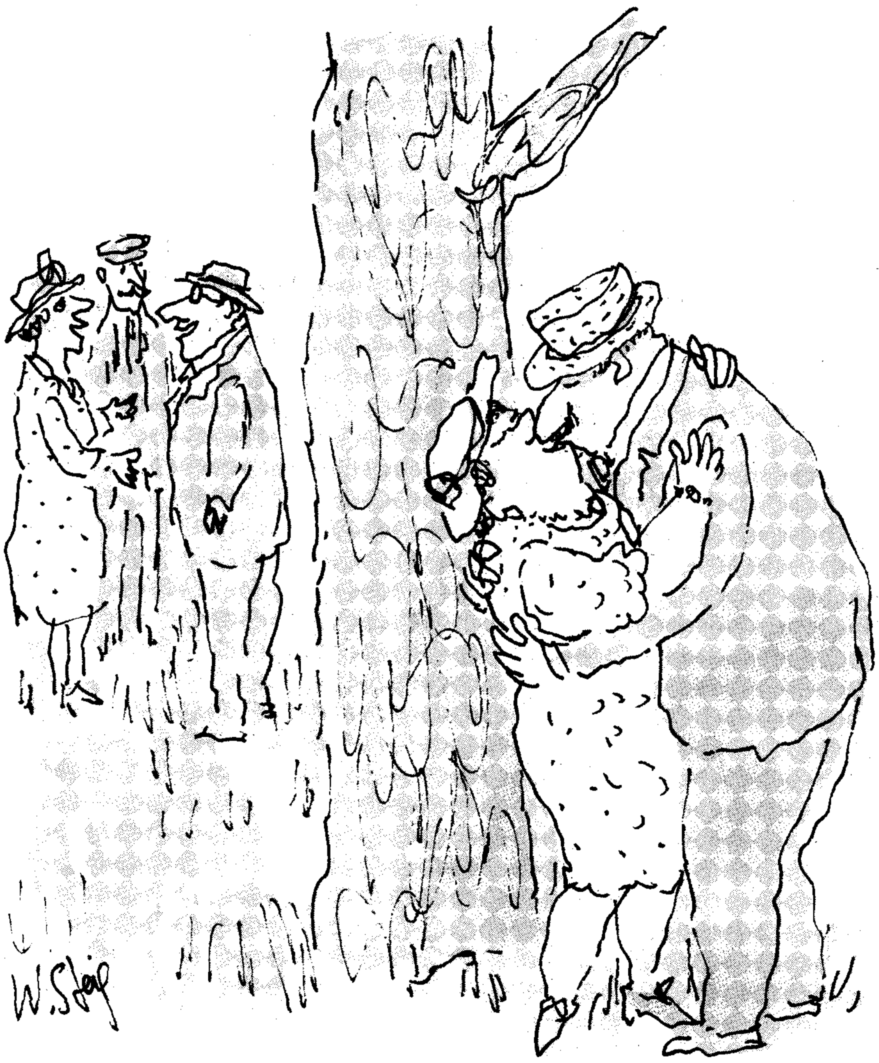
Skin-care "systems," hair-care "systems," nail-wrap "systems," computer-imaging "systems," salon-management "systems."

Promotional materials making statements like "It's a fact. Hair removal is as big a business in Europe as nail care is in the U.S.," "The black hair-care market accounted for a billion dollars in retail sales in 1984," and "After twenty-four years in the business, his reputation precedes him as someone who is on the cutting edge again, again, and again."

An elderly woman wearing a fox stole, chic veiled millinery, and fiery rouge being wheeled very slowly through a throng.

At the Sturé Osten Designs exhibit, we stopped off to watch one of the hourly shows, which featured a parade of models fitted with various "hair extensions" by Winston Brooks Parsons, the cutting-edge man. Mr. Parsons, a husky fellow with a beard and long hair that begins toward the rear of his head, wore round-toed patent-leather shoes and an unconstructed sports jacket in a pattern reminiscent of catering-hall flocked wallpaper. "We don't call them wigs or hairpieces anymore," he told the crowd as he fitted a young woman with henna-red "sweedlocks," which he tugged on to get the frizziest effect. "We call them 'hair as an accessory.' They were first created for mannequins. The product is self-explanatory. You take it right out of the bag and it works." Mr. Parsons looked up and suddenly grew deferential. "Now, ladies and gentlemen, I'd like to introduce to you the most innovative and copied designer in the world in hair—Sturé Ostensson."

Mr. Ostensson, a man in his early



The Stolen Kiss

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forties perhaps, with long, straight blond hair, wore a shiny, rumpled linen tuxedo, which went well with his unimpressed European manner. He leaped onstage, accepted the microphone from Mr. Parsons, and offered a clenched-jaw smile to the crowd. "I have a little problem with my mouth, so I let Brooks talk," Mr. Ostensson said, handing the mike back. Soon he had his hands full of fibrous hair that looked like Tina Turner's.

We were introduced to Teresa Soares, a student at the Fashion Institute of Technology, who had just finished modelling a series of clip-on curls, and we asked her if she would consider wearing a hair extension outside the Javits Center.

"I might wear it to go out dancing," she told us, "because it changes my image from normal to wild. I don't think I'd wear it to dinner." She paused and added, shyly, "But you *could*."

Over at Princess Nails, we ran into Kathy Struncius and Karen Zarestky, of Chateau Hair Designers, in Lakewood, New Jersey, both of whom had glittery stripes applied to their nails. "Nails have been up and coming in the last five years, because they've finally given us enough product," Miss Struncius told us. "But there's not enough here. They're more into the nail design, rather than the artificial nail itself and the new systems for the application of nails." Miss Zarestky listed linen, silk, acrylic overlays, fibre glass, and porcelain as materials they were already using. "You hope that there's something new every year," she said.

We attended a master education class, sponsored by Vidal Sassoon, that drew a huge audience, and there we met Rosalyn Thomas and Marie Bové, of Christopher Pluck/Shapes in Hair, in Manhattan. Miss Thomas, who has attended a number of International Beauty Shows, volunteered to sort things out for us.

"If you're in the trade, it's a great place for information—to get the overview and decide what's right for you," she said. "New Yorkers come to the show, though they feel they already have access. But a lot of out-of-towners make a point of booking into this show. Now, in terms of hair, mostly men are the leaders. A lot of women went into skin. Of those men who were top hairdressers, most of them migrated into the product line, the shows, and the videotapes. A lot of the wild hairdos you see here are a very individual and theatrical thing. You won't necessarily find a lot of top hairdressers doing *that*," she said, pointing out a man wearing a three-tiered hairdo in the style and colors of an Indian headdress. "The major innovation is all the gels, the mousses, the pomades—final effects created with a product, as opposed to sleeping all night with rollers on. And the general acceptance of the 'game' of hair. If people don't want to conform to the norm, they can always achieve a week-end or party look. See that girl over there?" she said, gesturing toward a young woman in a Bardot bangs-and-braid hairdo. "Her whole head is extended."

On the way out, we paused at a hair-extension booth sponsored by the Perruque Company, of Philadelphia, where we saw men young and not so young being fitted with different kinds of additional hair. We spoke to Lori Fink, a young woman who is the assistant to Maurice Tannenbaum, the owner of Perruque. Mr. Tannenbaum was busy with a young man, weaving into his natural hair colored braids made of Kanekalon, a monocrylic fibre that can also be fashioned into domes, garlands, bows, free-forms, chignons, ponytails, poufs, knots, and ropes.

"Anyone who wants long hair but doesn't want to wait for it to grow in now has it," said Mrs. Fink. "But not everyone wants a whole head. You're not being a phony by wearing a hair extension—you're just extending a part of yourself that's stifled, or can't be made permanent in everyday life. If you go into therapy, it could take years to cut loose the way a hairpiece lets you."

HOW BESS FIRED DOUGLAS MACARTHUR

NANCY REAGAN'S POWER IS CONSIDERED AT PEAK
—*Headline in the Times.*

EVELYN brought with her, on a visit to her mother's, a copy of the afternoon newspaper. She imagined that it would help her sanity if she were able to introduce into conversation topics touching on real life. Mrs. Seel, who felt a glow of satisfaction that she was able to accept her daughter on any terms, took the paper without blinking. The headline read "TOT SLAYS COP."

"That's a shock," Mrs. Seel said, putting the paper down, "but I wonder did I ever tell you about how Bess Truman fired Douglas MacArthur?"

"I really hate you. I really do," Evelyn said.

"Nothing to what Bess felt about Doug, I assure you," Mrs. Seel said. "Here's how it went. Try to pay attention. You know so little history."

"I haven't *had* any history," Evelyn said darkly.

"Well, then, I'll lend you this." Mrs. Seel curled up as though to convey warmth. "Elsa Maxwell told Bess that Doug MacArthur was ready to invade China to embarrass the President and keep the Trumans out of the Waldorf Towers—that's what Bess wanted, to live in the Waldorf Towers near Linda Porter. Nothing unusual there. Linda was an attractive woman, and Cole dropped in frequently."

"Tell someone who cares," Evelyn said, brushing some big crumbs off her lap. Mother and daughter looked silently at the crumbs.

"You never hear about the Towers now. I wonder why," Mrs. Seel said wistfully.

"It's the headquarters of the Islamic Jihad," Evelyn said with a lunatic smile. "*I* hear about it all the time."

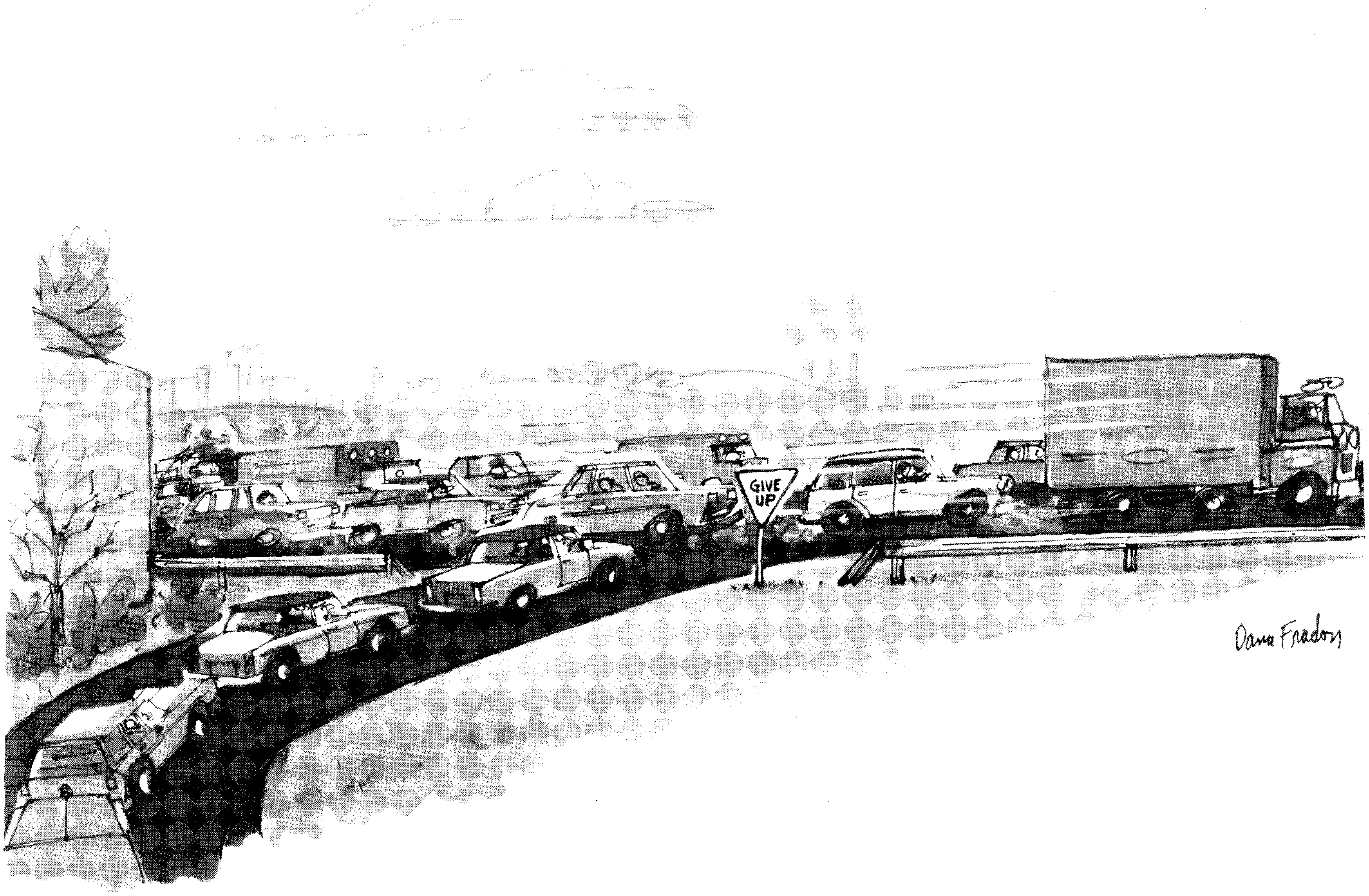
"In my day, we had a different sort of Muslim," Mrs. Seel said. "We had the Aga Khan. In any case, Bess talked to Igor Cassini, who did the Cholly Knickerbocker column—such a good *writer*, such a good *man*—and he began to put little poison items in. In those days you could talk to columnists. They were *human beings*."

Evelyn ground her right foot into the rug until a bare spot dotted with a few twisted filaments appeared as a result. She had begun to make violent random movements. Mrs. Seel felt she had better hurry up.

"In my day we didn't have the press apparatus you have today, you know. 'Sources close to the First Lady,' and so on. You had to work with your friends. Bess was dressed by Mainbocher in those days, and he broke the story. I must say he had enormous influence. We rallied round at once. It *was* disloyal of Doug MacArthur to try to keep the Trumans out of the Waldorf. He just wasn't serving the President. Bess was worried about his place in history—not Doug's, Harry's. Well, MacArthur got wind of it and he was very disagreeable and disloyal. He hung up on Bess. I know that for a fact. But then there was no stopping us in those days. I remember we had Linda Darnell, Millicent Rogers, Mary Margaret McBride, Nelson Eddy, and Jeanette MacDonald. We were a *civilization*, we *mattered*."

"I don't know who any of those people are," Evelyn said.

"Well, anyway, he was out within a week." —GEORGE W. S. TROW

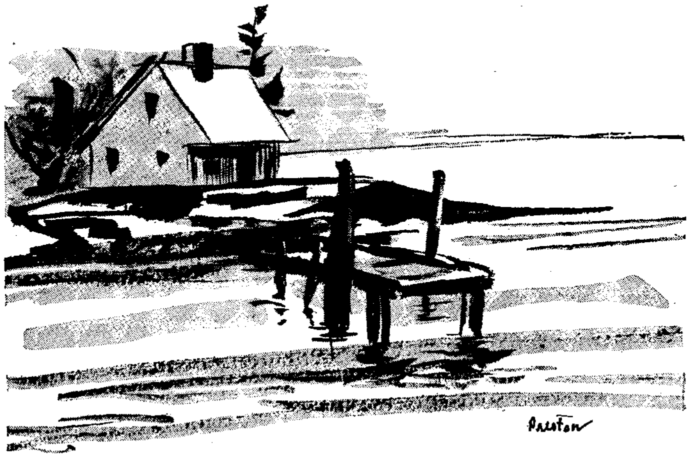


OPTIMISTS

ALL of this that I am about to tell happened when I was only fifteen years old, in 1959, the year my parents were divorced, the year when my father killed a man and went to prison for it, the year I left home and school, told a lie about my age to fool the Army, and then did not come back. The year, in other words, when life changed for all of us and forever—ended, really, in a way none of us could ever have imagined in our most brilliant dreams of life.

My father was named Roy Brinson, and he worked on the Great Northern Railway, in Great Falls, Montana. He was a switch-engine fireman, and when he could not hold that job on the seniority list he worked the extra-board as a hostler, or as a hostler's helper, shunting engines through the yard, onto and off the freight trains that went south and east. He was thirty-seven or thirty-eight years old in 1959, a small, young-appearing man, with dark-blue eyes. The railroad was a job he liked, because it paid high wages and the work was not hard, and because you could take off days when you wanted to, or even months, and have no one to ask you questions. It was a union shop, and there were people who looked out for you when your back was turned. "It's a workingman's paradise," my father would say, and then laugh.

My mother did not work then, though she *had* worked—at waitressing and in the bars in town—and she had liked working. My father thought, though, that Great Falls was coming to be a rougher town than it had been when he grew up there, a town going downhill, like its name, and that my mother should be at home more, because I was at an age when trouble came easily. We lived in a rented two-story house on Edith Street, close to the freight yards and the Missouri River, a house where from my window at night I could hear the engines as they sat, throbbing, could see their lights move along the dark rails. My mother was at home most of her time, reading or watching television or cooking meals, though sometimes she would go out to movies in the afternoon, or would go to the Y.W.C.A. and swim in the indoor pool. Where she was from—in Havre, Montana, much farther north—there was never such a thing as a pool indoors, and she thought that to swim in the winter, with snow on the ground and the wind howling, was the greatest luxury. And she would come home late in the afternoon, with her brown hair wet and her face flushed, and in high spirits, saying she felt freer.



The night that I want to tell about happened in November. It was not then a good time for railroads—not in Montana especially—and for firemen not at all, anywhere. It was the featherbedding time, and everyone knew, including my father, that they would all of them eventually lose their jobs, though no one knew exactly when, or who would go first, or, clearly, what the future would be. My father had been hired out for ten years, and had worked on coal-burners and oil-burners out of Forsythe, Montana, on the Sheridan spur. But he was still young in the job and low on the list, and he felt that when the cut came young heads would go first. "They'll do something for us, but it might not be enough," he said, and I had heard him say that other times—in the kitchen, with my mother, or out in front, working on his motorcycle, or with me, fishing the whitefish flats up the Missouri. But I do not know if he truly thought that or in fact had any reason to think it. He was an optimist. Both of them were optimists, I think.

I know that by the end of summer in that year he had stopped taking days off to fish, had stopped going out along the coulee rims to spot deer. He worked more then and was gone more, and he talked more about work when he was home: about what the union said on this subject and that, about court cases in Washington, D.C., a place I knew nothing of, and about injuries and illnesses to men he knew that threatened their livelihoods and by association threatened his own—threatened, he must've felt, our whole life.

Because my mother swam at the Y.W.C.A. she had met people there and made friends. One was a large woman named Esther, who came home with her once and drank coffee in the kitchen and talked about her boyfriend and laughed out loud for a long time, though I never saw her again. And another was a woman named Penny Mitchell, whose husband, Boyd, worked for the Red Cross in Great Falls and had an office upstairs in the building with the Y.W.C.A., and with whom my mother would sometimes play canasta on the nights my father worked late. They would set up a card table in the living room, the three of them, and drink and eat sandwiches until midnight. And I would lie in bed with my radio tuned low to the Calgary station, listening to a hockey match beamed out over the great empty prairie, and could hear the cards snap and laughter downstairs, and later I would hear footsteps leaving, hear the door shut, the dishes rattle in the sink, cabinets close. And in a while the door to my room would open and the light would fall inside, and my mother would set a chair back in. I could see her silhouette. She would always say, "Go back to sleep, Frank." And then the door would shut again, and I would almost always go to sleep in a minute.

IT was on a night that Penny and Boyd Mitchell were in our house that trouble came about. My father had been working his regular bid-in job on the switch engine, plus a helper's job off the extra-board—a practice that was illegal by the railroad's rules but ignored by the union, who could see bad times coming and knew there would be nothing to help it when they came, and so would let men work if they wanted to. I was in the kitchen, eating a sandwich alone at the table, and my mother was in the living room playing cards with Penny and Boyd Mitchell. They were drinking vodka and eating the other sandwiches my mother had made, when I heard my father's motorcycle outside in the dark. It was eight o'clock at night, and I knew he wasn't expected home until midnight.

"Roy's home," I heard my mother say. "I hear Roy. That's wonderful." I heard chairs scrape and glasses tap.

"Maybe he'll want to play," Penny Mitchell said. "We can play four hands."

I went to the kitchen door and stood looking through the dining room at the front door. I don't think I knew something was wrong, but I think I knew something was unusual, something I would want to know about firsthand.

My mother was standing beside the card table when my father came inside. She was smiling. But I have never seen a look on a man's face that was like the look on my father's face at that moment. He looked wild. His eyes were wild. His whole face was. It was cold outside, and the wind was coming up, and he had ridden home from the train yard in only his flannel shirt. His face was red, and his hair was strewn around his bare head, and I remember his fists were clenched white, as if there was no blood in them at all.

"My God," my mother said. "What is it, Roy? You look crazy." She turned and looked for me, and I knew she was thinking that this was something I might not need to see. But she didn't say anything. She just looked back at my father, stepped toward him and touched his hand, where he must've been coldest. Penny and Boyd Mitchell sat at the card table, looking up. Boyd Mitchell was smiling for some reason.

"Something awful happened," my father said. He reached and took a corduroy jacket off the coat nail and put it on, right in the living room, then sat down on the couch and hugged his arms. His face seemed to get redder then. He was wearing black steel-toe boots, the boots he wore every day, and I stared at them and felt how cold he must be, even in his own house. I did not come any closer.

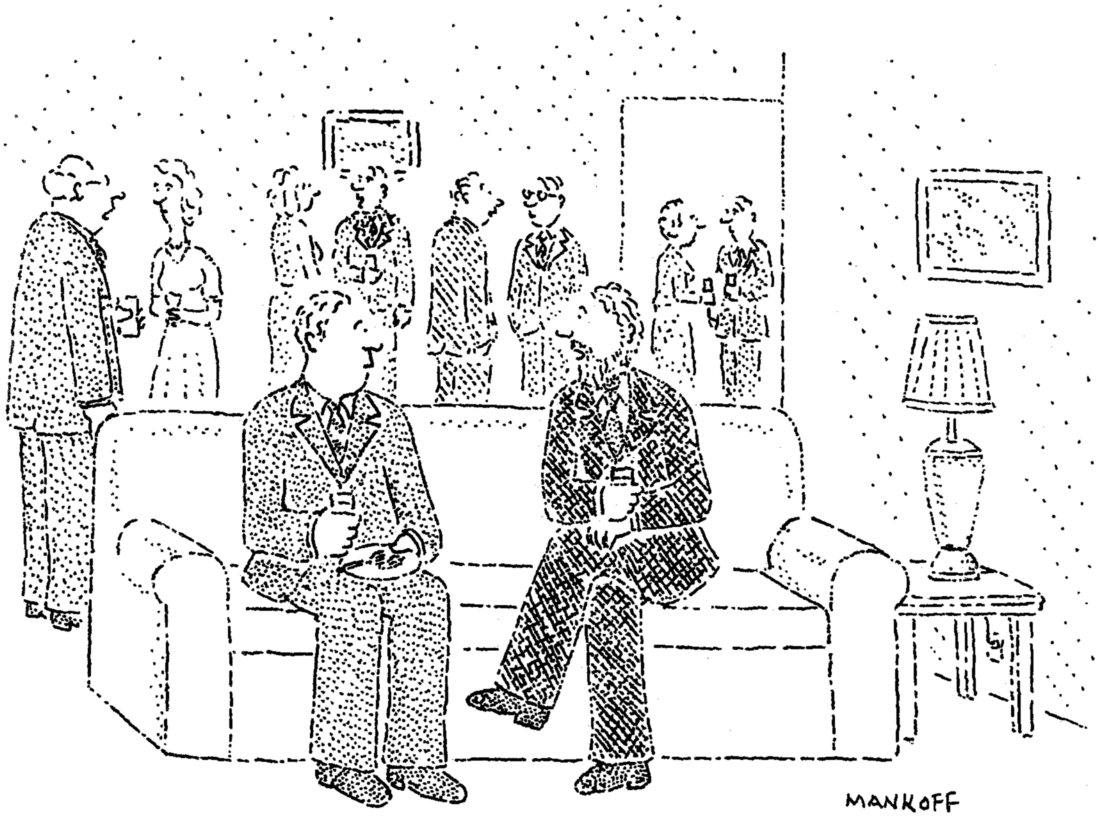
"Roy, what is it?" my mother said, and she sat down beside him on the couch and held his hand in both of hers.

My father looked at Boyd Mitchell and at his wife, as if he hadn't known they were in the room until then. He did not know them very well, and I thought he might tell them to get out, but he didn't.

"I saw a man be killed tonight," he said to my mother, then shook his head and looked down. He said, "We were pushing into that old hump yard on Ninth Avenue. A cut of coal cars. It wasn't even an hour ago. I was looking out my side, the way you do when you push out a curve. And I could see this one open boxcar in the cut, which isn't unusual. Only this guy was in it and was trying to get off, sitting in the door, scooting. I guess he was a hobo. Those cars had come in from Glasgow tonight. And just the second he started to go off, the whole cut buckled up. It's one thing that'll happen. But he lost his balance just when he hit the gravel, and he fell backwards underneath. I looked right at him. And one set of trucks rolled right over his foot." My father looked at my mother then. "It hit his foot," he said.

"My God," my mother said, and looked down at her lap.

My father squinted. "But then he moved, he sort of bucked himself like he was trying to get away. He didn't yell, and I could see his face. I'll never forget that. He didn't look scared, he just looked like a man doing something that was hard for him to do. He looked like he was concentrating on something. But when he bucked he pushed back, and the other trucks caught his hand." My father looked at his own hands then, and made



"We're still pretty far apart. I'm looking for a six-figure advance and they're refusing to read the manuscript."

• •

fists out of them and squeezed them.

"What did you do?" my mother said. She looked terrified.

"I yelled out. And Sherman stopped pushing. But it wasn't that fast."

"Did you do anything then?" Boyd Mitchell said.

"I got down," my father said, "and I went up there. But here's a man cut in three pieces in front of me. What can you do? You can't do very much. I squatted down and touched his good hand. And it was like ice. His eyes were open and roaming all up in the sky."

"Did he say anything?" my mother said.

"He said, 'Where am I today?' And I said to him, 'It's all right, bud, you're in Montana. You'll be all right.' Though, my God—he wasn't. I took my jacket off and put it over him. I didn't want him to see what had happened."

"You should've put tourniquets on," Boyd Mitchell said gruffly. "That could've helped. That could've saved his life."

My father looked at Boyd Mitchell then as if he had forgotten he was there and was surprised that he spoke. "I don't know about that," he said. "I don't know anything about those things. He was already dead. A boxcar had run over him. He was breathing, but he was already dead to me."

"That's only for a licensed doctor to decide," Boyd Mitchell said. "You're morally obligated to do all you can." And I could tell from his tone of voice that he did not like my father. He hardly knew him, but he did not like him. I had no idea why. Boyd Mitchell was a big, husky, red-faced man with curly hair—handsome in a way, but with a big belly—and I knew only that he worked for the Red Cross, and that my mother was a friend of his wife's, and maybe of his, and that they played cards when my father was gone.

My father looked at my mother in a way I knew was angry. "Why have you got these people over here now, Dorothy? They don't have any business here."

"Maybe that's right," Penny Mitchell said, and she put down her hand of cards and stood up at the table. My mother looked around the room, as though an odd noise had occurred inside of it and she couldn't find the source.

"Somebody definitely should've done something," Boyd Mitchell said, and he leaned forward on the table toward my father. "That's all there is to say." He was shaking his head no. "That man didn't have to die." Boyd Mitchell clasped his big hands on top of the playing cards and stared at my father. "The unions'll cover this up, too, I guess, won't they? That's what happens in these things."

My father stood up then, and his face looked wide, though it still looked young. He looked like a young man who had been scolded and wasn't sure how he should act. "You get out of here," he said in a loud voice. "My God. What a thing to say. I don't even know you."

"I know you, though," Boyd Mitchell said angrily. "You're another featherbedder. You aren't good to do anything. You can't even help a dying man. You're bad for this country, and you won't last."

"Boyd, my goodness," Penny Mitchell said. "Don't say that. Don't say that to him."

Boyd Mitchell glared up at his wife. "I'll say anything I want to," he said. "And he'll listen, because he's helpless. He can't do anything."

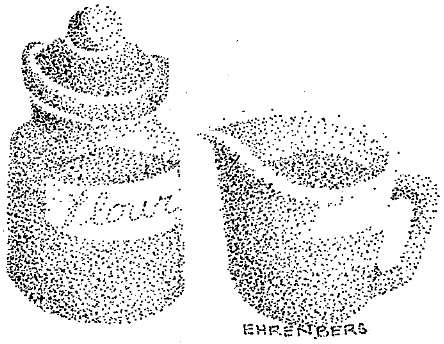
"Stand up," my father said. "Just stand up on your feet." His fists were clenched again.

"All right, I will," Boyd Mitchell said. He glanced up at his wife again. And I realized then that Boyd Mitchell was drunk, and it was possible that he did not even know what he was saying, or what had happened, and that words just got loose from him this way, and anybody who knew him knew it. Only my father didn't. He only knew what had been said.

Boyd Mitchell stood up and put his hands in his pockets. He was much taller than my father. He had on a white Western shirt and whipcords and cowboy boots and was wearing a big silver wristwatch. "All right," he said. "Now I'm standing up. What's supposed to happen?" He weaved a little. I saw that.

And my father hit Boyd Mitchell then, hit him from across the card table, hit him with his right hand, square into the chest—not a lunging blow, just a hard, hitting blow that threw my father off balance and made him make a chuffing sound with his mouth. Boyd Mitchell groaned, "Oh," and fell down immediately, his big, thick, heavy body hitting the floor already doubled over. And the sound of him hitting the floor in our house was like no sound I had ever heard before. It was the sound of a man's body hitting a floor, and it was only that. In my life I have heard it other times, in hotel rooms and in bars, and it is one you do not want to hear.

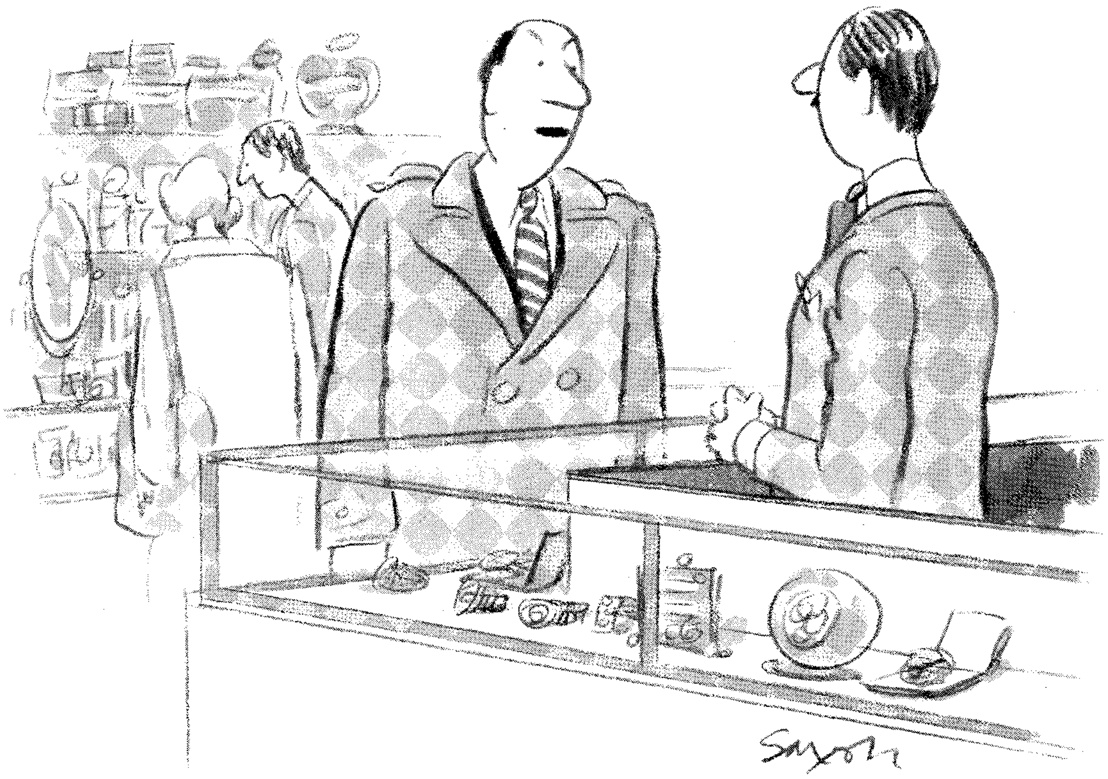
You can hit a man in a lot of ways,



THE FAMOUS SCENE

The polished scarlets of sunset sink as failure
Darkens the famous scene; nature's portrait of us
On the shore while the flooding sun soils the palms
And wooden walks before the rows of tiny summer homes.
Oh, and the silent birds are hunched in the trees
Or waiting under the eaves, and over there a boat
Cuts through the swell, releasing its coils of steam.
What does it mean to have come here so late?
Shall we know before the night wind strays
Into town, leaving a sea-stale wake, and we close
Our eyes against desire's incoming tides?
Probably not. So let the unsayable have its way.
Let the moon rage and fade, as it will, and the heads
Of Queen Anne's lace bow down in the fields,
And the dark be praised. We shall be off
Talking aloud to ourselves, repeating the words
That have always been used to describe our fate.

—MARK STRAND



"I'd like to see something in a watch. I want one with hands that point and twelve numbers I can recognize."

I know that, and I knew that then, because my father had told me. You can hit a man to insult him, or you can hit a man to bloody him, or to knock him down, or to lay him out. Or you can hit a man to kill him. Hit him that hard. And that is how my father hit Boyd Mitchell—as hard as he could, in the chest, and not in the face, the way someone might think who didn't know about it.

"Oh my God," Penny Mitchell said. Boyd Mitchell was lying on his side in front of the TV, and she had gotten down on her knees beside him. "Boyd," she said. "Are you hurt? Oh, look at this. Stay where you are Boyd. Stay on the floor."

"Now, then. All right," my father said. "Now. All right." He was standing against the wall, over to the side of where he had been when he hit Boyd Mitchell from across the card table. The light was bright in the room, and my father's eyes were wide and touring around. He seemed out of breath and both his fists were clenched, and I could feel his heart beating in my own chest. "All right, now, you son of a bitch," my father said, and loudly. I don't think he was even talking to Boyd Mitchell. He was just saying words that came out of him.

"Roy," my mother said calmly. "Boyd's hurt now. He's hurt." She was just looking down at Boyd Mitchell. I don't think she knew what to do.

"Oh, no," Penny Mitchell said in an excited voice. "Look up, Boyd. Look up at Penny. You've been hurt." She had her hands flat on Boyd Mitchell's chest, and her skinny shoulders close to him. She wasn't crying, but I think she was hysterical and couldn't cry.

All this had taken only five minutes, maybe even less time. I had never even left the kitchen door. And for that reason I walked out into the room where my father and mother were, and where Boyd and Penny Mitchell were both of them on the floor. I looked down at Boyd Mitchell, at his face. I wanted to see what had happened to him. His eyes had cast back up into their sockets. His mouth was open, and I could see his big pink tongue inside. He was breathing heavy breaths, and his fingers—the fingers on both his hands—were moving, moving in the way a man would move them if he was nervous or anxious about something. I think he was dead then, and I think even Penny Mitchell knew he was dead, because she was saying, "Oh please, please, please, Boyd."

That is when my mother called the police, and I think it is when my father opened the front door and stepped out into the night.

ALL that happened next is what you would expect to happen. Boyd Mitchell's chest quit breathing in a minute, and he turned pale and cold and began to look dead right on our living-room floor. He made a noise in his throat once, and Penny Mitchell cried out, and my mother got down on her knees and held Penny's shoulders while she cried. Then my mother made Penny get up and go into the bedroom—hers and my father's—and lie on the bed. Then she and I sat in the brightly lit living room, with Boyd Mitchell dead on the floor, and simply looked at each other—maybe for ten minutes, maybe for twenty. I don't know what my mother could've been thinking during that time, because she did not say. She did not ask about my father. She did not tell me to leave the room. Maybe she thought about the rest of her life then and what that might be like after tonight. Or maybe she thought this: that people can do the worst things they are capable of doing and in the end the world comes back to normal. Possibly, she was just waiting for something normal to begin to happen again. That would make sense, given her particular character.

Though what I thought myself, sitting in that room with Boyd Mitchell dead, I remember very well, because I have thought it other times, and to a degree I began to date my real life from that moment and that thought. It is this: that situations have possibilities in them, and we only have to be present to be involved. Tonight was a very bad one. But how were we to know it would turn out this way until it was too late and we had all been changed forever? I realized, though, that trouble, real trouble, was something to be avoided, inasmuch as once it has

PATRICK & WINIFRED, ARNOLD & PEGGY,
HENRY & CLAUDIA, OLIVER & GERTRUDE,
GERALD & KATHLEEN, MELVIN & LUCILLE
COOPERATIVE APARTMENTS

passed by, you have only yourself to answer to, even if, as I was, you are the cause of nothing.

In a little while, the police arrived to our house. First one and then two more cars with their red lights turning in the street. Lights were on in the neighbors' houses, and people came out and stood in the cold in their front yards watching—people I didn't know and who didn't know us. "It's a circus now," my mother said to me when we looked through the window. "We'll have to move somewhere else. They won't let us alone."

An ambulance came, and Boyd Mitchell was taken away on a stretcher, under a sheet. Penny Mitchell came out of the bedroom and went with them, though she did not say anything to my mother, or to anybody, just got in a police car and left into the dark.

Two policemen came inside, and one asked my mother some questions in the living room, while the other one asked me questions in the kitchen. He wanted to know what I had seen, and I told him. I said Boyd Mitchell had cursed at my father for some reason I didn't know, then had stood up and tried to hit him, and that my father had pushed Boyd and that was all. He asked me if my father was a violent man, and I said no. He asked if my father had a girlfriend, and I said no. He asked if my mother and father had ever fought, and I said no. He asked me if I loved my mother and father, and I said I did. And then that was all.

I went out into the living room then, and my mother was there, and when the police left we stood at the front door, and there was my father outside, standing by the open door of a police car. He had on handcuffs. And for some reason he wasn't wearing a shirt or his corduroy jacket but was bare-chested in the cold night, holding his shirt behind him. His hair looked wet to me. I heard a policeman say, "Roy, you're going to catch cold," and then my father say, "I wish I was a long way from here right now. China maybe." He smiled at the policeman. I don't think he ever saw us watching, or if he did he didn't want to admit it. And neither of us did anything, because the police had him, and when that is the case there is nothing you can do to help.

ALL this happened by ten o'clock. At midnight my mother and I drove down to the city jail and got my father out. I stayed in the car while my mother went in—sat and watched the high windows of the jail, which were behind wire mesh and bars. Yellow lights were on there, and I could hear voices and see figures move past the lights, and twice someone called out, "Hello, hello. Marie, are you with me?" And then it was quiet, except for the cars that drove slowly past ours.

On the ride home, my mother drove and my father sat and stared out at the big electrical stacks by the river, and the lights of houses on the other side, in Black Eagle. He had on a checked shirt someone inside had given him, and his hair was neatly combed. No one said anything, but I did not understand why the police would put anyone in jail because he had killed a man and in two hours let him out again. It was a mystery to me, even though I wanted him to be out and for our life to resume, and even though I did not see any way it could and, in fact, already knew it never would.

Inside our house, all the lights were burning when we got back. It was one o'clock and there were still lights in some neighbors' houses. I could see a man at the window across the street, both his hands to the glass, watching out, watching us.

My mother went into the kitchen, and I could hear her running water for coffee and taking down cups. My father stood in the middle of the living room and looked around, looking at the chairs, at the card table with cards still on it, at the open doorways to the other rooms. It was as if he had forgotten his own house and now saw it again and didn't like it.

"I don't feel I know what he had against me," my father said. He said this to me, but he said it to anyone, too. "You'd think you'd know what a man had against you, wouldn't you, Frank?"

"Yes," I said. "I would." We were both just standing there, my father and I, in the lighted room there. We were not about to do anything.

"I want us to be happy here now," my father said. "I want us to enjoy life. I don't hold anything against anybody. Do you believe that?"

"I believe that," I said. My father looked at me with his dark-blue eyes and frowned. And for the first time I wished my father had not done what he did but had gone about things differently. I saw him as a man who made mistakes, as a man who could hurt people, ruin lives, risk their happiness. A man who did not understand enough. He was like a gambler, though I did not even know what it meant to be a gambler then.

"It's such a quickly changing time now," my father said. My mother, who had come into the kitchen doorway, stood looking at us. She had on a flowered pink apron, and was standing where I had stood earlier that night. She was looking at my father and at me as if we were one person. "Don't you think it is, Dorothy?" he said. "All this turmoil. Everything just flying by. Look what's happened here."

My mother seemed very certain about things then, very precise. "You should've controlled yourself more," she said. "That's all."

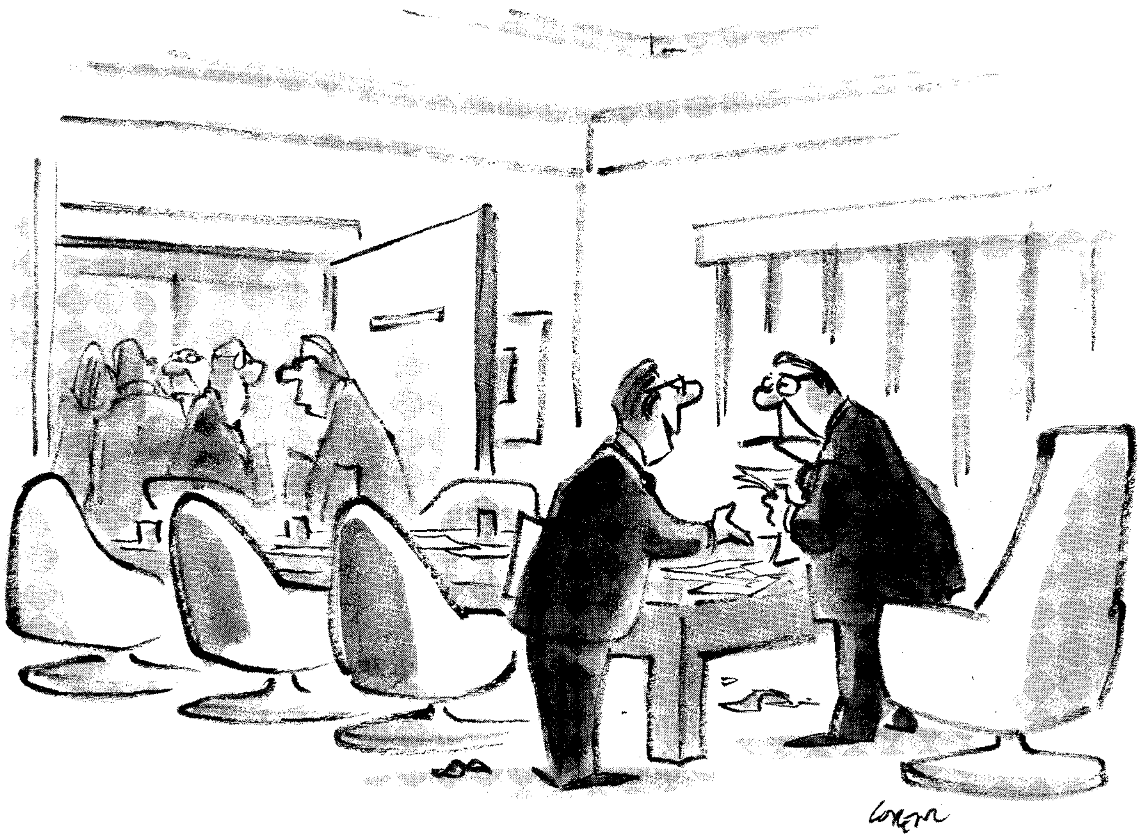
"I know that," my father said. "I'm sorry. I lost control over my mind. I didn't expect to ruin things, but now I think I have. It was all wrong."

My father picked up the vodka bottle, unscrewed the cap and took a big swallow, then put the bottle back down. He had seen two men killed tonight. Who could've blamed him?

"When I was in jail tonight," he said, staring at a picture on the wall, a picture by the door to the hallway. He was just talking again. "There was a man in the cell with me. And I've never been in jail before, not even when I was a kid. But this man said to me tonight, 'I can tell you've never been in jail before just by the way you stand up straight. Other people don't stand that way. They stoop. You don't belong in jail. You stand up too straight.' " My father looked back at the vodka bottle as if he wanted to drink more out of it, but he only looked at it. "Bad things happen," he said, and he let his open hands tap against his legs like clappers against a bell. "Maybe he was in love with you, Dorothy," he said. "Maybe that's what the trouble was."

And what I did then was stare at the picture on the wall, the picture my father had been staring at—a picture I had seen every day. Probably I had seen it a thousand times. It was two people with a baby on a beach. A man and a woman sitting in the sand with an ocean behind. They were smiling at the camera, wearing bathing suits. In all the times I had seen it I'd thought that it was a picture in which I was the baby and the two people were my parents. But I realized as I stood there that it was not me at all; it was my father who was the child in the picture, and the parents there were his parents—two people I'd never known, and who were dead—and the picture was so much older than I'd thought it was. I wondered why I hadn't known that before, hadn't understood it for myself, hadn't always known it. Not even that it mattered. What mattered was, I felt, that my father had fallen down now, as much as the man he had watched fall beneath the train just hours before. And I was as helpless to do anything as he had been. I wanted to tell him that I loved him, but for some reason I did not.

LATER in the night, I lay in my bed with the radio playing, listening to news that was far away, in Calgary and in Saskatoon, and even farther, in Regina and Winnipeg—cold, dark cities I knew I would never see in my life. My window was raised above the sill, and for a long time I had sat and looked out, hearing my parents talk



"Masterly presentation, R.B. Pure theatre."

softly down below, hearing their footsteps, hearing my father's steel-toed boots strike the floor, and then their bedsprings squeeze and then be quiet. From out across the sliding river I could hear trucks—stock trucks and grain trucks heading toward Idaho, or down toward Helena, or into the train yards where my father hostled engines. The neighborhood houses were dark again. My father's motorcycle sat in the yard, and out of the night air I felt I could hear even the falls themselves, could hear every sound of them, sounds that found me and whirled and filled my room—could even feel them, cold and wintry, so that warmth seemed like a possibility I would never know again.

After a time then my mother came in my room. The light fell on my bed, and she set a chair inside. I could see that she was looking at me. She closed the door, came and turned off my radio, then took her chair to the window, closed it, and sat so that I could see her face silhouetted against the street light. She lit a cigarette and did not look at me, still cold under the covers of my bed.

"How do you feel, Frank?" she said, smoking her cigarette.

"I feel all right," I said.

"Do you think your house is a terrible house now?"

"No," I said.

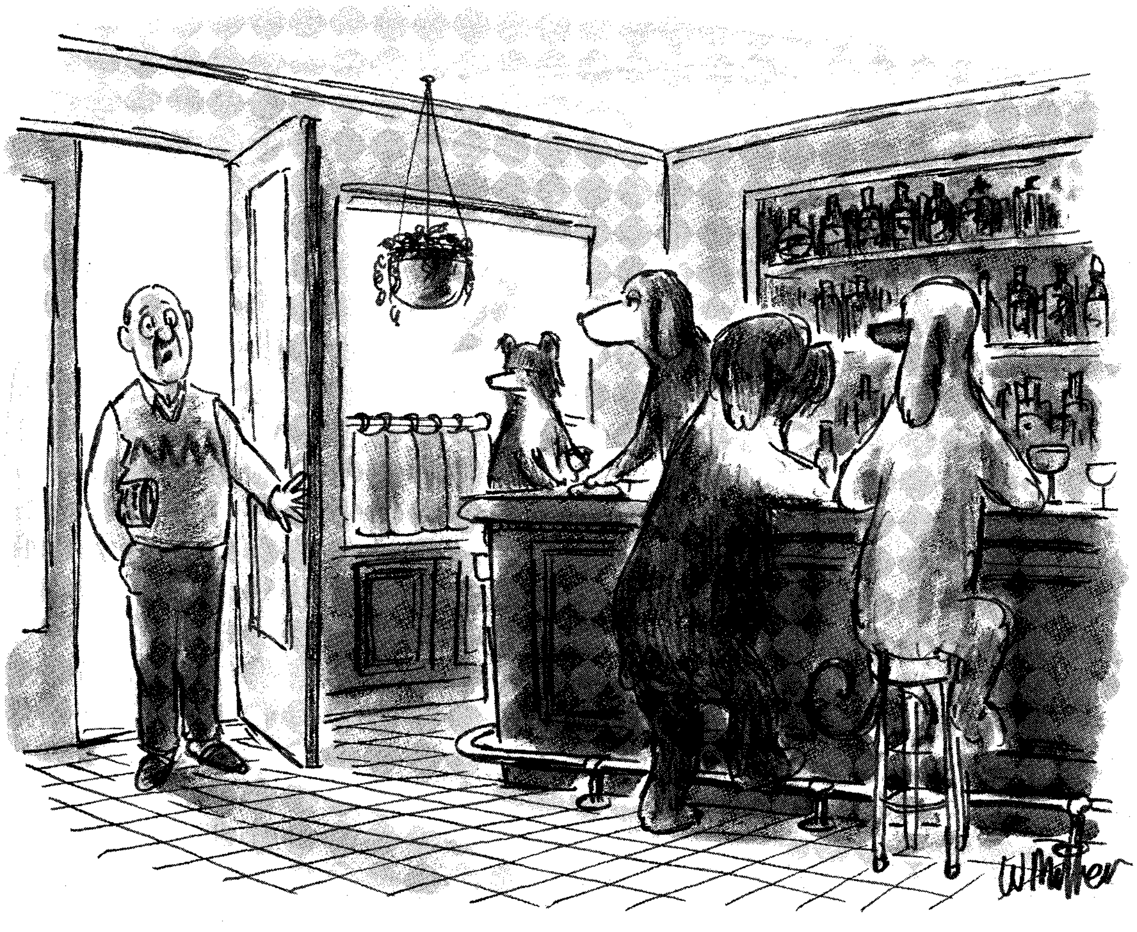
"I hope not," my mother said. "Don't feel it is. Don't hold anything against anyone. Poor Boyd. He's gone."

"Why do you think that happened?" I said, though I didn't think she would answer, and wondered if I even wanted to know.

My mother blew smoke against the window glass, then sat and breathed. "He must've seen something in your father he just hated. I don't know what it was. Who knows? Maybe your father felt the same way." She shook her head and looked out into the street-lamp light. "I remember once," she said. "I was still in Havre, in the thirties. We were living in a motel my father part-owned out Highway 2, and my mother was around then, but wasn't having any of us. My father had this big woman named Judy Belknap as his girlfriend. She was an Assiniboin. Just some squaw. But we used to go on nature tours when he couldn't put up with me anymore. She'd take me way up above the Milk River. All this stuff she knew about, animals and plants and ferns—she'd tell me all that. And once we were sitting watching some gadwall ducks on the ice where a creek had made a little turnout. It was getting colder, just like now. And Judy just all at once stood up and clapped. Just clapped her hands. And all these ducks got up, all except for one that stayed on the ice, where its feet were frozen, I guess. It didn't even try to fly. It just sat. And Judy said to me, 'It's just a coincidence, Dottie. It's wildlife. Some always get left back.' And that seemed to leave her satisfied for some reason. We walked back to the car after that. So," my mother said. "Maybe that's what this is. Just a coincidence."

She raised the window again, dropped her cigarette out, blew the last smoke from her throat, and said, "Go to sleep, Frank. You'll be all right. We'll all survive this. Be an optimist."

When I was asleep that night, I dreamed. And what I dreamed was of a plane crashing, a bomber dropping out of the frozen sky, bouncing as it hit the icy river, sliding and turning on the ice, its wings like knives, and coming into our house, where we were sleeping, levelling everything. And when I sat up in bed I could hear a dog in the yard, its collar jingling, and I could hear my father crying, "Boo-hoo-hoo, boo-hoo-hoo"—like that, quietly—though afterward I could never be sure if I had heard him crying in just that way or if all of it was a dream, a dream I wished I had never had.



"Is my best friend in here?"

THE most important things in your life can change so suddenly, so unrecoverably, that you can forget even the most important of them and their connections, you are so taken up by the chanciness of all that's happened and by all that could and will happen next. I now no longer remember the exact year of my father's birth, or how old he was when I last saw him, or even when that last time took place. When you're young, these things seem unforgettable and at the heart of everything. But they slide away and are gone when you are not so young.

My father went to Deer Lodge prison and stayed five months for killing Boyd Mitchell by accident, for using too much force to hit him. In Montana you cannot simply kill a man in your living room and walk off free from it, and what I remember is that my father pleaded no contest, the same as guilty.

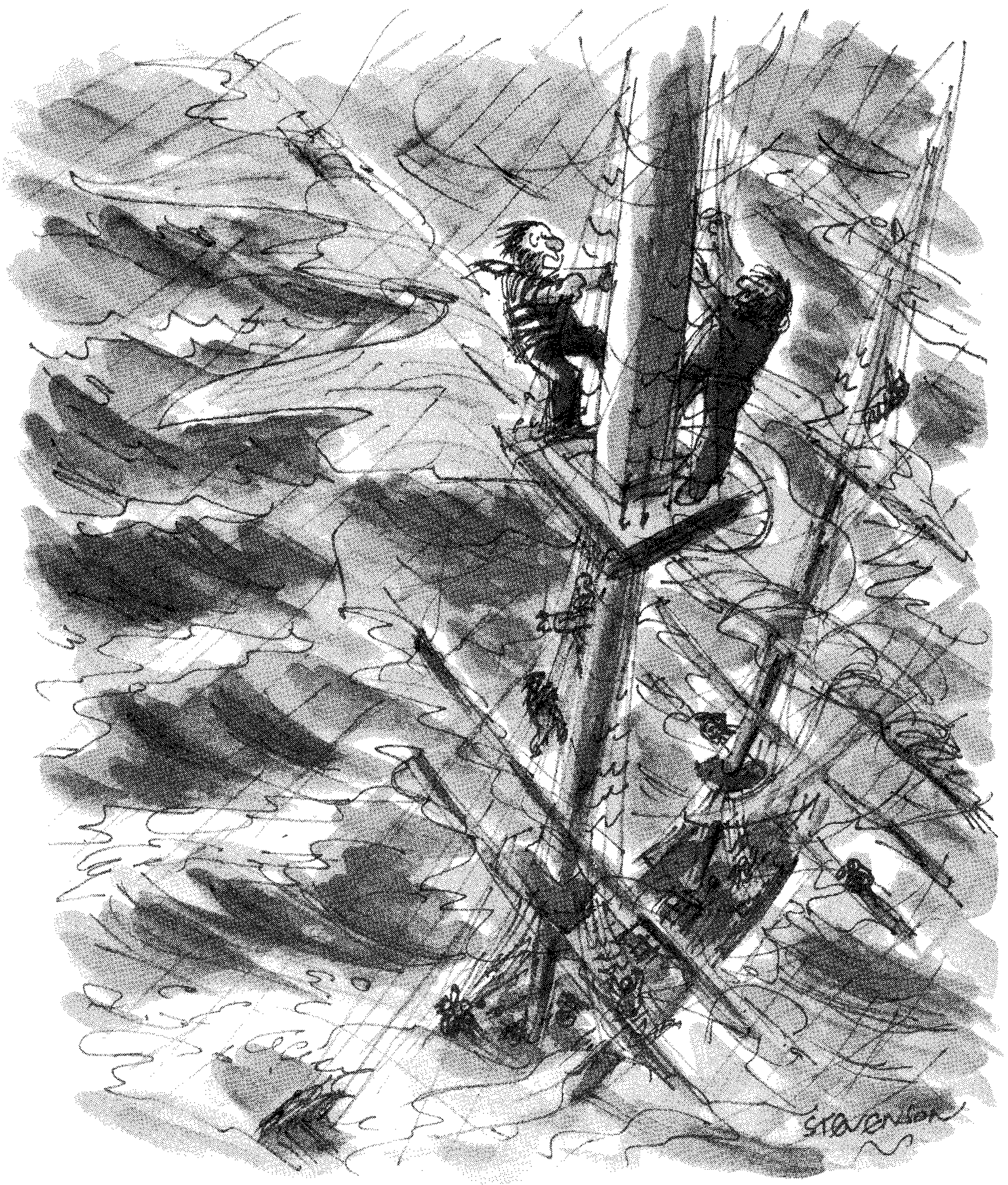
My mother and I lived in our house for the months he was gone. But when he came out and went back on the railroad as a switchman the two of them argued about things, about her wanting us to go someplace else to live—California and Seattle were mentioned. And then they separated, and she moved out. And after that I moved out by joining the Army and adding years to my age, which was sixteen then.

I know about my father only that after a time he began to live a life he himself would never have believed. He fell off the railroad, divorced my mother, who would now and then resurface in his life. Drinking was involved in that, and gambling, embezzling money, even carrying a pistol, is what I heard. I was apart from all of it. And when you are the age I was then, and loose on the world and alone, you can get along better than at almost any other time, because it's a novelty, and you can act directly for what you want, and you can think that being alone will not last forever. All I know of my father, finally, is that he was once in Laramie, Wyoming, and not in good shape, and then he simply disappeared from view.

A month ago I saw my mother. I was buying groceries at a drive-in store by the interstate in Anaconda, Montana, not far from Deer Lodge itself, where my father had been. It had been fifteen years, I think, since I had seen her, though I am forty-three years old now, and possibly it was longer. But when I saw her I walked across the store to where she was and I said, "Hello, Dorothy. It's Frank."

She looked at me and smiled and said, "Oh, Frank. How are you? I haven't seen you in a long time. I'm glad to see you now, though." She was dressed in bluejeans and boots and a Western shirt, and she looked like a woman who could be sixty years old. Her hair was tied back and she looked pretty, though I think she had been drinking. It was ten o'clock in the morning.

There was a man standing near her, holding a basket of groceries, and she turned to him and said, "Dick, come here and meet my son, Frank. We



"You know what I'd like to try someday? Landlubbing."

• •

haven't seen each other in a long time. This is Dick Spivey, Frank."

I shook hands with Dick Spivey, who was a man younger than my mother but older than me—a tall, thin-faced man with coarse blue-black hair—and who was wearing Western boots like hers. "Let me say a word to Frank, Dick," my mother said, and she put her hand on Dick's wrist and squeezed it and smiled at him. And he walked up toward the checkout to pay for his groceries.

"So. What are you doing now, Frank?" my mother said, and put her hand on my wrist the way she had on Dick Spivey's, but held it there. "These years," she said.

"I've been down in Rock Springs, on the coal boom," I said. "I'll probably go back down there."

"And I guess you're married, too."

"I was," I said. "But not right now."

"That's fine," she said. "You look fine." She smiled at me. "You'll never get anything fixed just right. That's your mother's word. Your father and I had a marriage made in Havre—that was our joke about us. We used to laugh about it. You didn't know that, of course. You were too young. A lot of it was just wrong."

"It's a long time ago," I said. "I don't know about that."

"I remember those times very well," my mother said. "They were happy enough times. I guess something *was* in the air, wasn't there? Your father was so jumpy. And Boyd got so mad, just *all* of a sudden. There was some hopelessness to it, I suppose. All that union business. We were the last to understand any of it, of course. We were trying to be decent people."

"That's right," I said. And I believed that was true of them.

"I still like to swim," my mother said. She ran her fingers back through her hair, as if it were wet. She smiled at me again. "It still makes me feel freer."

"Good," I said. "I'm happy to hear that."

"Do you ever see your dad?"

"No," I said. "I never do."

"I don't either," my mother said. "You just reminded me of him." She looked at Dick Spivey, who was standing at the front window, holding his sack of groceries, looking out at the parking lot. It was March, and some small bits of snow were falling onto the cars in the lot. He didn't seem in any hurry. "Maybe I didn't appreciate your father enough," she said. "Who knows? Maybe we weren't even made for each other. Losing your love is the worst thing, and that's what we did." I didn't answer her, but I knew what she meant, and that it was true. "I wish we knew each other better, Frank," my mother said to me. She looked down, and I think she may have blushed. "We have our deep feelings, though, don't we? Both of us."

"Yes," I said. "We do."

"So. I'm going out now," my mother said. "Frank." She squeezed my wrist, and walked away through the checkout and into the parking lot, with Dick Spivey carrying their groceries beside her.

But when I had bought my own groceries and paid, and gone out to my car and started up, I saw Dick Spivey's green Chevrolet drive back into the lot and stop, and watched my mother get out and hurry across the snow to where I was, so that for a moment we faced each other through the open window.

"Did you ever think," my mother said, snow freezing in her hair, "did you ever think back then that I was in love with Boyd Mitchell? Anything like that? Did you ever?"

"No," I said. "I didn't."

"No, well, I wasn't," she said. "Boyd was in love with Penny. I was in love with Roy. That's how things were. I want you to know it. You have to believe that. Do you?"

"Yes," I said. "I believe you."

And she bent down and kissed my cheek through the open window and touched my face with both her hands, held me for a moment that seemed like a long time, before she turned away, finally, and left me there alone.

—Richard Ford

"We went out. Then we didn't go out. Shall I go on?"

•

CLEAR DAYS ON THE NEW JERSEY POWER & LIGHT SCENE

[*Letter from Jersey Central Power & Light Company*]

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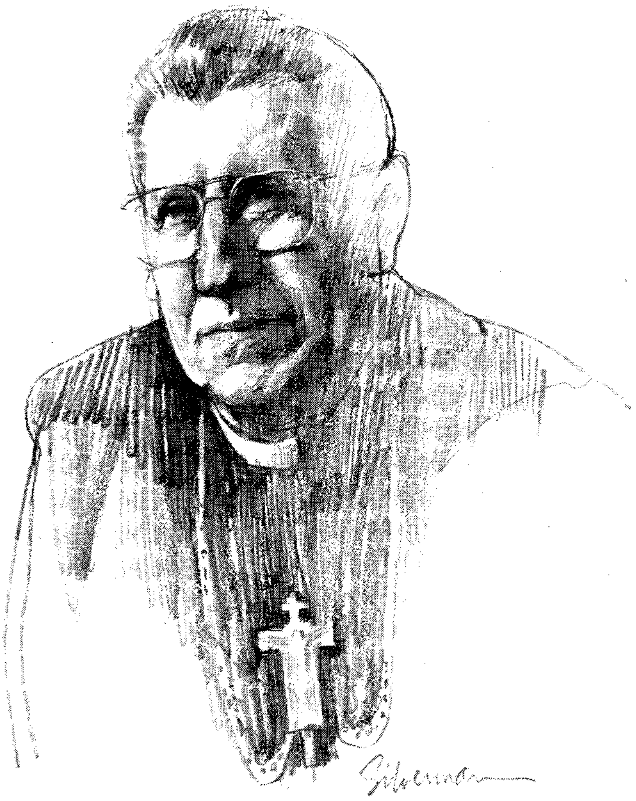
Very truly yours,
Ann L. Miller
C/I Analyst

PROFILES

I'M FINALLY GOING TO BE A PASTOR—II



NOT long after John O'Connor became the eighth Archbishop of New York, in March, 1984, he set off a furious controversy in the city and throughout the country. At issue was whether O'Connor had violated—or, at best, blurred—the separation of church and state by supposedly telling Catholic voters whom to oppose at the polls. A corollary charge was that, contrary to the precepts of the National Conference of Catholic Bishops, he had attacked one candidate, Geraldine Ferraro, by name.

The warfare began when O'Connor said during a television press conference on WPIX, in New York, on June 24, 1984, "I do not see how a Catholic in good conscience can vote for an individual expressing himself or herself as favoring abortion." O'Connor had spoken in a similar vein in Scranton; and on February 1, 1984, the day after his appointment as Archbishop of New York was announced, he had said on Cable News Network, "If a candidate for political office were going to support, to nurture abortion, then as a citizen, I would say that regardless of his or her other qualifications, I could not in conscience vote for that individual for political office." While in February O'Connor had referred only to what he himself would do in the voting booth, by June he seemed to be suggesting a course of political action for all Catholics.

The governor of New York, Mario Cuomo, challenged the Archbishop little more than a month later. In a front-page interview in the *Times*, Cuomo said, "Now you have the Archbishop of New York saying that no Catholic can vote for [Mayor] Ed Koch, no Catholic can vote for [City Comptroller] Jay Goldin, for [then City Council President] Carol Bellamy, nor for [Senator] Pat Moynihan or Mario Cuomo—anybody who disagrees with him on abortion. . . . The Archbishop says, 'You, Mario, are a Catholic who agrees with me that abortion is an evil' . . . The Archbishop says, 'O.K., now I want you to insist that everybody believe what we believe.' "

In late June, during an interview in *Newsday*, Cuomo had darkly predicted what might happen to American democracy if the Archbishop's political philosophy, as the Governor defined it, were to prevail: "So I'm a Catholic governor. I'm going to make you all Catholics—no birth control, you have to go to church on Sunday, no abortion. . . . What happens when an atheist wins? Then what do I do? Then they're going to start drawing and quartering me."

The Archbishop, having never before been confronted by so forceful and imaginative a polemicist, was somewhat taken aback. He told the Brooklyn *Tablet*, a Catholic weekly, that he had never made "a statement to the Governor or anyone else such as 'O.K., now I want you to insist that everybody believe what we believe.' " On television, and in meetings with reporters, O'Connor kept asking what the reaction would have been if he had said that he did not see how a Catholic could in conscience vote for an individual explicitly expressing himself or herself as favoring racism. He doubted very much whether he would have been attacked for threatening the separation of church and state. Abortion is also a matter of human rights, he said, and it is not an exclusively Catholic concern. Those opposing abortion include Protestants, Jews, and people without any religious faith. Yet if a Catholic bishop speaks against abortion in an election year, O'Connor claimed, he is accused of trying to impose the will of the Catholic Church on the body politic.

A number of editorial writers and columnists had nevertheless been convinced that the Archbishop was not only gravely breaching the separation of church and state but also harming Catholics. In a lead editorial on September 15th, the *Times* warned, "It might as well be said bluntly: . . . the . . . effort to impose a religious test on the performance of Catholic politicians threatens the hard-won understanding that finally brought America to elect a Catholic President a generation ago." The syndicated columnist Carl Rowan also expressed concern that if such Catholic bishops as John O'Connor did not restrain themselves they would lead Americans into "another period of religious bigotry." Rowan used as a standard of proper clerical behavior a statement by John F. Kennedy: "I believe in an America where the separation of church and state is absolute."

Of all that happened during the 1984 Presidential campaign, O'Connor told me one night, he had been most shocked and dismayed by the repeated prophecy that if anti-Catholicism were to rise again in the nation he and such other bishops as Bernard Law, of Boston, who were focussing on abortion would be responsible. "What I was doing, have always done, and will continue to do is present the official teaching of the Church

"Do you think people had a nice time?"

as clearly as I can," he said. "Anyone interested in the teaching of the Church can then decide whether what a candidate says accords with this teaching. Surely I have a right to make clear the teaching of the Church."

The alarmed critics of the Archbishop appeared to question how much of a right he actually did have, as a cleric, to get involved in political issues, especially during a campaign.

Archbishop John Roach, of St. Paul–Minneapolis, in his 1981 presidential address to the National Conference of Catholic Bishops, had tried to clarify the ground rules of the debate from a Catholic perspective: "On the one hand, Catholic theology can and should support and defend the separation of church and state, the principle that religious organizations should expect neither favoritism nor discrimination because they are religious. On the other hand, we should not accept or allow the separation of church and state to be used to separate the church from society."

The Establishment Clause of the First Amendment prohibits the *state's* favoring or discriminating against a religion, but it is not intended to restrict the views of any private organizations or individuals, secular or religious. Speaking before the American Bar Association during the 1984 campaign, when Archbishop O'Connor seemed to some to be on the ballot, Joseph Cardinal Bernardin, of Chicago, said, "The purpose of the separation of church and state in American society is not to exclude the voice of religion from public debate but to provide a context of religious freedom where the insights of each religious tradition can be set forth and tested." Bernardin also tried to dispel "the mistaken notion that morality is limited only to personal matters."

As the Presidential campaign continued, the Archbishop of New York became even more controversial, for in September he charged that the Democratic Vice-Presidential candidate, Geraldine Ferraro, had "said some things about abortion relevant to Catholic teachings which are not true." O'Connor was speaking of a two-year-old letter that Ferraro had signed, along with two other Catholic members of Congress, inviting their Catholic colleagues to a breakfast briefing called by Catholics for a Free Choice, an organization that supports a woman's right to have a legal abortion if she so chooses. O'Connor said he had only recently become aware of the letter. The *sentence* he objected to said that the briefing "will show us that the Catholic position on abortion is not monolithic and that there can be a range of personal and political responses to the issue."

In her book, "Ferraro: My Story," Geraldine Ferraro wrote, "Did the letter say the Catholic Church's teachings were not monolithic? No. The letter said the Catholic *position* was not monolithic. There are prominent Catholic leaders and theologians who do not agree with the Vatican, along with some nuns, brothers, and priests."

It was O'Connor's view, however, that the phrase "the Catholic position on abortion is not monolithic" could easily be interpreted to mean that the official Catholic position on abortion is not monolithic. He believed he had to make it clear that to imply in any way that there had been a change in official Catholic teaching on the issue was to convey an untruth. "I have to speak out when a position of the Church is being misrepresented," he said. "It's one thing to say you're not going to follow the teaching of the Church. But it's quite another thing to change the teaching of the Church, to tell that to others, and fool yourself."

Ferraro answered O'Connor four days after his public criticism of her, in a speech in Scranton. "When I take my oath of office, I accept the charge of serving all the people of every faith, not just some of the people of my own faith," she said. "I also swear to uphold the Constitution of the United States, which guarantees freedom of religion. These are my public duties. And in carrying them out I cannot, and I will not, seek to impose my own religious views on others. If ever my conscience or my religious views prevented me from carrying out those duties to the best of my ability, then I would resign my of-

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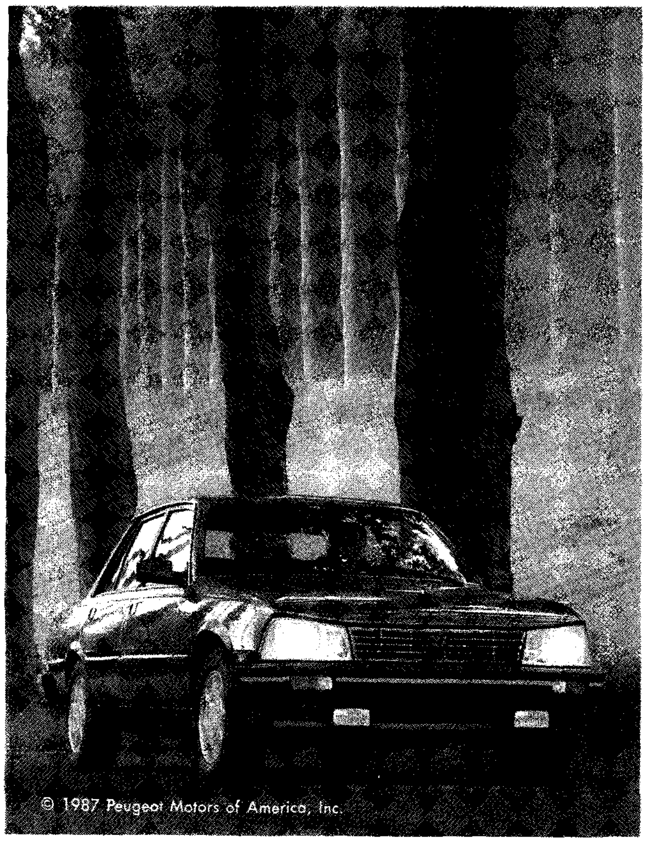

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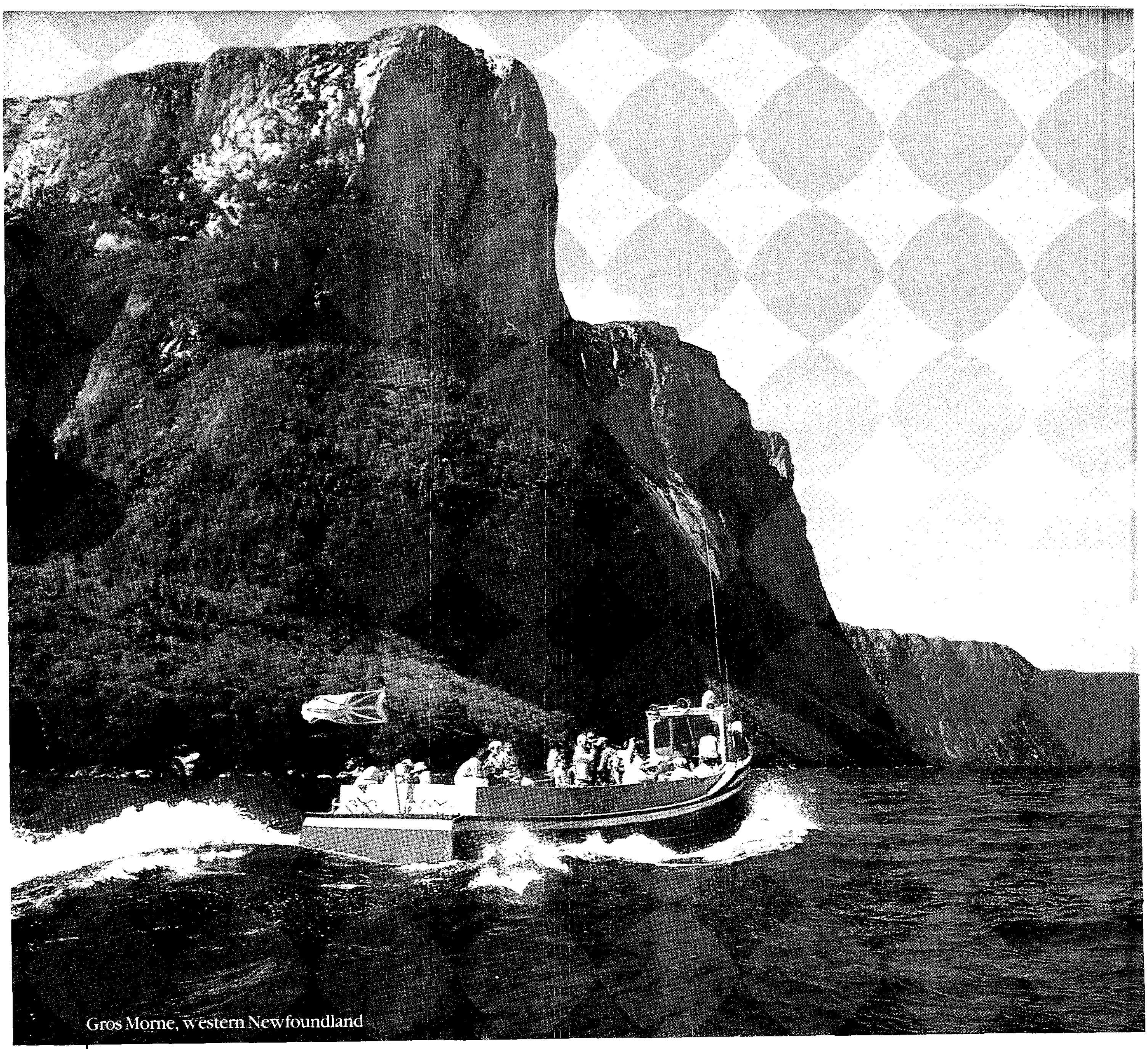
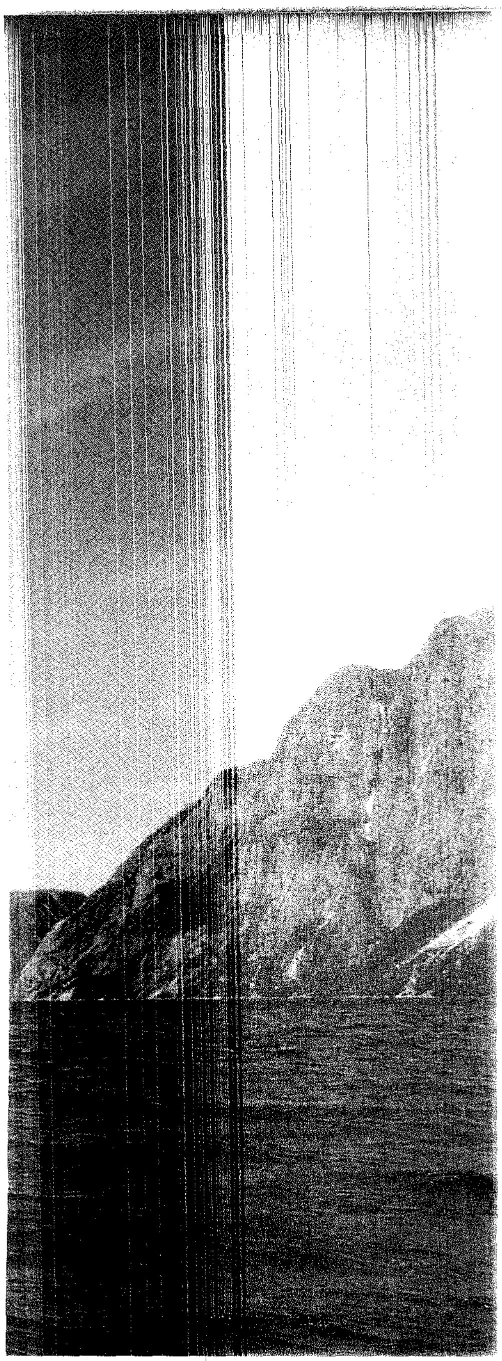


Gros Morne, western Newfoundland

On the beach
Orby Head,
Prince Edward Island.

Dancing to a different drummer
Les Danseurs d'la Vallée Saint-Jean,
from New Brunswick's French-
speaking Madawaska Region.



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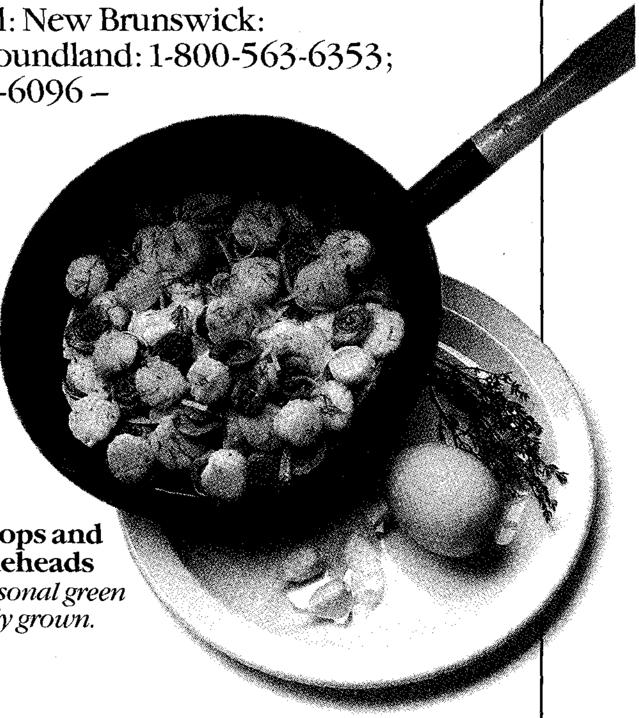

Scallops and fiddleheads
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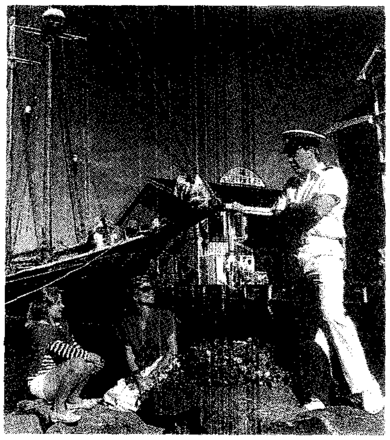

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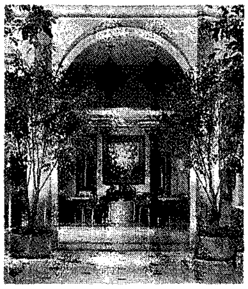

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fice before I'd betray the public trust."

The Archbishop of New York made no further references to Geraldine Ferraro by name, and she continued to emphasize, as she later did in her book, that while she supported the right of a woman to have an abortion "personally, I have always been against abortion." Her supporters applauded her ability to distinguish between her private views and her responsibilities as a public official, but Charles Krauthammer, writing in *The New Republic* that September, made a point that O'Connor had also stressed in private conversation: "When Geraldine Ferraro . . . says she's 'personally opposed' to abortion, she means this: I wouldn't have one myself and I wouldn't want my children to have one, but I won't go around telling people whether to have one or not. Unfortunately, Ferraro is confusing belief with practice. If a person says, 'I refuse to own slaves, but I won't go around telling others what to do,' it is correct to say that he does not practice slavery, but can one really say he is opposed to it?"

By early September, another archbishop had been accused of advising the populace on how to vote. In a statement that was also signed by seventeen other New England bishops, Archbishop Bernard Law, of Boston, declared abortion to be "the critical issue of the moment," and he counselled voters to judge candidates by their positions on abortion. The controversy over whether the Catholic Church, as represented by Archbishops O'Connor and Law, had overstepped itself became so intense that on October 13th Bishop James W. Malone, of Youngstown, Ohio, the president of the United States Catholic Conference—an organization of the Catholic hierarchy with different functions from the National Conference of Catholic Bishops but with the same membership—issued an official statement. Malone said, "We do not take positions for or against particular parties or individual candidates. Bishops are teachers in the Catholic Church, entrusted with the responsibility of communicating the content of Catholic moral teaching and illustrating its relevance to social and political issues . . . Having stated our positions, we encourage members of our own Church and all citizens to examine the positions of candidates on issues and decide who will best contribute to the common good of society." Bishop Malone said that "we are not a one-issue Church," but that "in speaking of human dignity and the sanctity of life, we give special emphasis to two issues today." He explained, "They are the prevention of nuclear war and the protection of unborn human life . . . In debating such matters, there is much room for dialogue about what constitutes effective, workable responses; but the debate should not be about whether a response in the political order is needed."

Malone's statement—particularly his emphasis on the point that the bishops do not support or oppose particular parties or candidates—proved somewhat reassuring to a number of the critics of O'Connor and Law, but there were liberal Catholics who continued to blame what they called the "single issue" bishops for creating a distorted view of the hierarchy as a whole. On October 26th, the *National Catholic Reporter* said in an editorial that O'Connor's initial assertion that Catholics could not in good conscience vote for a candidate supporting abortion and his subsequent attack on Geraldine Ferraro had led the Administrative Board of the United States Catholic Conference to ask Bishop Malone to straighten out the misapprehension that the Church was engaging in partisan politics.

Also leading to Malone's clarifying statement, according to some sources in the hierarchy, had been Archbishop Law's insistence that abortion was "the critical issue" in a campaign in which the Democratic candidates for President and Vice-President supported the right to an abortion and the incumbent President did not. Adding to the disquiet were the appearances at Reagan campaign rallies of Cardinal John Krol, of Philadelphia, and Bishops Edward Head, of Buffalo, and Peter Gerety, of Newark. O'Connor made no such appearances.

"It may be unintentional," said the *National Catholic Reporter*, "but O'Connor, Law, and a few other bishops are undermining the authority of the U.S. bishops and of their national conference. The rest of the bishops, attempting to maintain their fraternal spirit, appear unable or unwilling to disagree publicly with the mavericks. And so all the bishops, against their stated will, appear to be partisans in the political arena. And people rightly object."

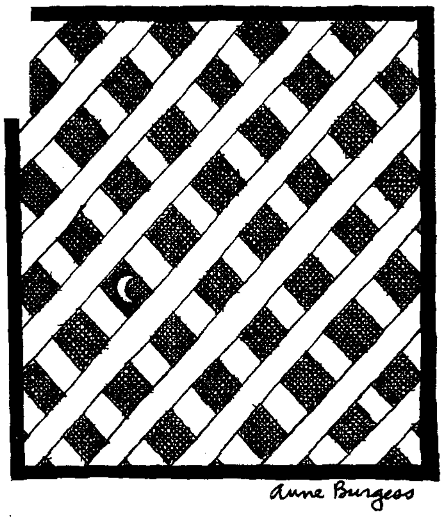
During the campaign, and after, O'Connor did not indicate that he had the slightest regret about anything he four other bishops, in late February of 1985, as chairman of the Bishops' Committee on Social Development and World Peace. During the trip, and after, O'Connor, while he criticized the Sandinista government for its interference with religious and political freedom, strongly opposed American military support for the counter-revolutionary forces. In written testimony presented before a subcommittee of the House Committee on Foreign Affairs in April, he said, “irect military aid to any force at- npting to overthrow a government th which we are not at war and th which we maintain diplomatic ations is illegal and, in our judg- nt, immoral, and therefore cannot rit our support.”

The previous month, O'Connor d appeared before the House Sub- mmittee on Housing and Commu- y Development to testify in favor of bill authorizing twenty-two billion llars for new low- and moderate- come housing. The Reagan Admin- ration had eliminated nearly all nds for new housing from its 1986 dget. O'Connor told the subcom- ttee members, “I honestly don't be- ve [the housing crisis] is a matter of dget. It's a matter of attitude and dership.”

Among those asking questions of e Archbishop was Representative ary Rose Oakar, of Ohio. During e Presidential campaign, she had at- ked O'Connor on the House floor his “single issue” criticism of raldine Ferraro, while pointing out at she herself had voted against ortion. Now Oakar asked the Arch- hop his views on the morality of in- eased military spending while the mbers of the poor were increasing.

“If I were a member of Congress,” 'Connor answered, there would be o question about the moral thing to .” Given the present crisis, he said, t's wrong” to increase military ending, but not housing allocations.

On March 15th, Bishop Malone, iting on behalf of the two hundred d eighty-five Catholic bishops in the nited States, sent a letter to each ember of Congress urging that no nds be allocated for the production MX missiles. Malone pointed out at the bishops, in their 1983 pastoral ter on war and peace, had specifically cited the MX missile as a weapon they had grave reservations about, because it possesses “a capability that threatens to make the other side's retaliatory forces vulnerable.” Such weapons, the pastoral letter had said, are potentially destabilizing, because they appear to be useful primarily in a first strike; also, this very expensive weapon is “likely to be vulnerable to attack.” In addition, Malone noted that a year after the pastoral letter Cardinal Bernardin and Archbishop O'Connor had appeared before the House Foreign Affairs Committee to emphasize the need for Congress to examine whether each new proposed weapons system is absolutely essential to deterrence. By that criterion and on the basis of its cost, Malone wrote, the MX should not be produced. Instead, he said, the funds should go—and he cited O'Connor's testimony before the House Subcommittee on Housing and Community Development—to address “the fact of hunger in our midst, the homeless who walk our streets, the lack of access to adequate health care even for middle-class households.”



The day before Malone sent his letter to Congress, Archbishop O'Connor wrote to Representative Henry Gonzalez, of Texas, the chairman of the subcommittee before which he had appeared earlier that month. The letter began with a statement that O'Connor had made during his testimony: “I spent some twenty-seven years of my life in the uniform of this country that I love . . . serving those who were trying to protect the human person here and all over the world. I respect the effort of the government to provide the defense that we need and deserve. But I must plead in conscience—personally and as a bishop and as a representative of the U.S. Catholic Conference. I want to go on record with a plea that every dollar budgeted for weapons systems be scrutinized with excruciating care, not only in terms of the morality of any intended use of such systems, but in terms of the urgent needs of some thirty-five million people in our society [and] hundreds of millions throughout the world, who are homeless, who are ill-housed, who are desperate for a restoration of the dignity, the sense of worth and sacredness that can come only with proper housing.” In the rest of the letter to Representative Gonzalez, the man who said he had been regarded as the spiritual heir of Genghis Khan when he served on the bishops' committee that drafted the pastoral letter on war and peace now attacked the MX missile.

LOCALLY, meanwhile, the Archbishop, who was regularly telling New Yorkers how much he loved them and how much he needed their love in return, became involved in another bitter controversy. On April 25, 1980, the Mayor had issued Executive Order No. 50, which prohibited all those entering into contracts with the city from discriminating in employment on the basis of "sexual orientation or affectional preference." An addition to previous prohibitions against discrimination on the basis of race, color, sex, handicap, or marital status, this new one was designed to protect homosexuals and bisexuals.

The executive order went into effect on January 21, 1982, but enforcement provisions were not added until the summer of 1983, when Terence Cardinal Cooke, O'Connor's predecessor, was critically ill. The Salvation Army and Agudath Israel, an Orthodox Jewish organization, refused to comply with the order, on the ground that it violated their moral and religious principles. Their contracts with the city included the provision of such social services as day-care facilities, counselling services, and senior-citizen centers. The Archbishop announced that the archdiocese would also resist the executive order, and all three organizations brought suit challenging the Mayor's authority to issue the order, since under the state constitution regulations of that kind are within the province of a legislative body.

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The archdiocese had contracts with the city for social services which, together with matching state and federal funds, amounted to more than a hundred million dollars a year. They involved funds to help with the operation of the Catholic Home Bureau, Catholic Charities Counselling Services, the Kennedy Child Study Center, and Under 21/Covenant House. In private conversation, the Archbishop had been saying for some time that if he was ultimately faced with having to comply with Executive Order 50 or do without city funds he would forgo the money.

On December 13, 1984, O'Connor accepted an invitation by the Mayor to join a press conference. The Mayor was to announce that he was going to ask for a moratorium on converting single-room-occupancy buildings into high-rent housing, and he wanted O'Connor there because it was an idea that O'Connor had been vigorously advocating as a way of at least not reducing current low-income housing. At the press conference, the Archbishop was asked about Executive Order 50. "We will not sell our souls for city contracts," he said, and he told the reporters that if the courts decided against the archdiocese he would somehow find the money to continue the child-care programs without city assistance.

The Mayor, startled, said, "That's impossible."

The Archbishop, who, by faith and practice, believes that nothing is impossible, smiled at the Mayor and went on, "We have said repeatedly that we have no problem whatsoever in employing people admitting to or not admitting to homosexual inclinations. If an individual avows engagement in homosexual activity, then we want to be able to say whether or not we will employ that person in this particular job, and we feel this is a perfectly appropriate thing for any agency. You know, we have five thousand seven hundred youngsters in the child-care agencies, and they are the ones currently at issue." He explained that it would be wholly alien to Catholic teaching to employ in a child-care agency someone who openly advocated homosexuality.

In a long statement printed in *Catholic New York* on January 17, 1985, O'Connor presented his full case against Executive Order 50. One element of the order "seems to have gone completely unnoticed by the public (and I have noted no reference to it in the media)," he wrote, and the article continued:

> The Bureau of Labor Services Regulations issued for the enforcement of Executive Order 50 *actually mandate that agencies such as ours "actively recruit" members of all protected groups for all positions . . .*
>
> While Catholic agencies certainly have an obligation to help all peoples and to contribute to the good of the overall community, by the very fact that they are Catholic they must carry out their mission in accordance with Church teaching. The minimum requirement the Church must impose on its employees or prospective employees is that they function within the strictures of church teaching, whether or not they personally accept such teaching, and that they do not disrupt the Church's mission. Who can make this judgment about an employee or a prospective employee except the Church, or the Church agency, involved? It is the judgment of the Archdiocese of New York that to yield this prerogative would constitute an exceedingly dangerous precedent and invite unacceptable governmental intrusion into *and excessive entanglement* with the Church's conducting of its own internal affairs.

The Archbishop made it clear that he entirely supported the barring of discrimination on the basis of

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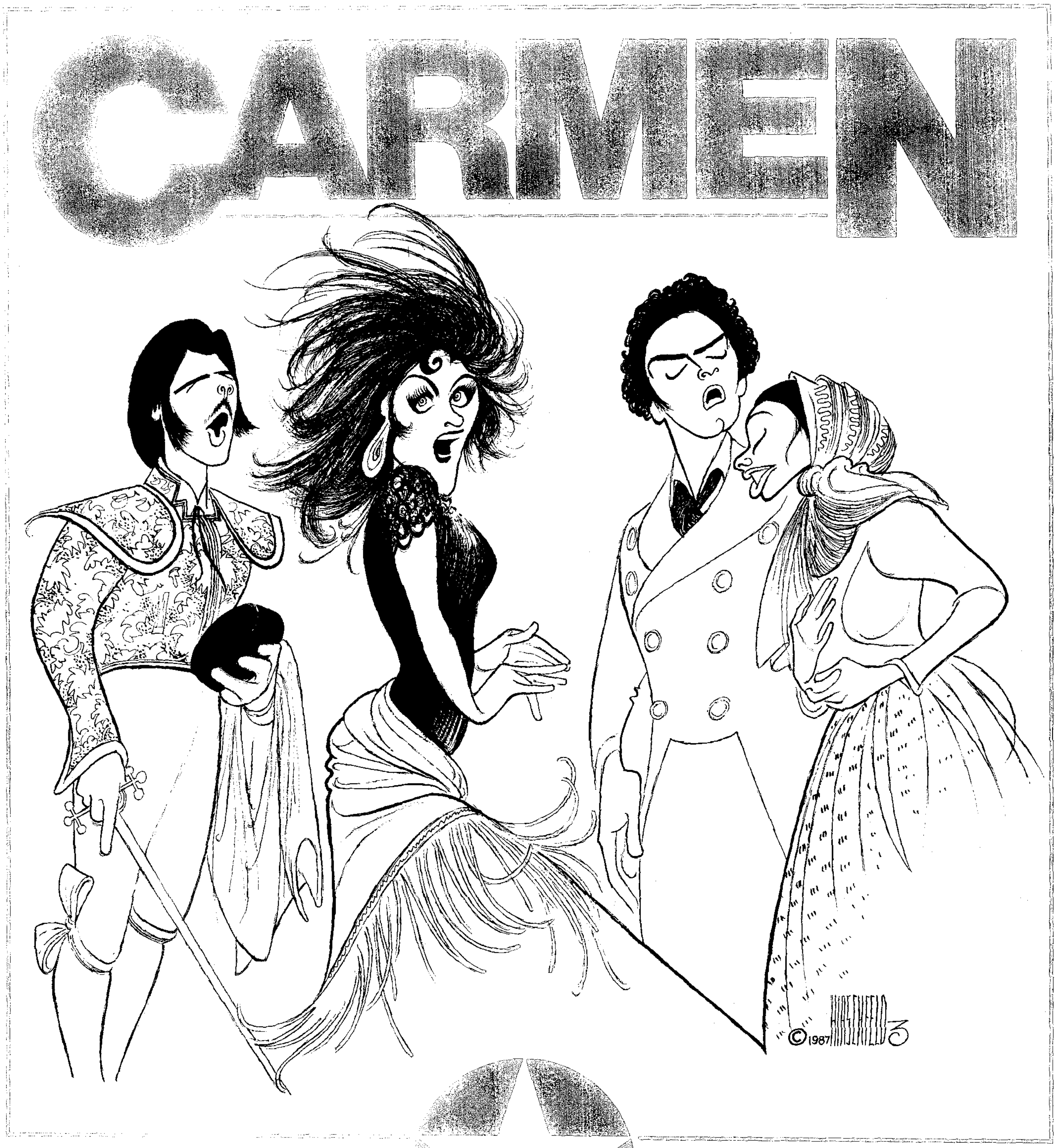

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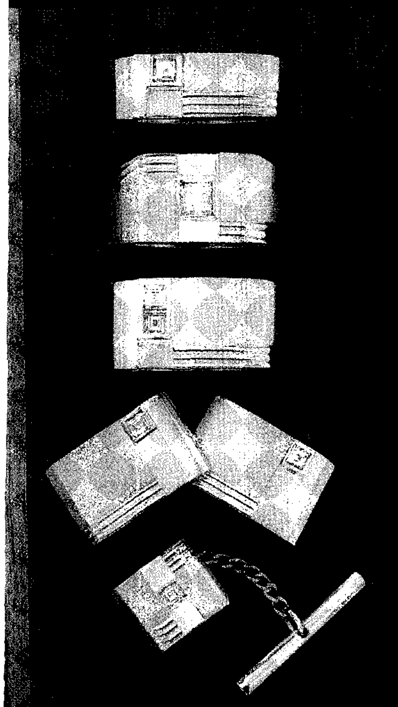

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race, creed, color, national origin, sex, age, handicap, or marital status. But homosexuality, he said, presented a particular problem in terms of Church teaching:

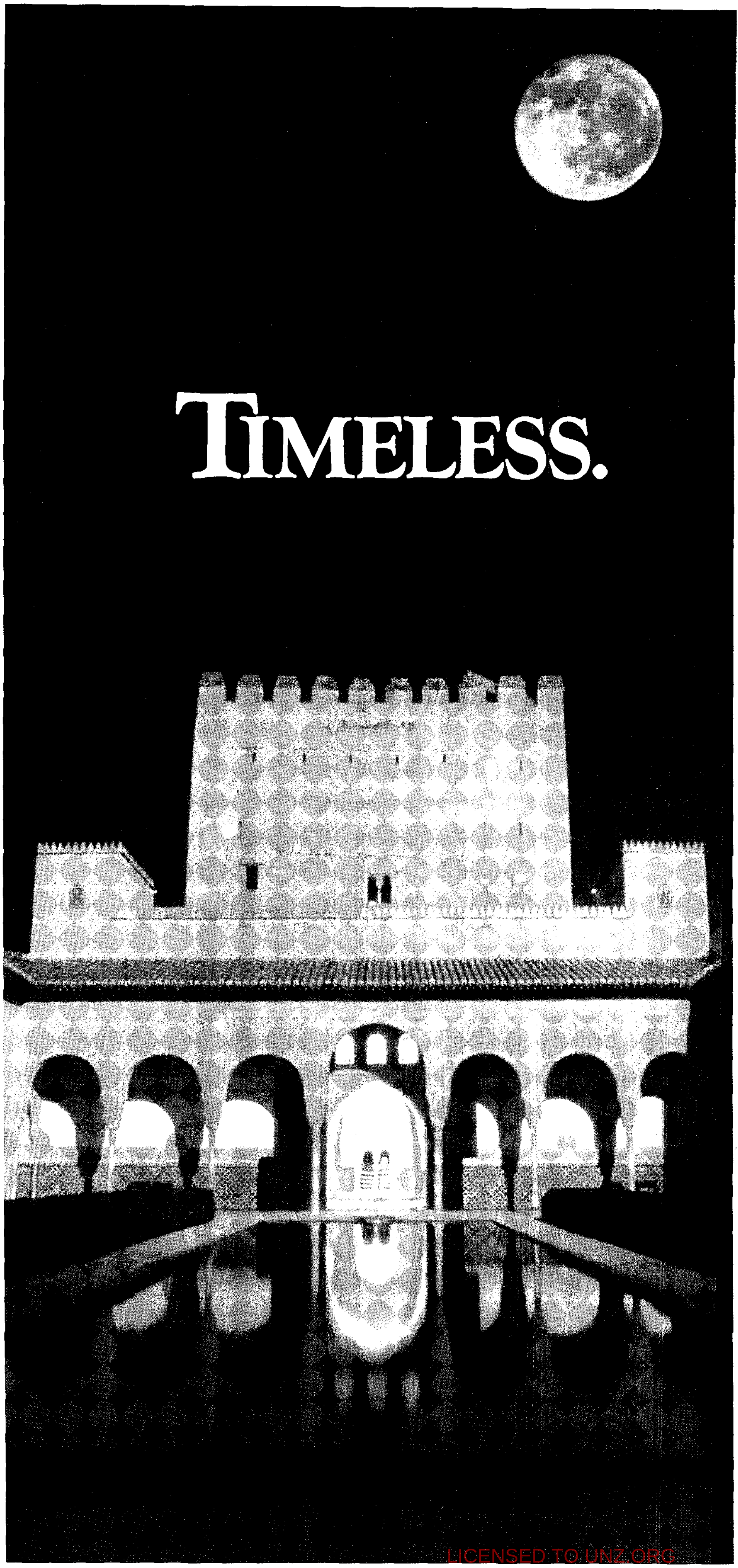
> Homosexual inclination, in our theology, is not morally wrong. Homosexual behavior is. We bear no malice toward homosexually active persons. We abhor their being harassed or persecuted in any way. At the same time, we do not believe that homosexual behavior should be declared lawful or that such behavior should be elevated to a protected category.
>
> We do not believe that religious agencies should be required to employ those engaging in or advocating homosexual behavior. We are willing to consider on a case-by-case basis the employment of individuals who have engaged in or may at some future time engage in homosexual behavior. We approach those who have engaged in or may engage in what the Church considers illicit heterosexual behavior the same way.... We believe, however, that only a religious agency itself can properly determine the requirements of any particular job within that agency, and whether or not a particular individual meets or is reasonably likely to meet such requirements.

While the Archbishop of New York was maintaining that his opposition to Executive Order 50 was based on Catholic teaching, the diocese of Brooklyn, which includes Queens and which had some forty million dollars in child-care contracts with the city, not only did not join in the lawsuit but said that it had no problems with meeting the requirements of the order. Auxiliary Bishop Joseph M. Sullivan, the vicar of human services for the Brooklyn diocese, said that signing the agreement did not mean that the diocese implicitly or explicitly approved of homosexual behavior. The diocese would continue to employ people on the basis of their competence for specific jobs and their moral character at work. "If a person did something off the job, in their own home, in their own neighborhood, which was not in conformity with Catholic teaching, I suspect they would be like the rest of us sinners," Bishop Sullivan told a reporter for the *Times*. "That's on any issue, whether they got drunk or gambled or committed adultery. I don't believe it's the responsibility or the right of the employer to go monitor what employees do in their own family or neighborhood situations. If there were a flagrant scandal, that might become a problem, but that's the exception." Or, Sullivan continued, if it became clear that an employee of the Brooklyn diocese was "holding out a homosexual life style to children," the Church would have the right to fire him, even under Executive Order 50. Bishop Sullivan also said that despite Brooklyn's differences with the archdiocese of New York on this matter "it is very important, in the public perception, that we are a united church." But he apparently could not resist adding that if a diocese were to fire all employees who violated Church teachings "probably a hundred per cent would get caught in the net."

Even less diplomatic was Monsignor Howard Basler, the director of social action for Catholic Charities in the Brooklyn diocese. He said in the Brooklyn *Tablet* that he saw no need for the lawsuit aimed at expunging Executive Order 50, because recognizing the right of homosexuals not to be discriminated against in employment "in no way compromises Catholic practice or belief."

Despite the split between the two dioceses—a rare occurrence in any part of the country—O'Connor did not waver in his insistence that he would not abide by Executive Order 50. He was vehemently criticized by spokesmen for homosexual organizations and by many liberals, and was also urged by the *Times*, in an editorial, to seek some form of accommodation to "Mayor Koch's humane order." The *Times* added, "Hiring a homosexual neither promotes nor condones homosexuality. All it does is deny the right of a public agent to deny citizens the right to work because of private life style."

IN June, 1984, as the controversy became more heated, the Archbishop celebrated an evening Mass at Our Lady of the Rosary Church, at Battery Park, in lower Manhattan. He had come to make a pastoral visit to members of Courage, an organization of homosexuals which is sponsored by the archdiocese and whose members are pledged to lead celibate lives. O'Connor told some fifty people in attendance that while he intended to enlarge the Church's ministry to homosexuals he could not be a party to Executive Order 50. "We would rather close our child-care agencies than violate Church teachings," he said. He also noted that somewhat over a year earlier, before he became Bishop of Scranton, he had knelt in the back of that very church during a Mass in which members of Courage had participated. "You didn't know I was there," he said, "and I didn't know I'd be back." On this night in June, the Archbishop, before he left, was



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presented with a T-shirt that said, in bold letters, "Courage."

In September, he agreed to meet at the New York Catholic Center, on First Avenue, with a delegation from the Coalition for Lesbian and Gay Rights. When they came into the building, "the guard at the desk to their left, who knew who they were, said, 'This way, ladies—or whatever,' " according to an account in the *National Catholic Reporter*. "As they went up in the elevator, another person who also obviously knew who they were whispered, 'Good luck.' " At the meeting, no minds were changed concerning Executive Order 50. Two weeks later, Karen Doherty, one of the participants and a member of the Conference for Catholic Lesbians, wrote a letter to the Archbishop that said, in part:

> We were glad for the opportunity to speak to you in person. It was very important for us that you see us as we are, very ordinary, everyday people. You impressed me as being a very straightforward, sensitive, and capable man. What I particularly appreciated was the fact that I did not feel talked down to or held at a distance because I am a lesbian woman.
>
> I am saddened, as I know the others are, that we cannot today reach a meeting of our hearts and minds on the issue of homosexuality. Perhaps some day.
>
> I wish you health and happiness in your future years with us in New York. I wanted you to know that, while we strongly disagree, I have a great deal of personal respect for you and the fact that you are willing to stand up for what you believe.

Three weeks later, the Archbishop answered:

> Dear Karen:
>
> Your letter . . . was extraordinarily kind and touched me deeply. I am indeed grateful. It is my sincere hope and prayer that through the years ahead I will be able to serve you in some way that you will consider helpful. My convictions about church teachings are very deep. I do not anticipate a change in such teachings, and neither do I see it precluding our loving one another as sisters and brothers in Christ.
>
> Please believe that I will give deeply sincere consideration to any recommendations that can help us in that regard in accordance with the tenets of the church which I am certain we both love.
>
> You and your associates are very much in my masses and my prayers, and I ask that you keep me in yours as well.
>
> Faithfully in Christ,
> John J. O'Connor

The battle of Executive Order 50 was won by the archdiocese, the Salvation Army, and Agudath Israel when the Court of Appeals, New York's highest court, ruled six to one on June 28, 1985, that "no matter how well-intentioned his actions may be, the Mayor may not unlawfully infringe upon the legislative powers reserved to the City Council." The court struck down the section of Executive Order 50 that had added "sexual orientation or affectional preference" to previous city, state, and federal anti-bias laws, saying that under the separation of powers the executive branch cannot make such an addition. In September, the Mayor decided not to appeal the decision, saying that the city's case was weak and would probably lose in the United States Supreme Court.

The Mayor remained determined, however, to bring homosexuals under the protection of anti-discrimination measures. He expressed renewed support for the so-called gay-rights bill that had first been introduced in the New York City Council in 1971 and had been brought back every year since but had never passed. The Mayor and other supporters of the bill thought that it might finally be passed by the City Council in 1986, because it included a religious exemption. No religious organizations would be required to use other than religious criteria for hiring employees. Also, the bill disavowed affirmative-action hiring on the basis of sexual orientation. And the bill provided that it could not be interpreted to make legal any behavior that would violate the state penal code. To allay any further fears, the bill explicitly stated, "It is not the function of this civil-rights statute to promote a particular group or community; its purpose is rather to ensure that individuals who live in our society will have the opportunity to pursue their own beliefs and conduct their lives as they see fit within the limits of the law." The bill, which is informally known as Intro. 2, prohibits discrimination in housing, employment, and public accommodations because of "sexual orientation," which is defined as "heterosexuality, homosexuality or bisexuality."

In a series of editorials, the *Times* urged the City Council to pass the bill. One of them included a reference aimed directly at the Archbishop. The editorial recalled that Pope John Paul II, in his 1981 encyclical "On Human Work," had said, "Work bears a particular mark of man and of humanity, the mark of a person operating within a community of persons." Accordingly, the *Times* said, "New York City . . . has to demand that homosexuals be deemed part of humanity and community." In a subsequent editorial,

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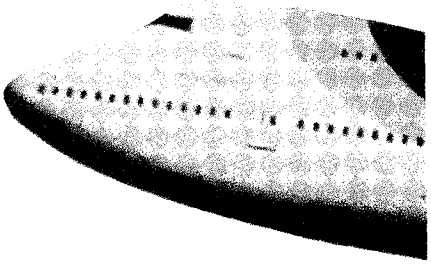

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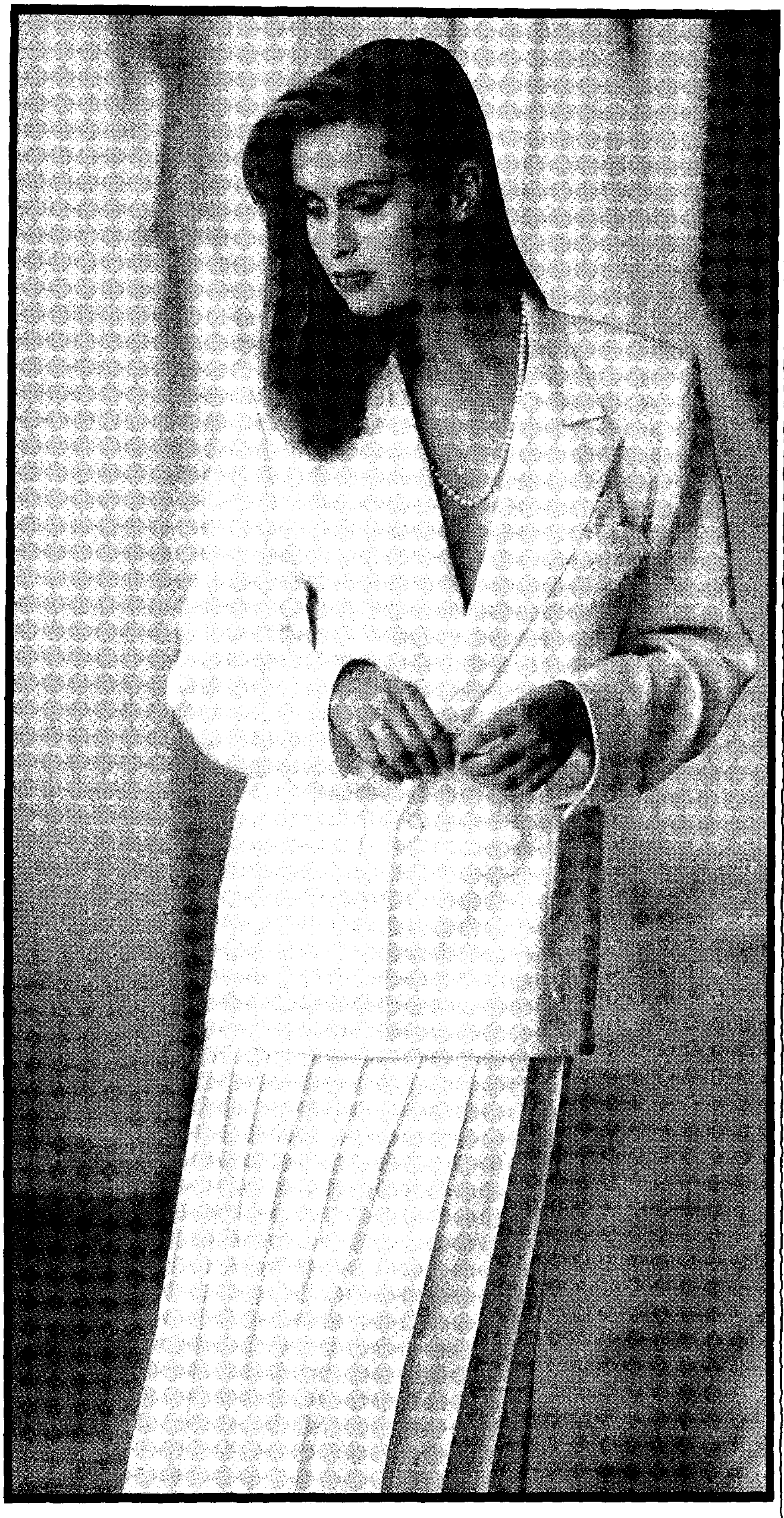
the *Times* asserted, "This is not a bill 'validating' homosexuality, as some opponents fear and some homosexuals would prefer. It is a civil rights bill, affirming protections that belong to all citizens and reinforcing the right of some not to have the revelation of their homosexuality devalue citizenship." A coalition of religious leaders, including Paul Moore, Jr., the Episcopal Bishop of New York, and the Reverend Robert Polk, the executive director of the Council of Churches of the City of New York, also expressed approval of the bill.

O'Connor was no less opposed to this bill than he had been to Executive Order 50, and this time he persuaded the diocese of Brooklyn to join him in opposition. On February 6th, O'Connor and Bishop Francis J. Mugavero, of Brooklyn, issued a joint statement in which they claimed that the gay-rights bill was "exceedingly dangerous to our society," explaining, "We believe it is clear that what the bill primarily and ultimately seeks to achieve is the legal approval of homosexual conduct and activity, something that the Catholic Church, and indeed other religious faiths, consider to be morally wrong. Our concern in this regard is heightened by the realization that it is a common perception of the public that whatever is declared legal, by that very fact, becomes morally right." The statement also emphasized a point that O'Connor had been making for months, which was that by defining "sexual orientation" as "heterosexuality, homosexuality, or bisexuality" the bill, if it became law, would have the effect of giving the three forms of behavior equal legitimacy. By doing so, the joint statement said, the legislation "would seriously undermine the moral education and values of our youth and the stability of the family in our society."

John P. Hale, who handles some of the legal affairs of the New York archdiocese and had been in charge of the litigation against Executive Order 50, told me on the day the joint statement was issued, "If this bill is passed, sure, we'd be above the fray, because of the religious exemption. But we look at impending legislation as it affects not only the institutional operations of the Church but also society as a whole. The teaching function of the Church is very much involved in this legislation. This law will teach that the homosexual life style is O.K."

The Mayor continued to maintain that the bill was no more or less than



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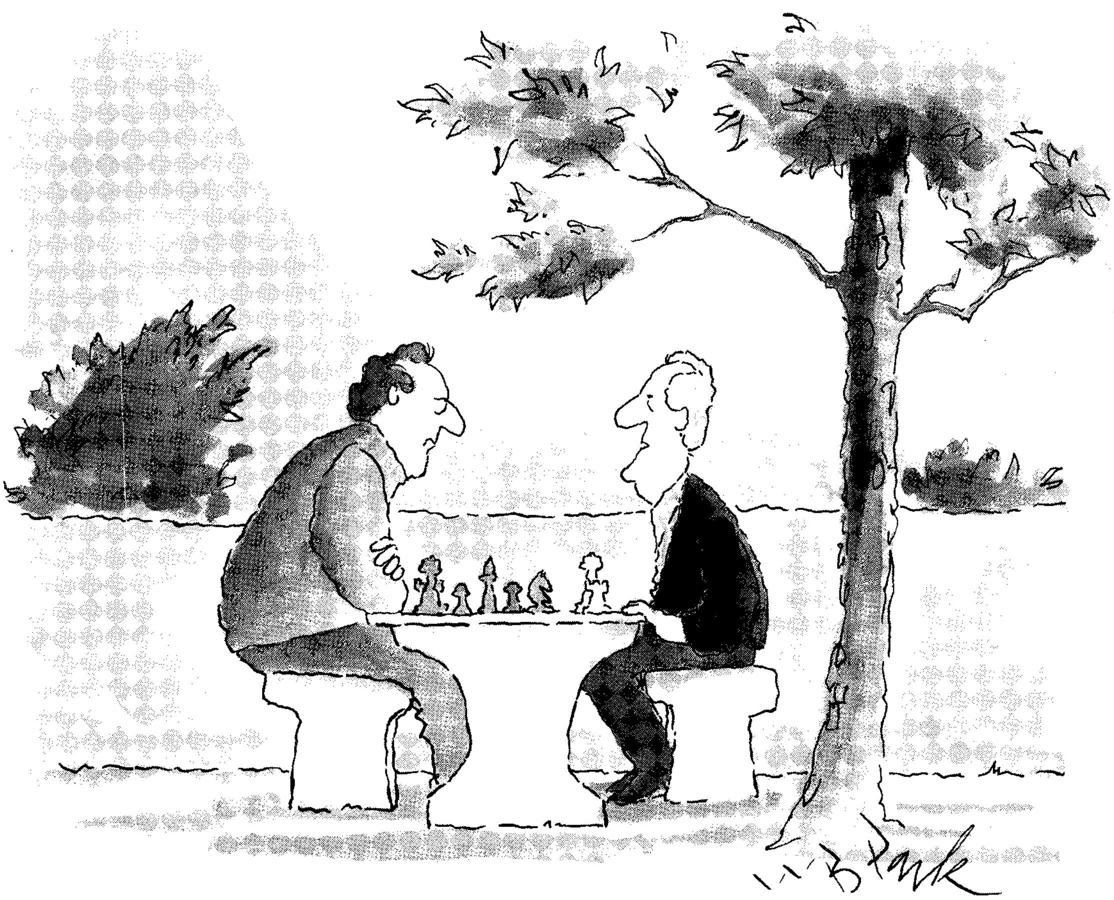
a basic civil-rights measure. "Allowing people the right to a job, to . . . housing, to go to public accommodations is a fundamental right without in any way giving imprimatur to their life style," he said.



"Would you mind terribly if I took back my last three moves?"

• •

ONCE again, as with abortion, O'Connor was in opposition to most of the city's leading public officials, its most influential newspaper, and the sizable number of liberals in journalism, the arts, and other fields. He also appeared to be getting little support from the city's Catholics. A *News* poll in early February reported that while fifty-six per cent of the Catholics polled did not think there was a need for a gay-rights law seventy-two per cent felt that religious organizations should neither actively support nor actively oppose such a bill. The poll results were printed on a Sunday, and that morning I asked O'Connor about the poll as he was on his way to the passageway in the back of St. Patrick's Cathedral which leads to his Madison Avenue residence.

"Well, the poll was based on only five hundred and three people, and I'm not so sure that's a very credible sampling," he said. "But, in any case, suppose the sampling were large, and ninety per cent felt this way? I would still agree with what Bishop Fulton Sheen once said: 'What the world needs is a voice that is right not when the world is right but when the world is wrong.' Moreover, in this case I think that when the people do understand the ramifications of this issue they'll be grateful we spent months of legal time opposing Executive Order 50 and months conferring with the Brooklyn diocese so that together we could elucidate the effects of this legislation."

The homosexual-rights bill was passed by the City Council on March 20, 1986, by a vote of twenty-one to fourteen. The Cardinal said he would fight to overturn the legislation.

While the bill was still pending, I asked the Cardinal why the leadership of the Brooklyn archdiocese had changed its mind with regard to barring discrimination against homosexuals.

O'Connor said that soon after Executive Order 50 was dissolved by the Court of Appeals he had told Bishop Mugavero that Catholics had become confused when the two bishops took such different positions on that order. O'Connor had suggested that they try to resolve those differences, and after several months of meetings by staff members of the two dioceses the joint statement was agreed on. There had been speculation by supporters of the bill, I told O'Connor, that he had put considerable pressure on Bishop Mugavero to align Brooklyn with New York. And a member of Mugavero's staff told me there had indeed been pressure from O'Connor.

O'Connor looked pained. "If I were Bishop Mugavero, I would be exceedingly insulted," he said. "It's his diocese. I have no authority there. That's Church law. And he has been a bishop far, far longer than I have. Also, if this theory were true why didn't I 'pressure' or 'threaten' Mugavero during that long, difficult struggle over Executive Order 50? That would have been the time." He paused, then said, "I still see in the papers the argument that the Church is taken care of in this bill because of the religious exemption so why am I involved? Well, aside from the harm to the society as a whole from this bill, they may say we have an exemption but they can still harass us."

O'Connor was alluding to two incidents during the long litigation over Executive Order 50. Many of the city's homeless are sheltered at night by Catholic churches, and the Church is paid by the city for the heating costs. In the spring of 1985, certain city officials had refused to reimburse the Church for those expenses, because it had not complied with Executive Order 50. O'Connor had called the Mayor, and the ban had been lifted. Then, in May of that year, as O'Connor recalled with some bitterness, all the preparations had been made, and the rent paid, for a Yankee Stadium youth rally and prayer service, at which forty thousand young people were expected. Shortly before the date of the rally, archdiocesan officials were told they could not use the stadium, because the Church was in violation of Executive Order 50. O'Connor let it be known that if the decision was not rescinded he would not only call the Mayor but also inform the newspapers and broadcasting stations that forty thousand Catholic youngsters had been barred from Yankee Stadium. The rally was held.

As we walked through the passageway toward the residence, I asked O'Connor about an exchange a few days earlier between him and Paul Moore, Jr., the Episcopal Bishop of New York. Bishop Moore had charged that the Cardinal had been "morally wrong" in bringing a lawsuit against Executive Order 50 and was now being "immoral" in opposing the anti-discrimination bill in the City Council. "Anything that sets back the rights of an individual is not right," Moore had told the *Times*. O'Connor had icily responded, "The Bishop feels the need to make public comments about my sense of morality. I don't feel the same need. I can only assume he's following his conscience."

O'Connor told me he had nothing to add to his statement. Indeed, he seemed quite pleased with it.

A friend of the Cardinal's, listening in, asked him if the repeated attacks during the repeated controversies didn't get to him after a while. Not many days before, the friend noted, Gloria Steinem, on being asked by *New York* magazine to list the worst things about the city, had cited O'Connor and AIDS.

"Well, the lashes don't hurt until you take your shirt off and it sticks to your blood," O'Connor said, with a grin. "I'm called the controversial Archbishop of New York whenever I'm introduced," he went on, without a grin. "Yet I am simply saying what the Church teaches. Of course I don't like confrontation. People think of me as combative, aggressive, but if the Holy Father were to call me tomorrow and say, 'You've had your place in the sun, now go write a book or something,' that would be fine. I would be delighted to go home to Scranton."

THERE is no indication that Pope John Paul II is going to transfer John J. O'Connor to relative obscurity or, indeed, is in any way displeased with O'Connor's leadership of the archdiocese. His naming of O'Connor, on April 24, 1985, as one of twenty-eight new cardinals was seen as an obvious sign of his endorsement of O'Connor's work as archbishop. O'Connor himself saw the appointment that way. "In deepest humility," he said at a Fordham University luncheon, "I must confess, it does have a nice ring to it." But, delighted as he was, he noted somewhat mordantly on the day he was named, "I'm from southwest Philadelphia. I played a lot of hardball there, but never the variety I've discovered here."

As before, however, O'Connor's notification of his new position in the Church had been by way of a curveball. On April 19th, he had once again received a call from Archbishop Pio Laghi, who was the Pope's personal representative in the United States. After some banter, Laghi said he knew that O'Connor was due in Rome for the ordination of New York's new auxiliary bishop, Edward Egan. Could he stay a couple of extra days?

"No," O'Connor said. "I have a Mass for the handicapped at the Cathedral here the following Sunday."

"That's really a shame," Laghi said, "because there's a consistory scheduled for May 25th, and your name is on the list of new cardinals."

O'Connor became the sixth Cardinal Archbishop of New York. The line began in 1875, when Archbishop John McCloskey was appointed the first cardinal not only in New York but in America. There followed John Farley, Patrick Hayes, Francis Spellman, and Terence Cooke. Before going to Rome, O'Connor appeared at the Yankee Stadium rally, "Youth Alive in Christ," that some city officials had tried to ban. As he made his entrance, the huge scoreboard lit up with the message "We Have a Cardinal!"

While the Cardinal-designate was in Rome and was about to be formally elevated by the Pope, he delivered the homily on the occasion of Edward Egan's celebration of his first Pontifical Mass. O'Connor told Egan that being a bishop involved bearing "overwhelming burdens." Among them was the need to be "a certain trumpet," speaking the truth whether it was "welcome or unwelcome." And sometimes the truth "falls on deaf ears," the Cardinal-designate said to the new Bishop. "Sometimes those who disagree with your articulation of the truth resent you as its messenger."

Two days later, on May 25th, Pope John Paul II addressed the twenty-eight new princes of the church in St. Peter's Square, saying, "Christ renews to these who have been chosen the task which He gave to the apostles as they were about to leave on the first mission of evangelization. They must go out to their brethren 'with the wisdom of serpents and the innocence of doves' and bring to everyone the good news of salvation. They must have no illusions about the way they will be received. They will often be made a sign of contradiction, sometimes even persecution. . . . Today, we invoke Him with special fervor, that He may come down upon the new cardinals, filling them with His gifts. May each of them be faithful to his own tasks, even to the shedding of blood, according to the ancient formula which finds in the scarlet insignia a precise and expressive reflection."

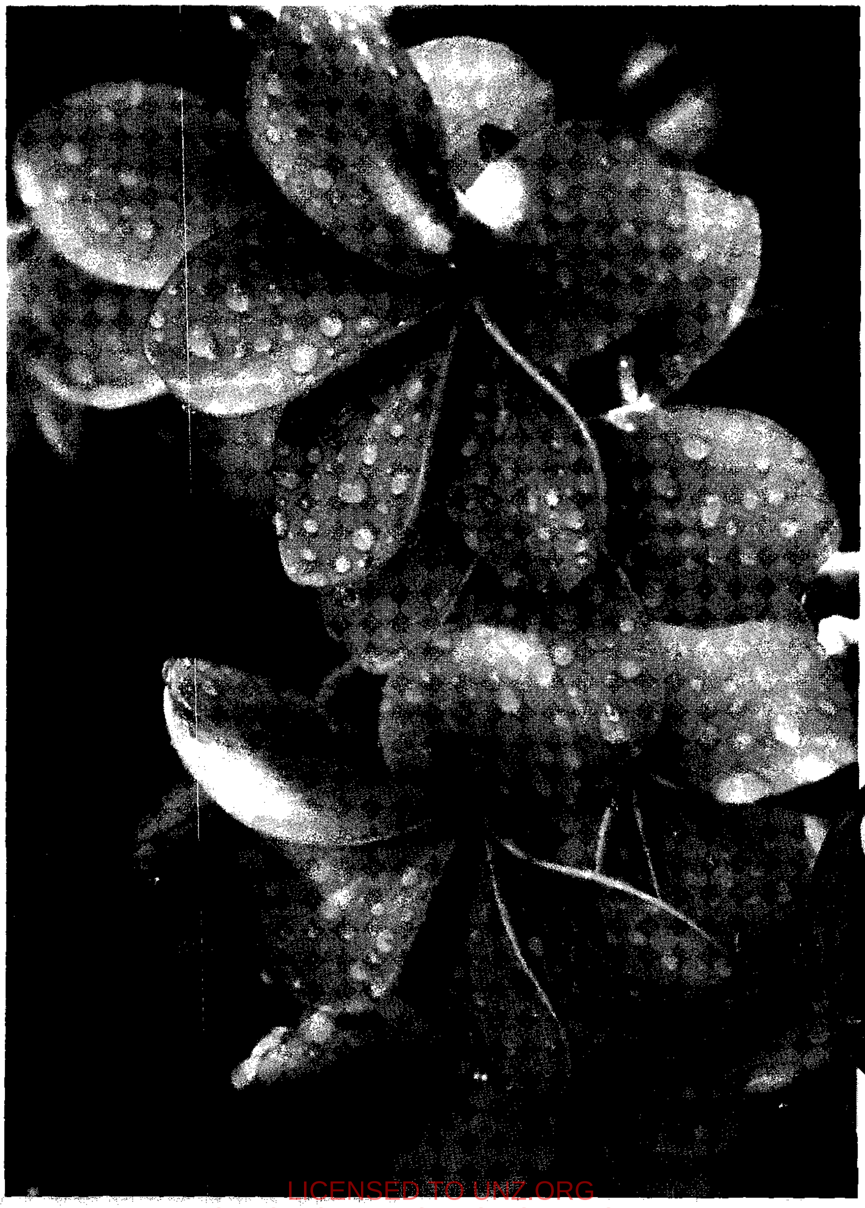
After the Pope's homily was completed, each new cardinal came to him and knelt. The Pope placed on each head the zucchetto (a red skullcap) and the red biretta (a stiff, square cap with ridges on its upper side). When all twenty-eight had taken office, the total number of cardinals under the age of eighty had risen to a hundred and twenty. (After a cardinal reaches the age of eighty, he can no longer vote, if the occasion arises, for the next Pope.) In addition to voting in papal elections, the cardinals serve as advisers to the Pope, but they have no special powers—only the aura that the prestige of the office provides.

During his week in Rome, the new Cardinal took the ceremonies and the festivities in stride, but he did express shock at the large size of the press contingent from New York City. The phenomenon was also of interest to another new cardinal, Bernard Law, of Boston, who was heard asking one of his aides, "Does New York have as many media as we do?"

THOUGH obviously delighted by his elevation, Cardinal O'Connor kept saying to friends, "All I want to do is get back home and get back to work." In an interview in *Catholic New York* that appeared on his return to the city, he revealed to Anne Buckley, the editor, that he had only recently recovered from a kidney infection, which had been draining his

the Wonders of Hawaii

WHEN GEOLOGISTS SPEAK OF THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS, THEY LIKE TO TALK ABOUT A "HOT SPOT" ON THE SURFACE OF THE EARTH. THEY DO NOT REFER TO HAWAII'S WELL-EARNED REPUTATION FOR SUN AND FUN, BUT TO THE FIERY BEGINNINGS OF THE ARCHIPELAGO. THIS WAS TWENTY-FIVE MILLION YEARS BEFORE ANYONE EVER THOUGHT OF MIXING UP A MAI-TAI OR SEWING *TI* LEAVES INTO A HULA SKIRT.



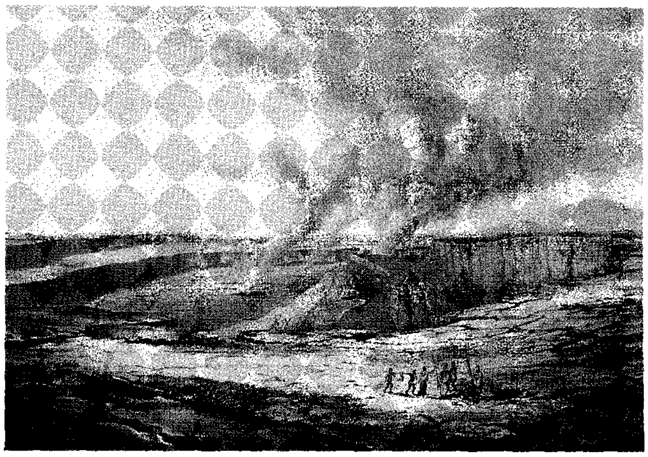
Hawaii Visitors Bureau

ONE OF HAWAII'S MOST SPECTACULAR ATTRACTIONS: THE KILAUEA VOLCANO, IN A RECENT ERUPTION (ABOVE) AND IN AN 1842 PRINT (RIGHT) BY TITIAN RAMSAY PEALE.

Scientists now agree that the planet's patchwork crust floats in great tectonic sections on a sea of magma, or molten lava, around the earth's core. For millions of years the massive raft called the Pacific Plate has been steadily drifting by a few inches a year in the direction of Japan. At the same time it acts something like a gigantic conveyor belt passing over an occasionally active jet of hot lava. On this volcanic assembly line, eruptions have punched out a chain of 132 islands along a 1,500-mile belt running from the northwest to the southeast—and this process is still going on.

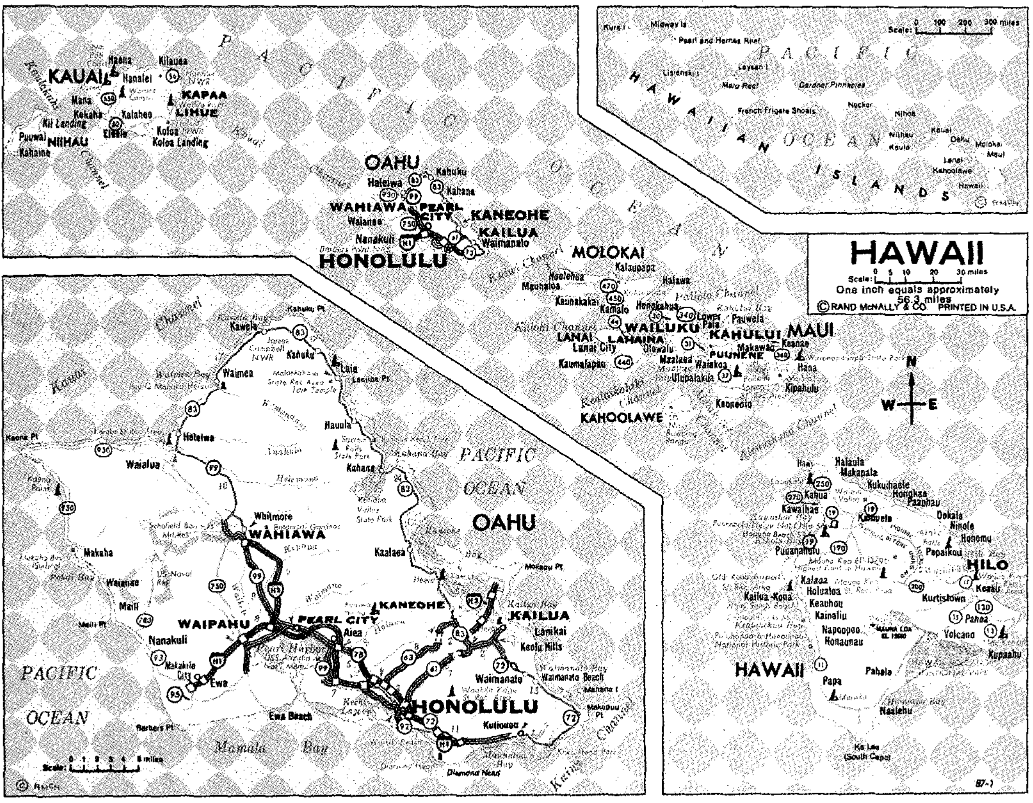
For the past two centuries—about the same length of time Hawaii has been known to the world at large—volcanic activity has been confined to the southernmost island. Officially named the Island of Hawaii, it is more than twice the size of all the rest of the State of Hawaii put together, and it offers many unique sights and experiences. To avoid confusion, it is better known as the Big Island.

Today the Big Island is landscaped with bright flower farms, grassy cattle ranches, white- and black-sand beaches, and lava deserts. But for most newcomers its main attraction is the Hawaii Volcanoes National Park. One of the park's two live volcanoes, Kilauea, is the most active volcano in the world, and it has been pumping out hot lava about twice a month since January 3, 1983. A rambling old hotel is perched right on the rim of Kilauea's steaming crater, across the road from the park headquarters and visitor center. There rangers explain the relatively mild antics of Pele (the Hawaiian goddess of the volcano) on the Big Island as compared to the violent actions of more destructive volcanoes elsewhere.



Another volcano is the centerpiece of the Haleakala National Park on the Island of Maui, just north of the Big Island. Haleakala last erupted about 1790, from a rift near Wailea-Makena. Far above the clouds, its massive caldera, occasionally described as long, wide, and deep enough to swallow the entire island of Manhattan, has been eroded over the centuries into a colorful tapestry of greens and rusts. On this craggy landscape American astronauts trained before exploring the moon, and now the National Park Service maintains riding and hiking trails and a few cabins in the crater for more intrepid visitors.

In the Hawaiian language, *Hale-a-ka-la* (pronounced "hah-lay-ah-kah-*lah*") literally means "house of the sun," and many travellers still make a cold, pre-dawn pil-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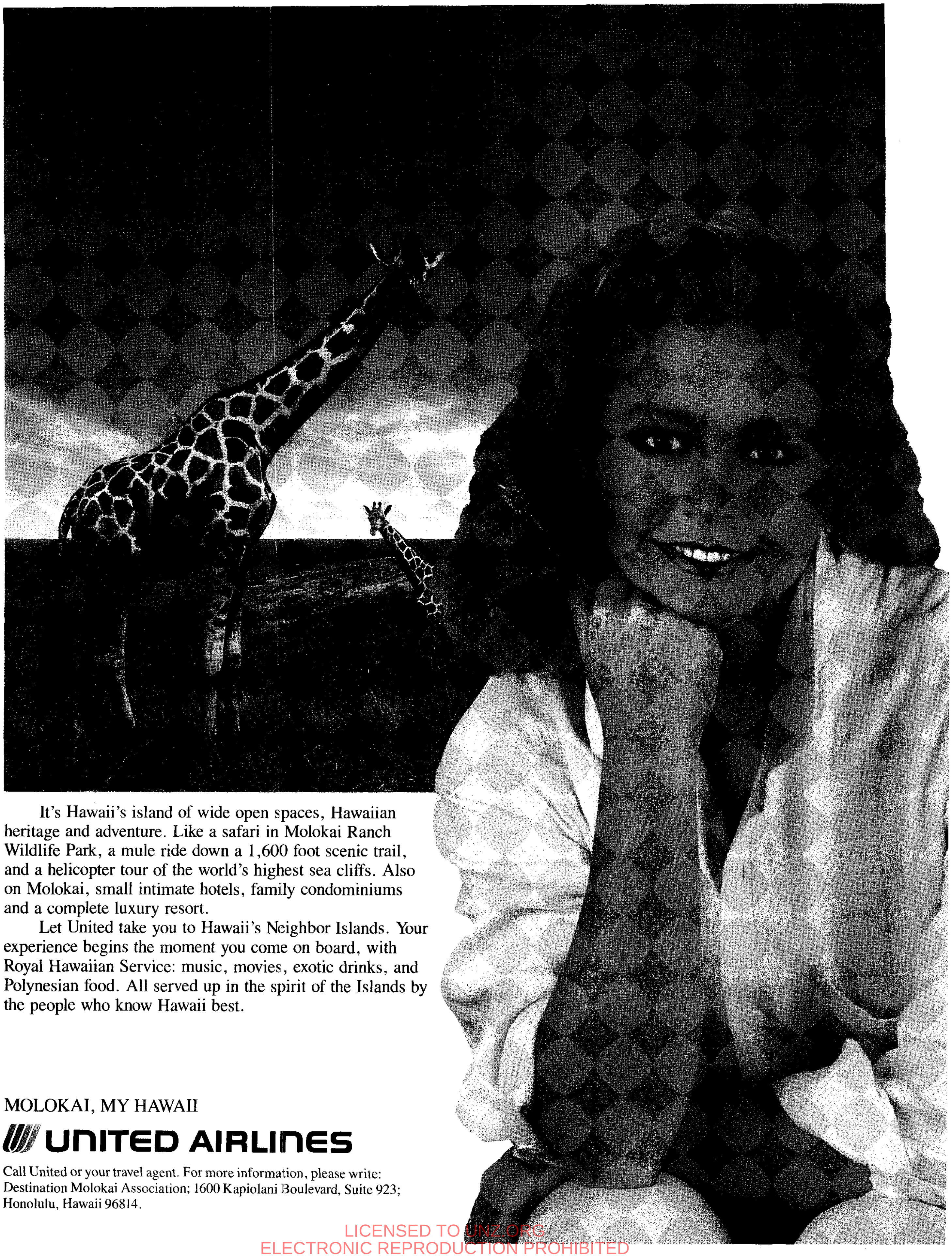

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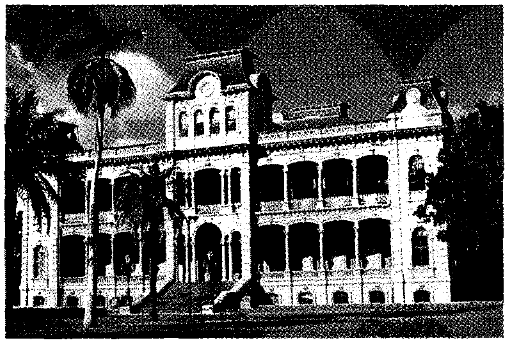
grimage to Haleakala's 10,000-foot height, driving to the summit in the dark to watch the sun emerge and begin warming the day. One entrepreneur with an eye for adventure and beauty began organizing downhill bicycle tours from Haleakala, trucking his passengers and the special bikes to the top, and then letting them coast to the bottom of the mountain throughout the morning. Others lead special horseback excursions into the crater.

Flora and fauna came by wind and wave to the Hawaiian Islands, and some surviving species are unique. The glistening silversword still lives only on the slopes of Haleakala. A sort of native sunflower, the plant blooms just once and then dies. Also resident on the same mountain is the *nene* ("nay-nay"), the official state bird. Perhaps descended from Canadian geese blown far off their course, the *nene* have lost much of the webbing between their toes, which have evolved into sharp claws better suited for digging into the rough lava above the tree line.

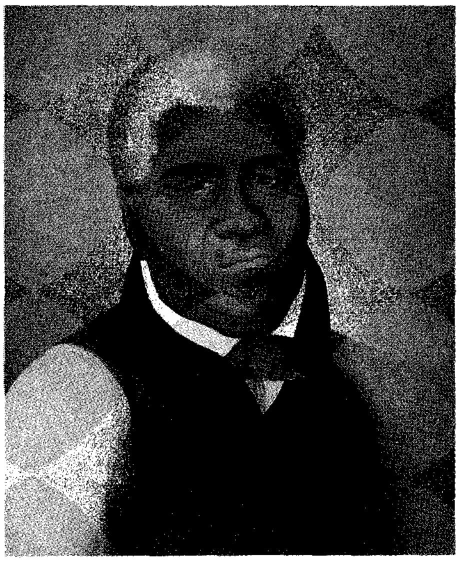
The Islands felt their first human footfall an estimated 2,000 years ago. Pioneers from the Marquesas Islands were later joined by voyagers from Tahiti and the Society Islands. Although there are some fascinating (and still undecipherable) petroglyphs carved in many island rocks, the Polynesians had no written language, so knowledge of that period has only been gleaned from myths, legends, and ancient chants. They came to the islands in great double-hulled canoes, though over the centuries the Hawaiians lost the need and the desire to build these large ocean-going crafts.



Hawaii Visitors Bureau

In recent years, a few such vessels have been painstakingly constructed using the original methods. The 60-foot *Hokule'a* has been sailed to the South Pacific three times since 1976 by the Polynesian Voyaging Society. When not at sea, it is on display at Pier 7 at Honolulu Harbor on Oahu. There is also a smaller double-hulled canoe that makes trips from the beach at Kaanapali, north of Lahaina, Maui, while its captain lectures about life in old Hawaii.

Some of the island gods and ancestors bear resemblances to those of other Polynesian societies in the Pacific. Others were distinctly of Hawaiian creation. Intriguing are the Hawaiian tales of the *menehune*—a shorter, lighter-skinned subject race remarkable for their novel stone-construction methods. Tales of the *menehune* and their projects are more numerous on Kauai, the most northern of the eight main islands. Not far from Poipu you can see the Menehune Fish Pond, walled off at a bend in the Huleia Stream



Bishop Museum

KAMEHAMEHA

REMINDERS OF HAWAII'S ROYAL PAST: KING KAMEHAMEHA (ABOVE); THE KING'S ROYAL ORDER (RIGHT); QUEEN LILI UOKALANI, HAWAII'S FINAL MONARCH (TOP); AND IOLANI PALACE (FAR RIGHT) IN OAHU.

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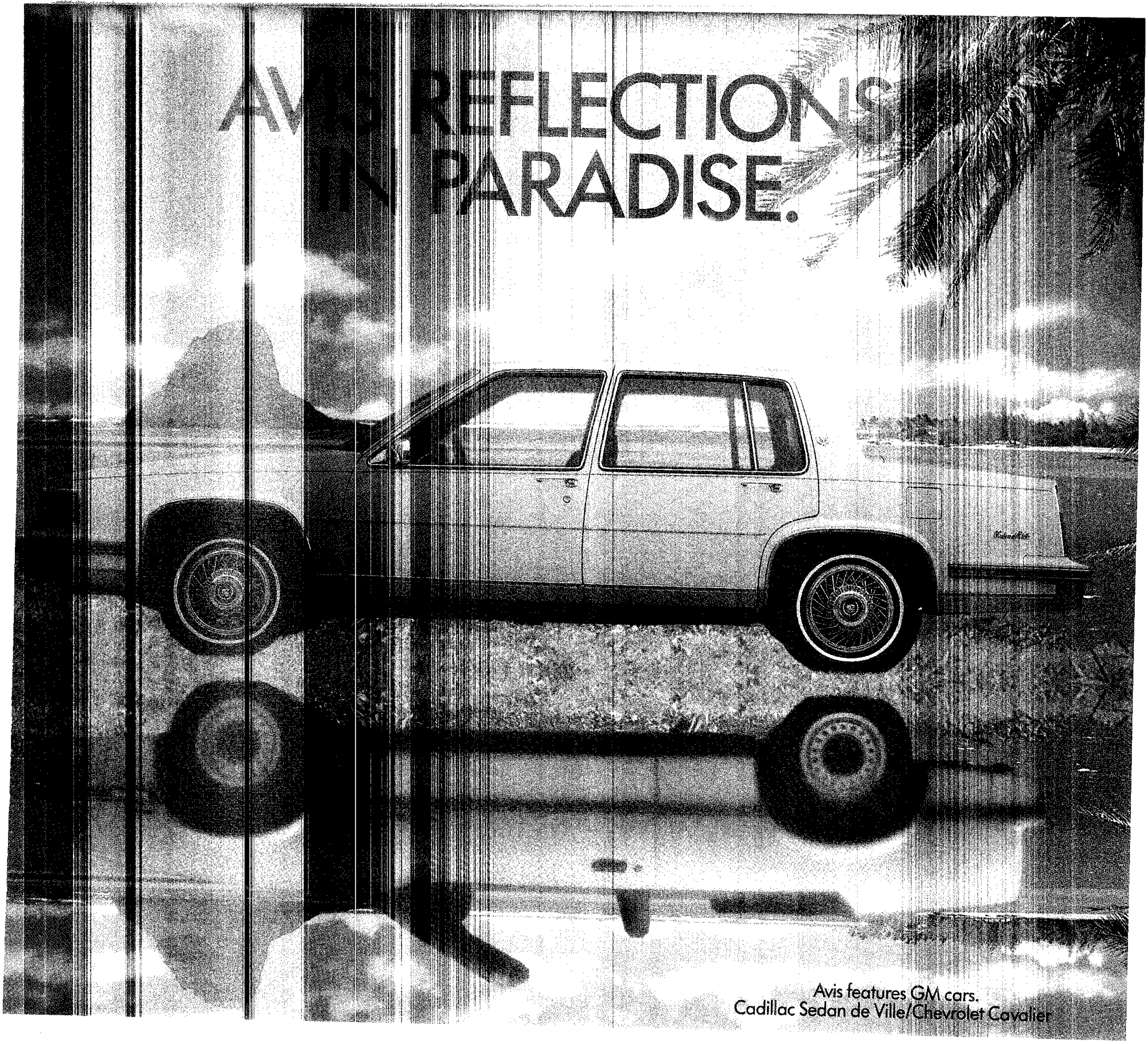

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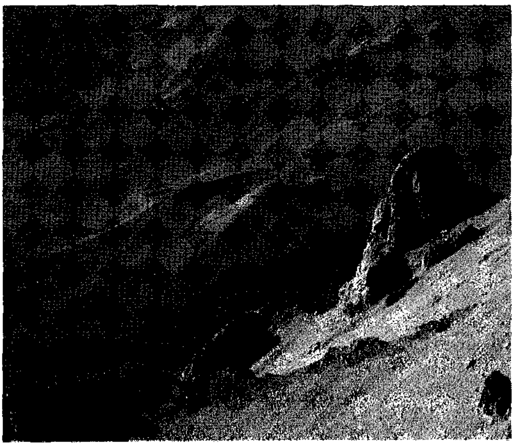
HAWAII'S SCENIC WONDERS INCLUDE THE MASSIVE HALEAKALA CRATER (BELOW), THE BEACHES BELOW DIAMOND HEAD, IN AN 1857 ETCHING (CENTER) BY GEORGE BURGESS, AND IAO NEEDLE (BOTTOM RIGHT). NATIVES WERE A SOURCE OF FASCINATION WHEN BRITAIN'S CAPTAIN COOK ARRIVED IN HAWAII IN 1778. "MAN OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS" (TOP RIGHT) WAS PAINTED BY COOK'S COMPANION JOHN WEBBER.



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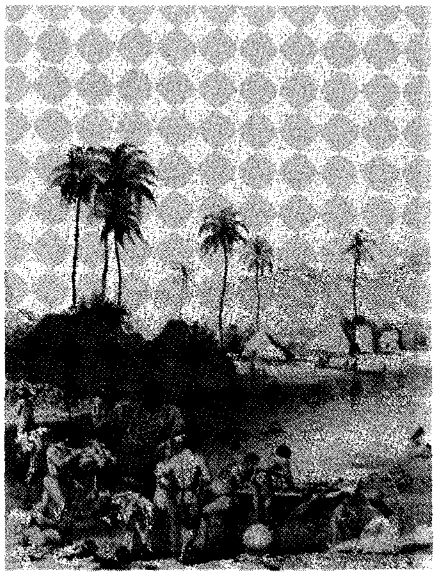
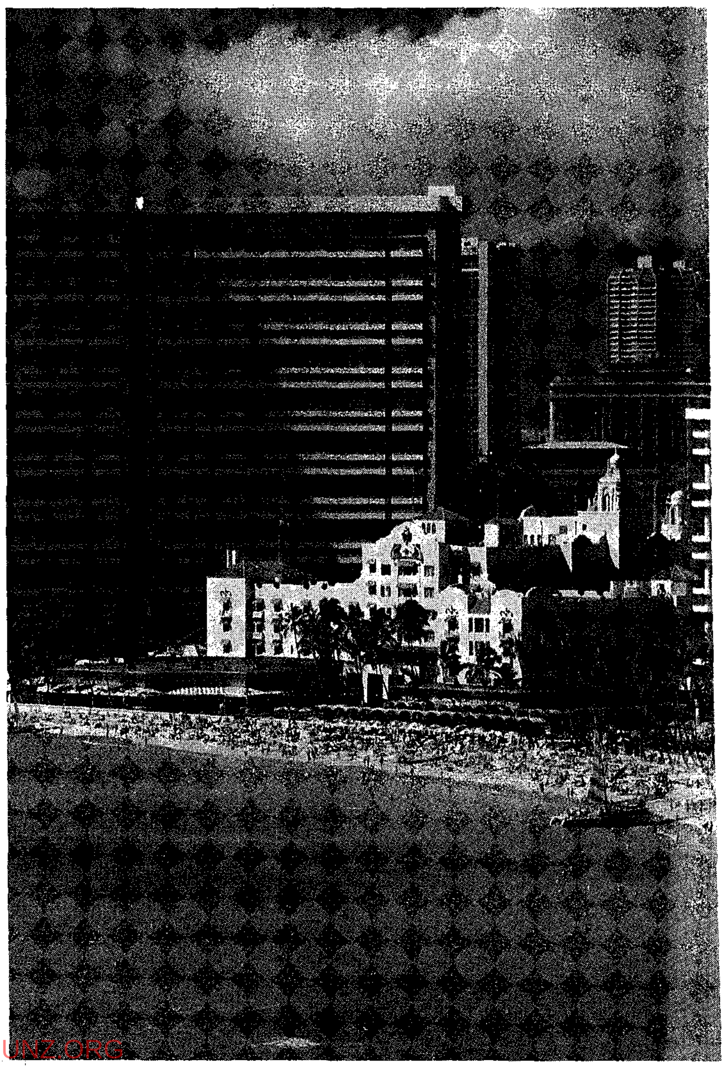
so that mullet can be raised there. Even more mysterious is the Menehune Ditch, an ancient aqueduct near Waimea on Kauai, employing sophisticated stone-masonry techniques that scholars thought were unknown to the Hawaiians. In recent years, the *menehune* have been depicted in song and story as rather hard-working Polynesian leprechauns, but the possibility remains that they were a real but autonomous culture which was gradually assimilated into Hawaiian society.

The old Hawaiian lifestyle was a curious dichotomy between the kindly and generous "spirit of *aloha*" among commoners, and the fierce, warlike competitiveness that developed between members of the *ali'i* (the ruling class) who lived on different islands. Even the gods had distinct attitudes: Lono was the god of the harvest, and the annual *makahiki* celebrating his munificence was a time of peace and rejoicing; Ku was the god of war, and his image was carried into battle by antagonistic forces. (One of these feathered, fearsome-toothed effigies is on display at the Bishop Museum in Honolulu.)

Ceremonial rites of the ancient religion were conducted by the *kahuna*, or priests, often on large stone platforms called *heiau*. These piles of rocks remain in Hawaii today, having been preserved as historical sites. The original Hawaiian religion still receives





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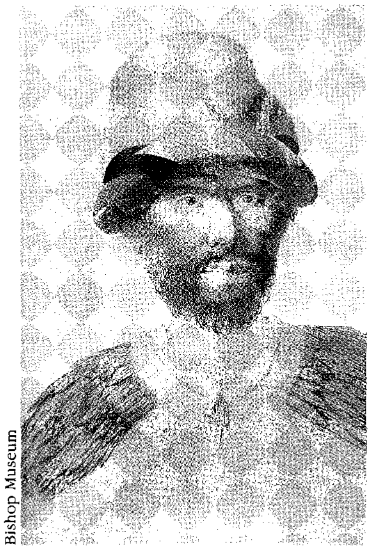
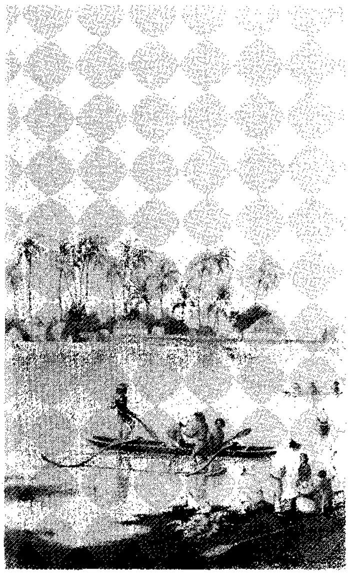
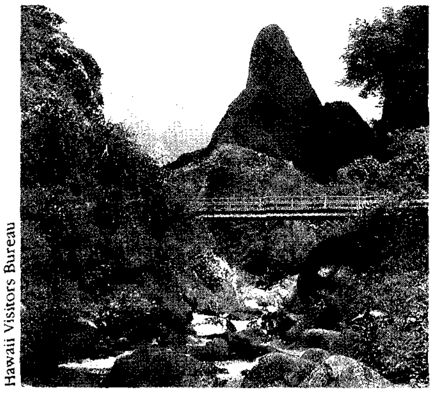


Bishop Museum

Although there is some evidence that sixteenth-century Spanish explorers stumbled across Hawaii, the first recorded *haole* (outsider) visitor was Captain James Cook of the British Royal Naval, who named his discovery the Sandwich Islands (thus honoring his patron, the same card-playing earl whose inventive gambling snack won him a more prominent place in the English language). Cook stepped ashore at the village of Waimea on Kauai in 1778, and a small plaque now marks the spot. On a second visit to the Big Island a year later, Cook arrived during the *makahiki*. There the great explorer was initially believed to be Lono himself, and he was welcomed accordingly. Following the festival there was a shoreline skirmish between the English and the local residents. The Hawaiians no longer believed that Cook was a god, and he was killed. The site of Cook's visit and his subsequent death is at Kealakekua Bay on the west coast of the Big Island. A white obelisk erected by the British government marks the spot where the great explorer fell on St. Valentine's Day, 1779, and the clear waters of Kealakekua Bay are now part of a marine preserve, popular for snorkeling and scuba-diving.



In the latter years of the eighteenth century, Britain, France, and America began to trade with the Hawaiians. The period saw the rise of a powerful chief named Kamehameha who was headquartered along the Kona and Kohala Coasts of the Big Island.



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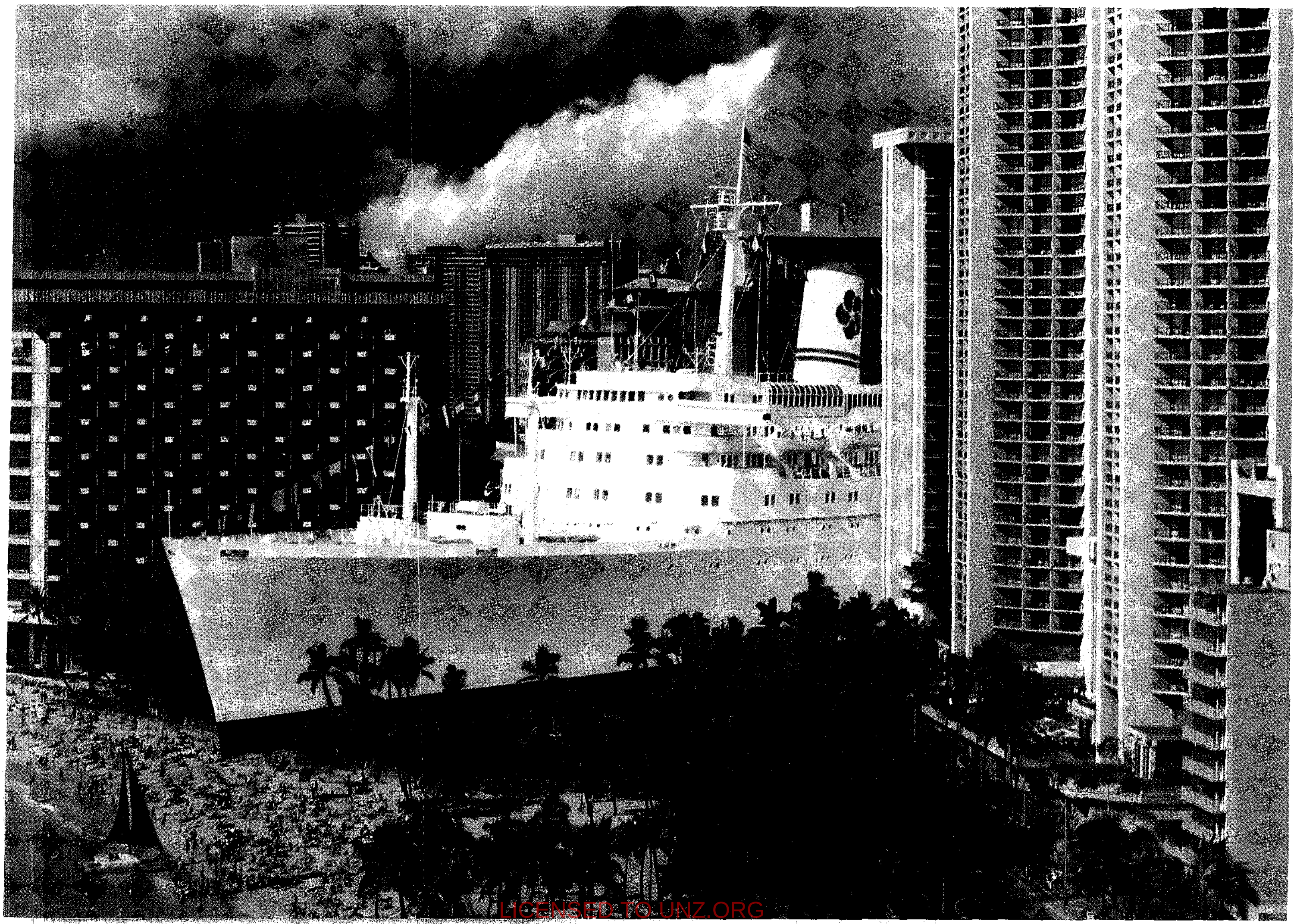

Kamehameha signed on some *haole* technical advisors, and began to win decisive battles, extending his rule first to all of the Big Island, and then farther west by winning other islands of the Hawaiian chain.

Travellers are usually intrigued with the 1795 Battle of Nuuanu, in which Kamehameha drove the forces defending Oahu up the slope of the gradually-narrowing Nuuanu Valley above Honolulu and then over the edge of a thousand-foot *pali* (cliff). The site offers a spectacular view of the windward side of Oahu, one of the most awesome visual experiences of the state.

There are at least three statues representing Kamehameha the Great. One, erected in 1883, is in downtown Honolulu, and is draped in flower leis on Kamehameha Day, June 11. Another is in front of the Kapaau courthouse on the Big Island, and the third is in the capitol rotunda in Washington, D.C.

During Kamehameha's rule, the religion based on the traditional gods and the *kapu* system began to disintegrate. By the time of the king's death at Kailua-Kona in 1819, Hawaiian society was in a cultural turmoil. His son, Kamehameha II, abolished the old religion and its repressive rules, but offered nothing to replace them. Without realizing

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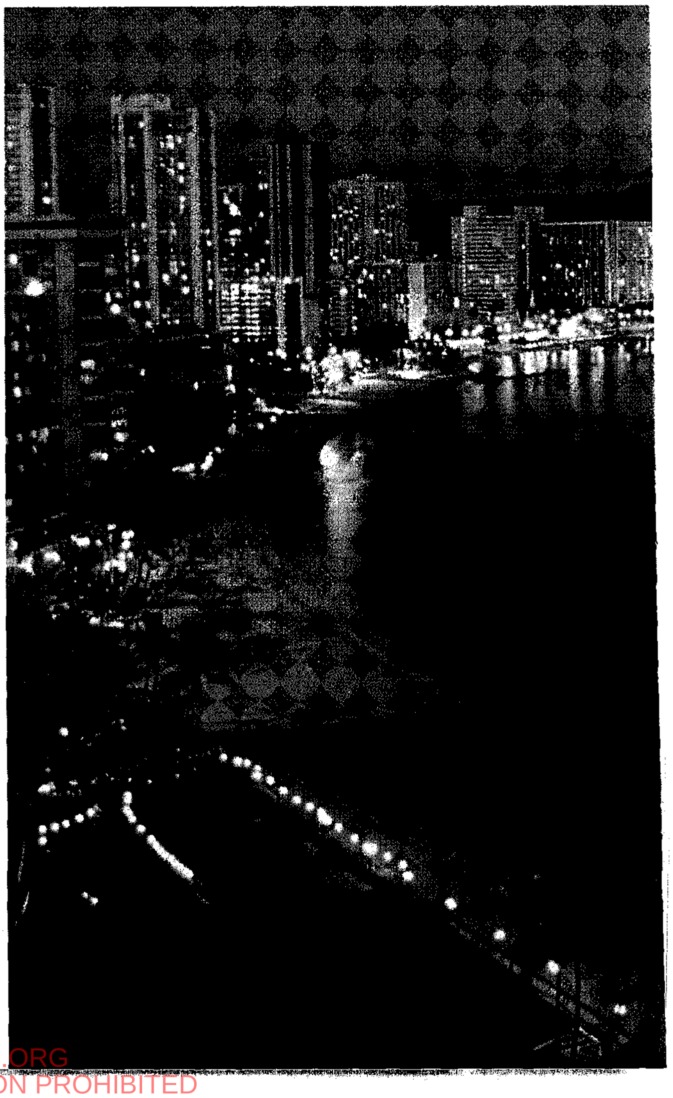
THE BEAUTY OF WAIKIKI (CENTER RIGHT) WAS DISCOVERED AND DISPLAYED BY HOLLYWOOD IN THE THIRTIES. AS WERE ITS CELEBRATED HULA GIRLS (ABOVE). THE HAWAIIAN DANCERS WERE PICTURED AS FAR BACK AS 1858 (ABOVE RIGHT).



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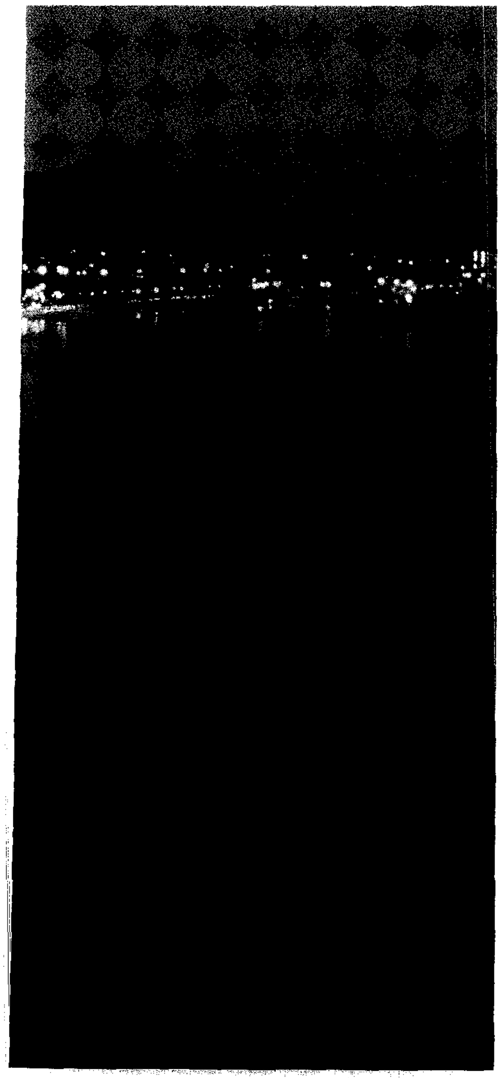
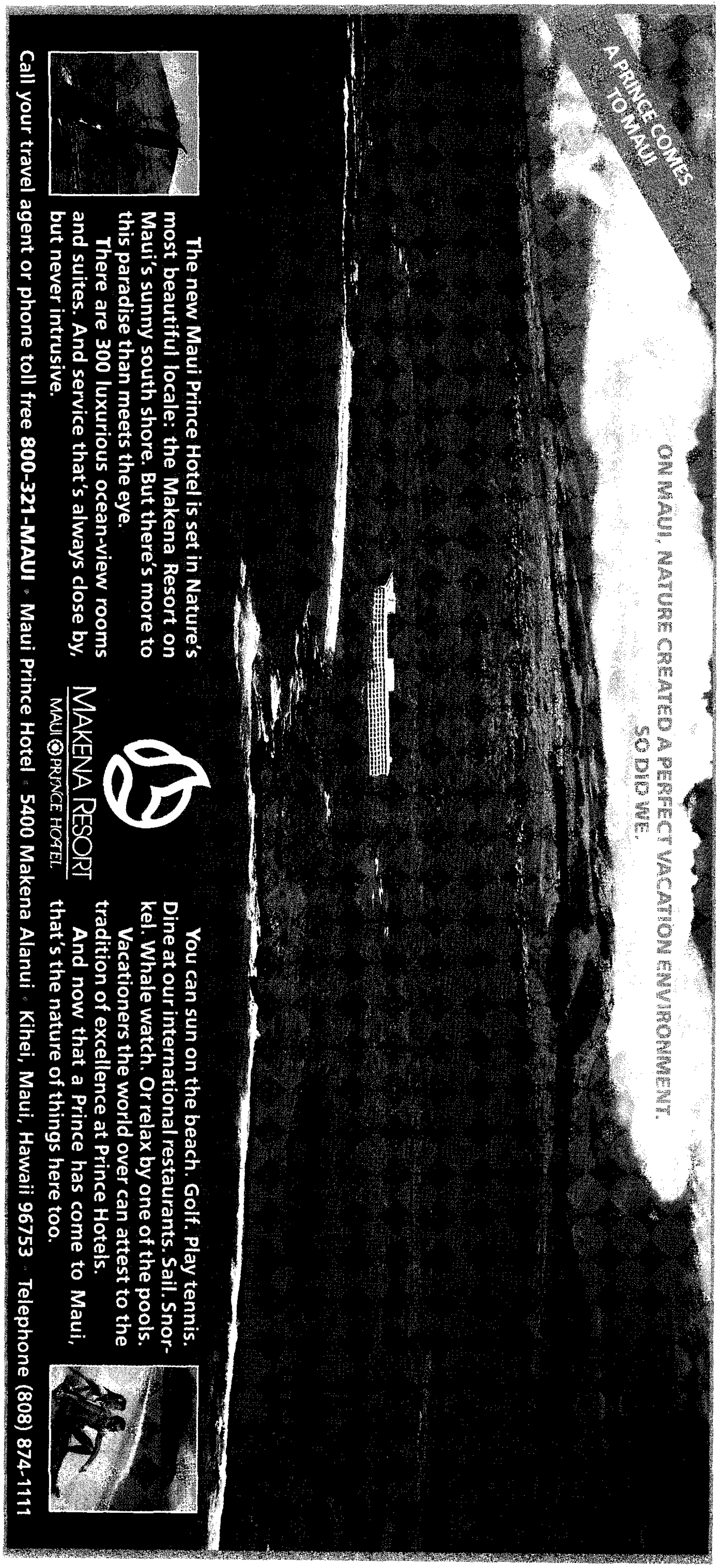
Bishop Museum

their fortunate situation, the first company of seventeen American Calvinist missionaries sailed into this ecclesiastical vacuum on March 30, 1820.

The missionaries began teaching at several locations in the Sandwich Islands, including Kailua-Kona and Hilo on the Big Island, Lahaina on Maui, Honolulu on Oahu, and Hanalei on Kauai. The churches and houses they





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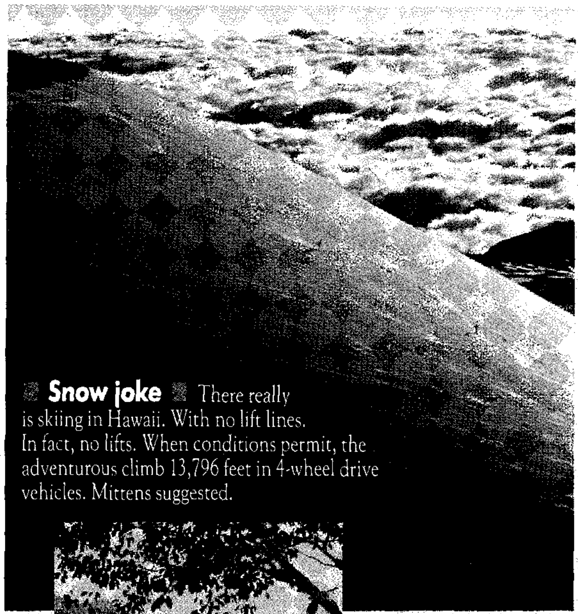

Snow joke There really is skiing in Hawaii. With no lift lines. In fact, no lifts. When conditions permit, the adventurous climb 13,796 feet in 4-wheel drive vehicles. Mittens suggested.

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Ever tasted pineapple wine? How about Maui potato chips? Kauai cookies? Molokai bread? Just a few of the unique foods you'll be craving long after you return home. Better bring some macadamia nuts back with you. Just for the . . . uh . . . neighbors.

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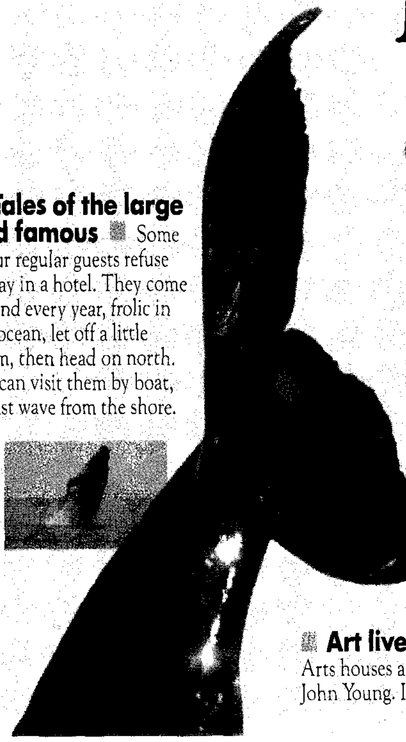
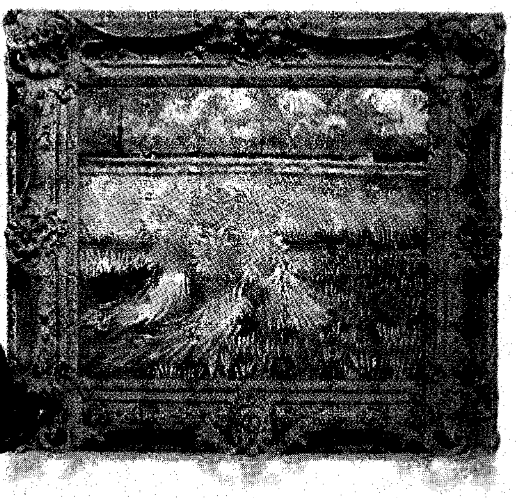
(PART ONE)

Next stop, Hollywood Zi a zodiac boat to Kauai's Na Pali Coast, and settings straight from the silver screen. *Sout Pacific, Thornbirds, Blue Hawaii*... some of movies' finer moments. Some of nature's, tc



Tales of the large and famous Some of our regular guests refuse to stay in a hotel. They come around every year, frolic in our ocean, let off a little steam, then head on north. You can visit them by boat, or just wave from the shore.



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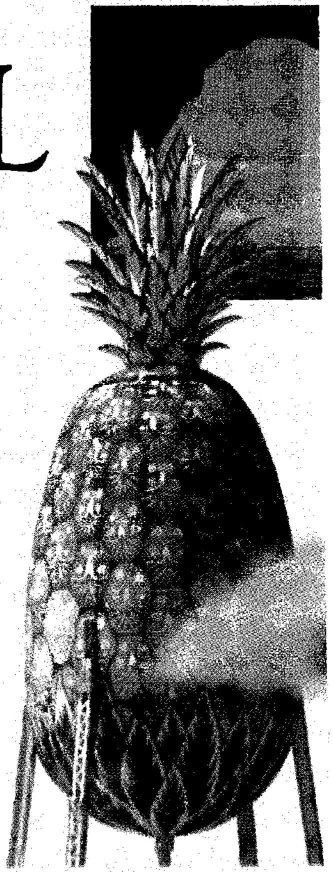

Pineapples are very big in Hawaii On Oahu, an unusual tower pays tribute to the islands' most famous fruit Rumor has it it's filled with pineapple juice.

King Kalakaua slept here Only a few decades ago, royalty presided over the islands. Iolani Palace on Oahu still vibrates with the history and grandeur. Take the tour, and you'll hear names like Kamehameha, Kalanianaole, and Liliuokalani. You might even learn how to pronounce them.

Haven't I seen you mewhere before? rd to believe, but there it is. Waimea nyon on Kauai is 6 miles long, 3,000 feet ep, and at least 7 colors wide. It could pass a cousin of the one in Arizona. Ours is cuter.

And now, for a 360° backflip Windsurfing, you'd expect. But not quite like this. Upside-down, backwards, inside-out, sideways. It's just not human. Here again, you may prefer to watch.

Hand me that lava wedge Greens against black. The startling sight of a perfectly groomed golf course on a backdrop of volcanic blacktop. The Big Island's Kohala Coast has one after another. Try not to hit the blue.

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Hawaii Visitors Bureau

LAHAINA (TOP), FORMERLY A FAVORITE WHALING PORT, ON MAUI. RAINBOW FALLS (ABOVE), IN HILO'S WAILUKU RIVER PARK. OAHU'S TEMPTING KAHALA BEACH (TOP RIGHT). OUTRIGGER CANOES, OFF THE BEACH AT WAIKIKI (BELOW) AND IN THE LATE 18TH CENTURY (CENTER RIGHT).

built are still among the most revered structures in the islands.

After members of the *ali'i* were converted to Christianity, most Hawaiians quickly embraced the new religion, the diatonic musical scale, and — in later years — even the language of the missionaries. (Today's popular *muumuu* is an outgrowth of the "Mother Hubbard" dress whipped up by the missionary wives to clothe the Hawaiian women.) Kamehameha II and his wife died of measles while visiting London in 1824 (Hawaiians had no immunity to this common disease), and it fell to the king's younger brother, Kamehameha III, to lead Hawaii into the modern world. His reign lasted 30 years, always under the watchful eyes and strong influence of the missionaries.

During this period, the capital was Lahaina, Maui, a favorite port for whaling ships. Sailors declared there was "no God west of the Horn" and came ashore intent on relaxation and recreational activities involving women and alcohol. Their sometimes riotous conflicts with the missionaries, in competition for islanders' affections, created continuous chaos in Lahaina until the whaling industry began to die out in the 1860s. Complete with its old jail, Lahaina remains a rustic reminder of these turbulent years. The whales cavort unmolested off Lahaina between November and May, an offshore spectacle reminiscent of the ramshackle old town's past.

American influence went beyond religion toward the

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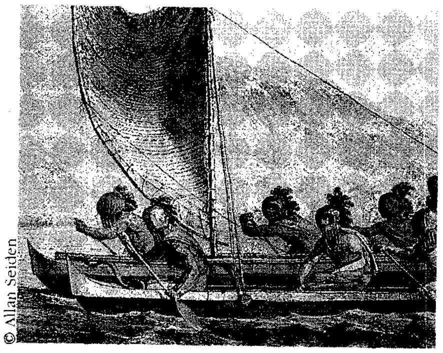
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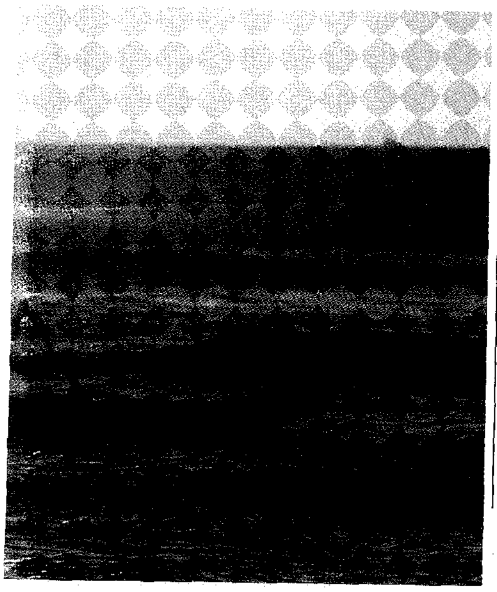
end of the century. When the king and the capital moved to Honolulu, political pressures were felt by the royal families, much of it due to the sons of missionaries who were proving as successful in commerce as their parents were in conversions. Resentment developed among some Hawaiians against the religious families who "came to do good and stayed to do very well." Hawaiian royalty began to look toward England (which also had royalty) for cultural and religious inspiration.

The last king of Hawaii, David



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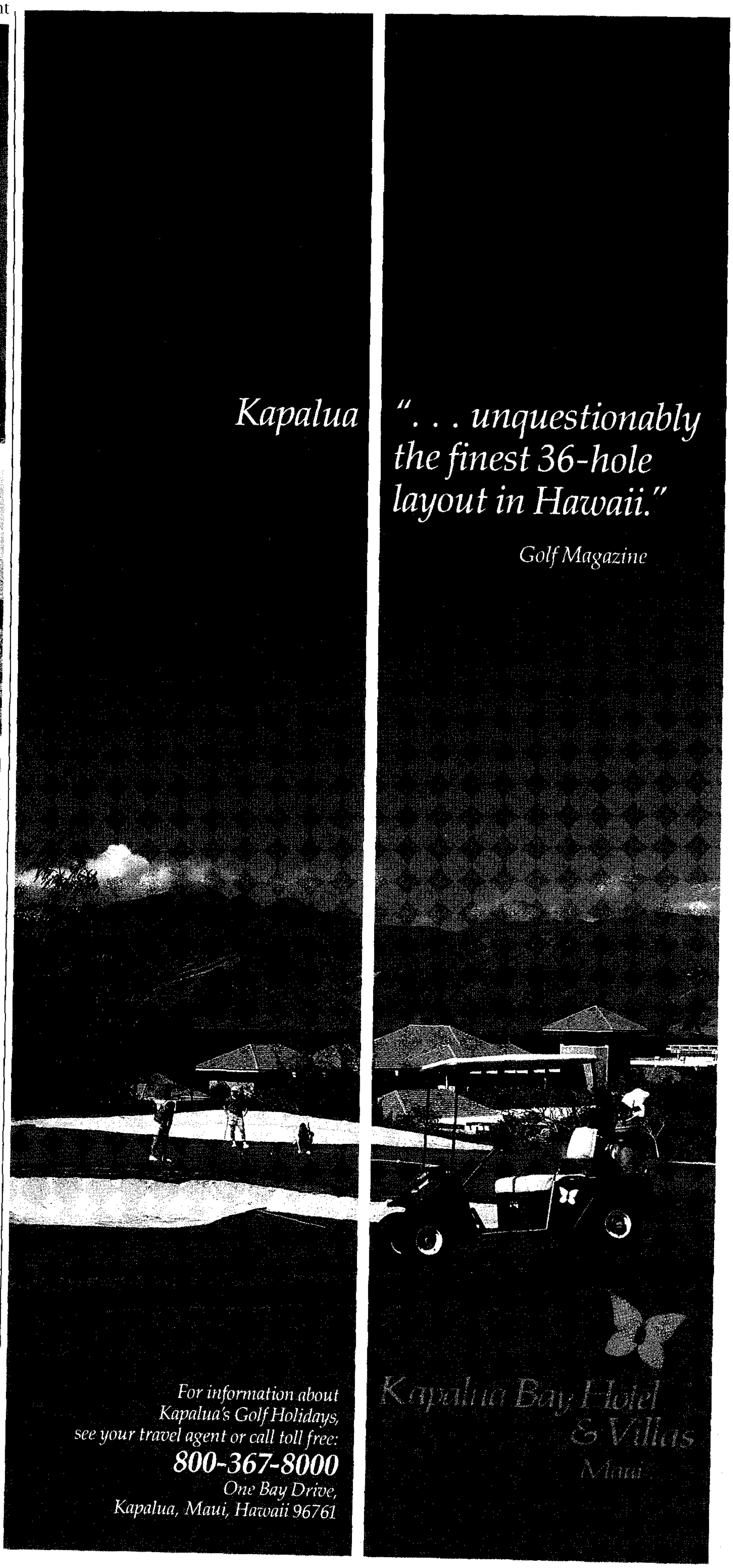

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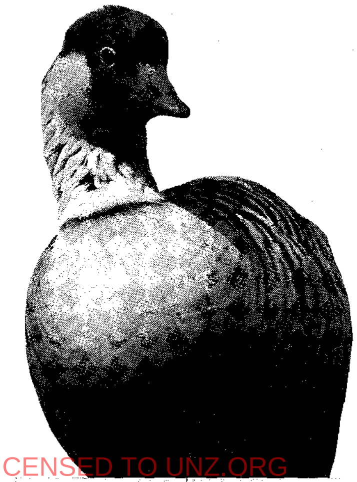
Kalakaua, built the present Iolani Palace in Honolulu in 1882. Kalakaua dedicated himself to bringing back Hawaiian cultural aspects, like the *hula*, which had been almost shamed out of existence by the missionaries. On his death, he was succeeded by his sister, Queen Liliuokalani. When Americans led a successful revolt in 1893, creating the Republic of Hawaii, the queen was held prisoner in a single room at the palace. It was there she composed music and wrote words for the haunting song, "Aloha Oe," the most well-known piece of music ever to come from the islands. Iolani Palace has been recently restored to its Monarchy Period, and is one of the most popular sights for travellers and local visitors.

THE NENE GOOSE, HAWAII'S OFFICIAL STATE BIRD (BELOW). PETROGLYPHS (ABOVE) FROM PRE-LITERATE CIVILIZATIONS. WOODCARVINGS (RIGHT) AND FOLK ARTS AND CRAFTS, ON VIEW IN HONOLULU'S BISHOP MUSEUM.

Under its new government as a republic, Hawaii requested annexation by the United States. President Grover Cleveland turned the offer down, convinced that it was not exactly what the Hawaiians had in mind. Later, in 1898, the expansion-minded William McKinley accepted the offer and began building



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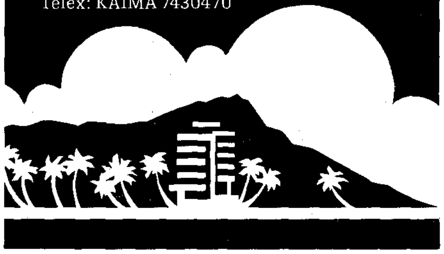

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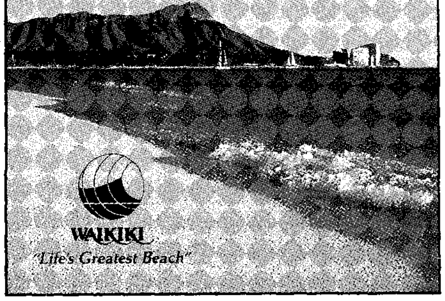

up the important naval base of Pearl Harbor. With a governor appointed, Hawaii became an official U.S. Territory, a status under which it remained for 61 years.

With labor imported from Japan and elsewhere, sugar and pineapple became the main industries in Hawaii. Even today, large plantations can still be seen on the main islands. But as an American territory, Hawaii also began attracting American tourists—at least those who could afford the time and expense of an ocean voyage from the West Coast in the first half of this century.

When I was a child, my nanny would read me stories like Treasure Island and Swiss Family Robinson. And I fell in love with the idea of shipwrecks and pirates and deserted islands in the sun.

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With my scarf as a blanket, we doze in the sun, recite what bits of poetry we can still snatch from our memories. And when we leave our deserted isle, we arrive at the hotel in time for some of the western world's most civilized dining and dancing.

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Kahala Hilton

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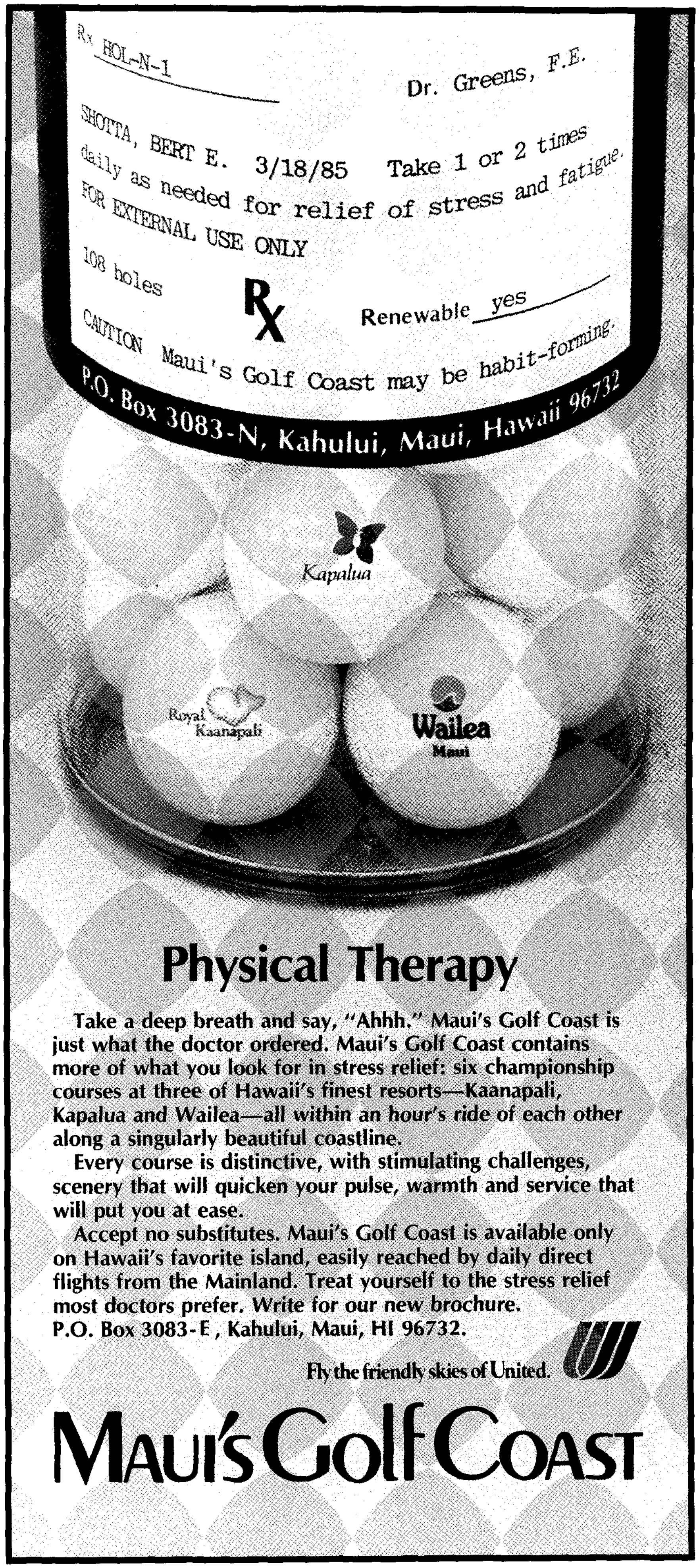
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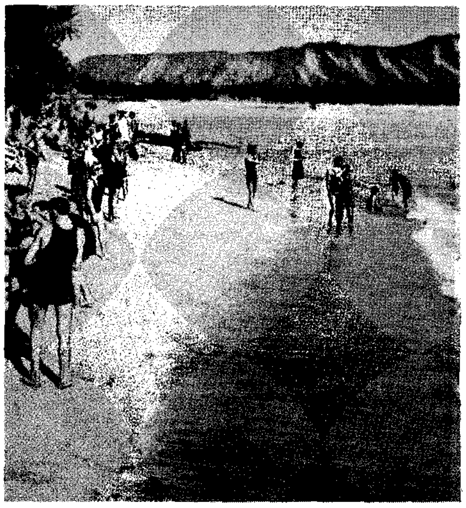

Most decided they wanted to stay in Oahu, at Waikiki, a sandy area three miles out of town which had long been a favorite retreat for royalty and the wealthy of Honolulu. There they found willing teachers of the ancient Hawaiian art of surfboard riding under ideal winter wave conditions. Hollywood also discovered Honolulu and Waikiki, as well as their hulas, Hawaiian guitars, and ukuleles. After Bing Crosby sang "Sweet Leilani," the Oscar-winning song from the 1937 movie *Waikiki Wedding*, the territory's future in tourism was assured.

Two Waikiki hotels remain substantially intact from this period—the Moana, which was built in 1901, and the pink-walled Royal Hawaiian, which opened in 1927. Both feature wide corridors with plenty of room for large steamer trunks to be carted to and from the high-ceilinged accommodations. Over in Lahaina, the present Pioneer Inn opened its doors in 1901, catering to a different breed of traveller. Listed

among the original house rules (still posted at the Inn): "If you wet or burn your bed, you going out!"

Hawaii was still not part of the consciousness of many Americans until December 7, 1941, when the attack on the U.S. Naval Base at Pearl Harbor suddenly propelled the United States into World War II. (Today the floating memorial above the rusty body of the sunken U.S.S. *Arizona*, the state's most popular tourist attraction, reminds visitors of that attack.) Several military installations were attacked in Oahu, and thousands of service men and civilians were killed.

On Waikiki Beach barbed wire sprouted, and the tourists were replaced by a million or more service personnel who passed through the islands. Hawaii

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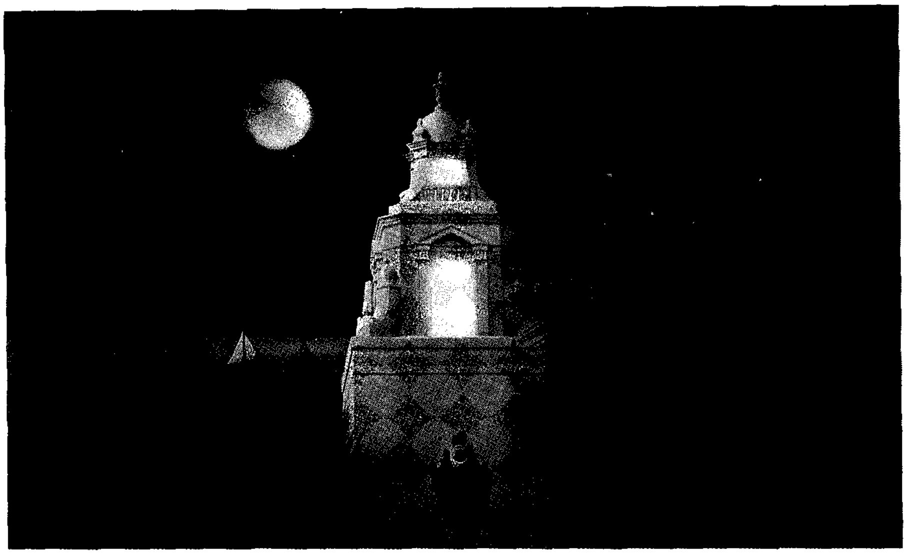
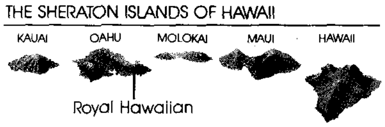
FOR DECADES NOW, VISITORS HAVE BEEN WELCOMED TO HAWAII BY WAIKIKI'S FAMOUS BEACHES (ABOVE LEFT), FABLED SURFING (BELOW), AND COLORFUL, HANDCRAFTED LEIS (ABOVE).





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Robert Bone is the author of *The Maverick Guide to Hawaii* and is currently the travel columnist for *Honolulu* Magazine. He has also written for Fielding Publications, Inc., and Time-Life Books.

served as the major supply and training base for the Pacific Theater until V-J Day in 1945. The military influence continued after the war, and today Oahu serves as the headquarters for all U.S. armed forces in the Pacific.

Also during the war, American citizens of Japanese ancestry from Hawaii were at first rejected for military service. Later they served with distinction in Europe as members of the 442nd Regimental Combat Team, one of America's most highly decorated units. Visitors learn something of wartime Hawaii by visiting the Army Museum, installed in a former coastal artillery battery in Fort DeRussy at Waikiki. Many who served their country since 1941 are buried in the National Memorial Cemetery of the Pacific in Punchbowl Crater, an old volcano that overlooks downtown Honolulu. Correspondent Ernie Pyle is there; so is Ellison Onizuka, Hawaii's Challenger astronaut.

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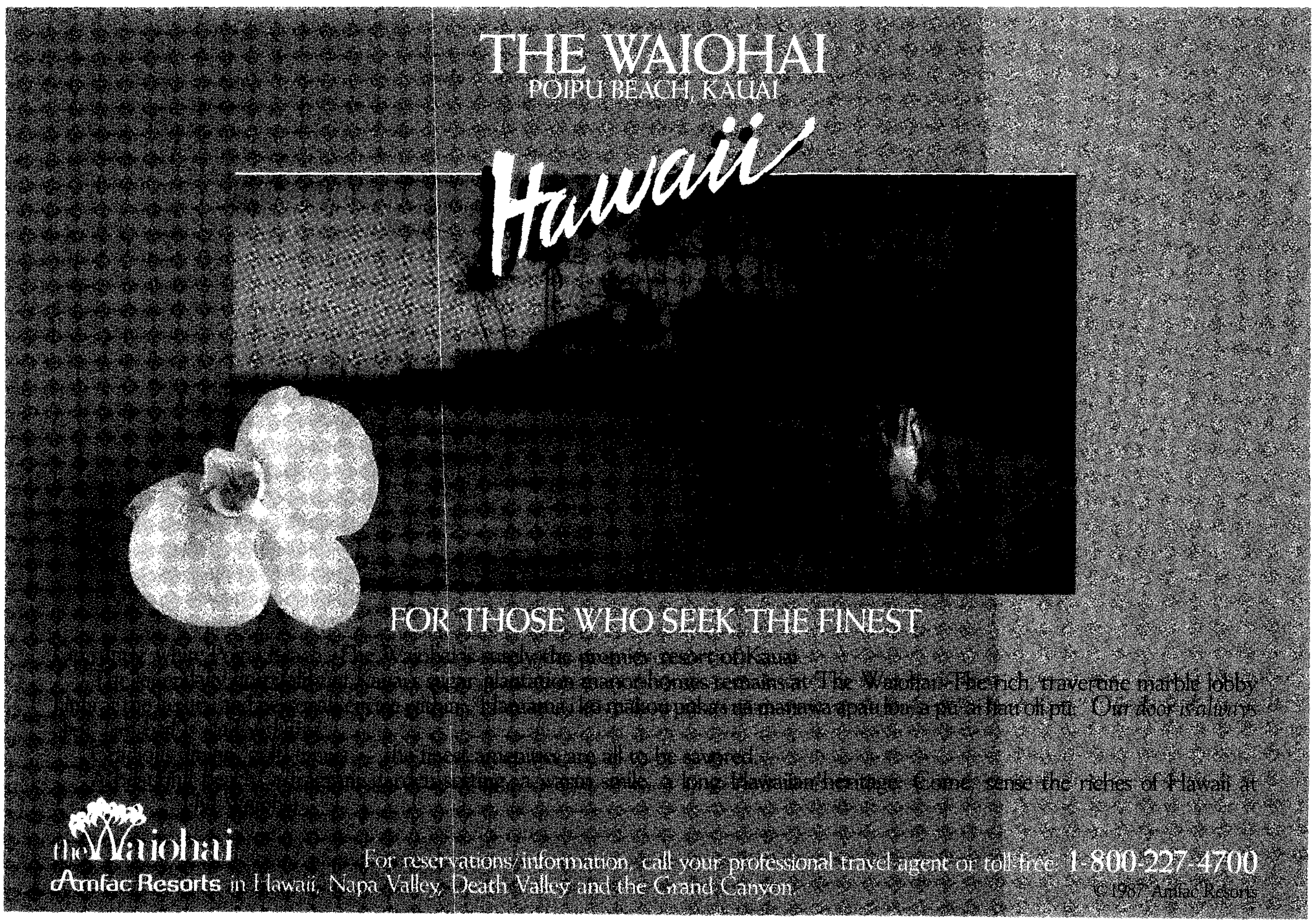
Statehood and the jet plane both arrived in Hawaii in 1959, and over the past quarter century, the islands have changed markedly. Molokai, "The Friendly Island," has taken its time in entering the 20th century. The island now has three hotels, and the outside world is discovering the rustic charm of this tiny community. Among the more well-known attractions are the village of Kawela (which means "heat of the battle,") and the 13th-century, 268-foot-long, Iliiliopae Heiau, one of the most magnificent temples on Hawaii.

Hawaii now welcomes about six million visitors a year, making tourism its major industry and a proud profession (The University of Hawaii's popular Travel Industry Management Program prepares many for their jobs). Waikiki is still the center of the fun, but travellers are increasingly branching out from Oahu to explore the Neighbor Islands, each of which has made its own contribution to the development of the state.

GEORGE CARTER'S 1783 PAINTING, "DEATH OF COOK" (FAR LEFT), A BEAUTIFULLY-DETAILED UKELELE (LEFT) BY ARTIST DAVID MAHELONA, AND A SIGN OF HAWAII'S PROSPERITY AND HOSPITALITY: THE PINEAPPLE (ABOVE).



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energy for more than a year. "I've been going at half-speed since I've been in New York," he told her. "I haven't been able to give my best shot . . . at meetings, preaching, celebrating Masses, public appearances. I've been dragged down with this infection. . . . I haven't felt vigorous in more than a year, and I'm not accustomed to that."

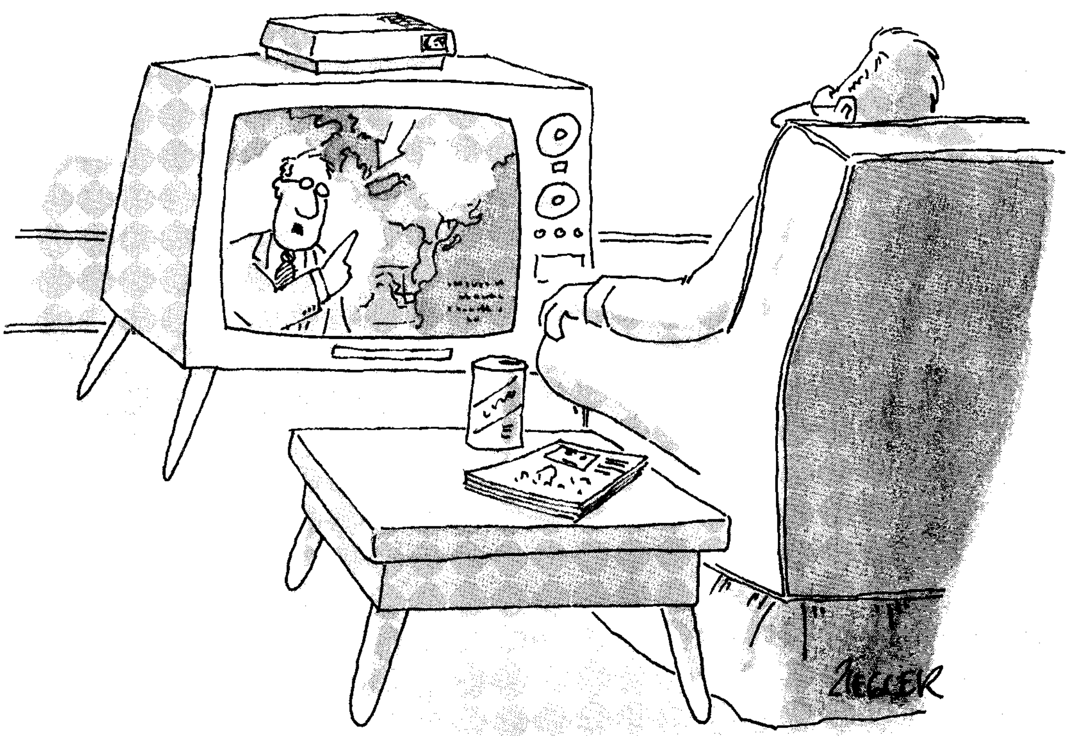
This information, Anne Buckley commented, was rather astonishing "from one who during those fourteen months has travelled the length and breadth of his ten-county archdiocese and visited three continents . . . become a familiar face on TV and a frequent voice in Washington . . . and survived what he called 'an eggbeater' of controversy, all the while positioning a careful plan for the administration of the Church of New York that has involved a round of listening sessions with priests, deacons, and religious." On returning to New York, O'Connor spoke of how reinvigorated he felt, but the difference in force and stamina before and after his elevation to the College of Cardinals has not been easily discernible.

In October, 1985, the Cardinal made Catholic Church history in New York by appointing Dolores Bernadette Grier, of Harlem, to be one of four vice-chancellors in the archdiocese. Her specific responsibility is community relations. (Of the others, one supervises priests and the other two are engaged in administrative work.) Ms. Grier, a convert, who had been involved in various community services in the archdiocese for thirty-five years, became the first member of the laity, the first woman, and the first black to serve as a vice-chancellor. The Cardinal made it clear that her work would not be limited to black members of the Church but would encompass all the parishes in the archdiocese.

At lunch one day in the Cardinal's residence, I mentioned Ms. Grier's appointment to Monsignor Patrick J. Sheridan, vicar for religious of the archdiocese. The Monsignor, whose hair is white, and who has the look and speech of the headmaster of an exclusive private school, said, "You realize that in the nineteen-thirties and nineteen-forties such a thing was unheard of. A woman chancellor! A member of the laity as chancellor! But in New York, as throughout the country, lay people have been very actively participating in Church affairs for the past twenty years or so. They've become an important part of the pastoral ministry. They're on the staffs of parishes—and I mean not just in schools. And there's more to come. There's much more to come."

The involvement of greater numbers of lay Catholics in parish and diocesan affairs is one of many results of the Second Vatican Council, which was called by Pope John XXIII and lasted from October, 1962, to December, 1965. The Pope, who died before the Council had completed its work, had long believed, he once said, that "the past will never return" and "new situations require new dispositions." Elected Pope in 1958, at the age of seventy-six, John XXIII took only three months to announce his intention of convoking the twenty-first ecumenical (universal) council in the history of the Church. He wanted to renew the Church. It should no longer be a fortress protecting the faithful from the world but must move into the world and serve the world by working for peace and social justice. "I have to open the windows," he said, "so that the Church can speak to the world in a language it can understand."

THE opening of the windows changed life inside the Church as well as the Church's relationship with the world. The documents, and the spirit, of Vatican II made it possible for lay Catholics to become more deeply involved with their Church. The priest no longer celebrated Mass with his back to the congregation (as he had done in order to face the altar), and he no longer spoke in Latin but instead said Mass in the language of the worshippers. Furthermore, Vatican II proclaimed that the Church is the whole people of God, and therefore everyone in it has a vocation to serve. In the phrase of the Church historian Thomas Bokenkotter, there is a "common priesthood of the faithful." Not every one of the faithful can celebrate Mass; only an ordained priest can. But those of the faithful who wish to participate in Church affairs can and do get involved in much more of the decision-making than could ever have been imagined in previous centuries. They manage the finances of parishes, plan liturgies, work in administrative positions, read the scriptures in church, and otherwise make their presence actively known. Traditionally, the lay Catholic had



"Rain in the Northeast, clear skies to the south, while large portions of the Midwest continue to be blanketed by Shirley MacLaine's aura."

been expected—and had agreed—to "pray, pay, and obey." That phase of the past will not return.

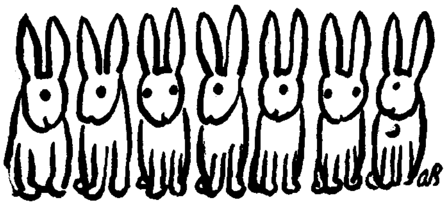
If bishops and cardinals were to keep up with the new openness of the Church, they, too, had to change. They could no longer reign over their territories with an authority that was absolute, save only for their accountability to the Pope. Father Theodore Hesburgh, the president of Notre Dame, in an interview in Eugene Kennedy's book "Re-Imagining American Catholicism," recalls conditions a generation ago in the United States: "The bishop of a diocese was usually seen as a remote hierarch wearing a gold miter and a lace surplice and holding a crosier in his hand, and he was seen on rare, formal occasions and mostly at a distance. Bishops of a previous age lived in big houses they called palaces, after the old Roman style, and they tended to dominate the idea of the Church, indeed, to *be* the Church. The Catholic papers would be filled with their pictures, and it seemed that whatever was done in the Church was done by them. . . . Then something happened that changed the whole character of the American Church. From a Church almost solely identified with the hierarchy, it became understood theologically as a People of God, and the bishops transformed themselves from authoritarian patriarchs into servants of the servants of God. They are seen now as part of the Church, but not the whole of it."

The bishops do, however, still see themselves as the principal teachers in their dioceses. Sunday mornings at St. Patrick's Cathedral, John J. O'Connor preaches a forceful homily. Hardly ever looking at what few notes are before him, he improvises with a sure sense of dynamics, rhythm, and texture. He usually begins conversationally and then, as he becomes seized by the urgency of his message, his strong, clear voice edges up in volume and in speed until he is secure in the attention of his audience; thereafter, he slows down, speaking very deliberately, as a prelude to the rhapsodic climax of the day's message—an ending somewhat like Coleman Hawkins' at the close of "Body and Soul."

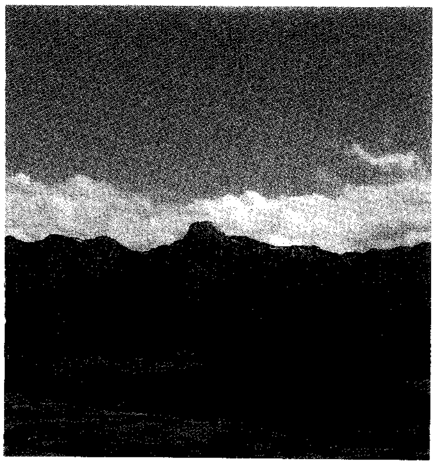
One winter Sunday morning, I watched Cardinal O'Connor, in his red hat and wearing a green chasuble, as he sat on his throne in the cathedral. On the back of the chair was the coat of arms of the Cardinal Archbishop O'Connor of New York. On the left of the heraldic shield is the red cross of St. Patrick on a white background, symbolizing the Archdiocese of New York. Four small crosses, representing the Catholic faith, surround the large red cross. A secular note is the presence, within the red cross, of four white windmill sails, a remembrance of the Dutch who settled New York. On the right side of the shield is Cardinal O'Connor's personal emblem, which is composed of a blue background representing the sea, long traversed by the former rear admiral; the first two letters of the Greek word *Christos* ("Messiah"); and a five-pointed silver star representing both the Star of the Sea (the Blessed Mother) and the Star of Bethlehem, which is on the coat of arms of O'Connor's home archdiocese, Philadelphia. At the bottom of the shield is the Cardinal's motto: "THERE CAN BE NO LOVE WITHOUT JUSTICE."

When the time comes, the Cardinal leaves the throne, crosses over to the stone pulpit, and bounds up its stairs. It is World Marriage Day, and though he speaks of the constancy that is at the heart of a true marriage, he devotes most of his homily to bringing the Church into the world, in the spirit of the Second Vatican Council:

> It borders on the incredible that we have so many people literally living in the streets. They can't be dismissed as crazy. They shouldn't be dismissed as crazy. They can't and shouldn't be dismissed as bums. There are families on the streets, there are children on the streets. There are many homeless packed into conditions in which to maintain dignity, to maintain a sense of one's own worth and sacredness, borders on the impossible. We need but go look into city-rented hotels or in the armory to see if we would like to live like that or whether we would like to walk the freezing streets at night.
>
> It is a crime. It is literally a moral crime. It is a sin. So we have to ask ourselves what we do about it as a church, what we do about it as a community, what we do about it when our own families are relatively intact, when we ourselves live in reasonable security. This past year, the archdiocese of New York put a million dollars into a revolving loan effort to make it possible for people to get mortgages for the building of housing. I am very seriously praying over and considering putting another three million dollars into such a loan. But this is a drop in the bucket. Nothing serious will be done until we truly, passionately believe in the worth, the dignity, the sacredness of every person. . . . These are public-policy issues but they go far beyond the political. They go into the depths of the theological. As a church we have no choice but to concern ourselves with these matters. . . .
>
> Read the latest book by Senator Moynihan, "Family and Nation." We are told that one-quarter of the children in our country—one-fourth of the children in our country—are living in poverty, absolute poverty. We are told that more than half of the babies that will be born over the next ten years, if the trend continues, will be born of unmarried teenagers. . . . We must concern ourselves—whether we are accused of imposing our wills on the rest of society or not—with pending legislation. We must ask ourselves what kind of society we want to have, what kind of society human beings deserve. . . . We must involve ourselves in the fashioning of such a society.
>
> I have seen a poll that says that more than seventy per cent of the Catholics in this archdiocese do not want the Church involving itself in pending laws. . . . What is the Church supposed to involve itself in? There are some who do not want the Church involved in the moral issues of war. There are some who don't want the Church involved in abortion, in housing, in hunger. Then I must ask: What is the Church? What is the Church of Christ? What do we mean by the human family? Is the Church simply a voice that tells you very, very legitimately how grateful it is for your sacrifices in maintaining your marriages and your families? Is the Church simply an institution that offers a Mass every Sunday?



The Cardinal paused. Then, leaning forward, he said, "You are the Church. You are the Church. Those who say that they don't want the Church involved in issues of public policy are saying they don't want *you* involved. I am not the Church or the archdiocese of New York. I am its formal official teacher. You are the Church—and thousands and hundreds of thousands like you. I want you involved. I believe that Christ wants you involved. I want you particularly involved, because you have done such a marvellous job in trying to create your own families, at whatever sacrifice. You have demonstrated so much courage. You have launched into the deep. As Jesus told Simon, 'Put out into deep water and lower your nets for a catch.' " The Cardinal began to quicken his rhythm. "You have looked more profoundly into the meaning of marriage. You have not treated it trivially, superficially, frivolously, concerned only about yourselves. So I want *you* involved. *You* have been given the grace, the tremendous grace, to recognize the importance—the crucial, the critical importance—of your family. I plead with you." He was speaking more slowly. "I plead with



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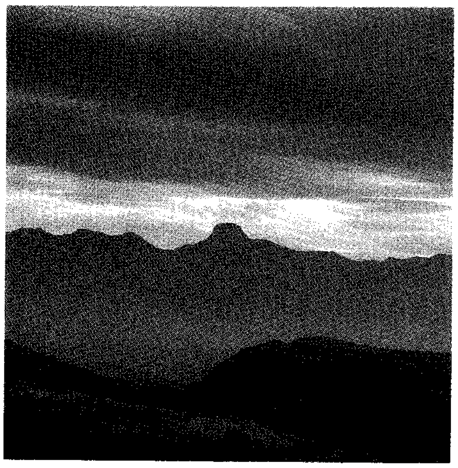

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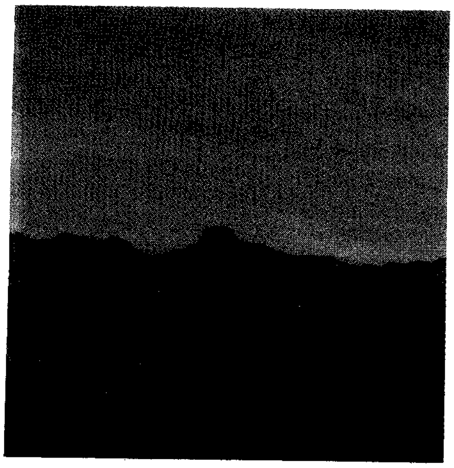

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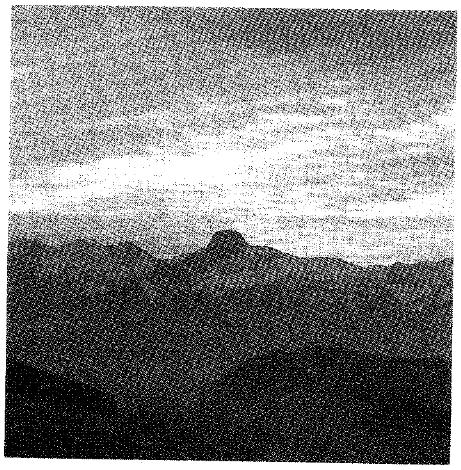

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you to recognize the importance of the entire human family, and to bring to the human family here in the archdiocese of New York those gifts, those charisms, that tremendous goodness that has brought you here today."

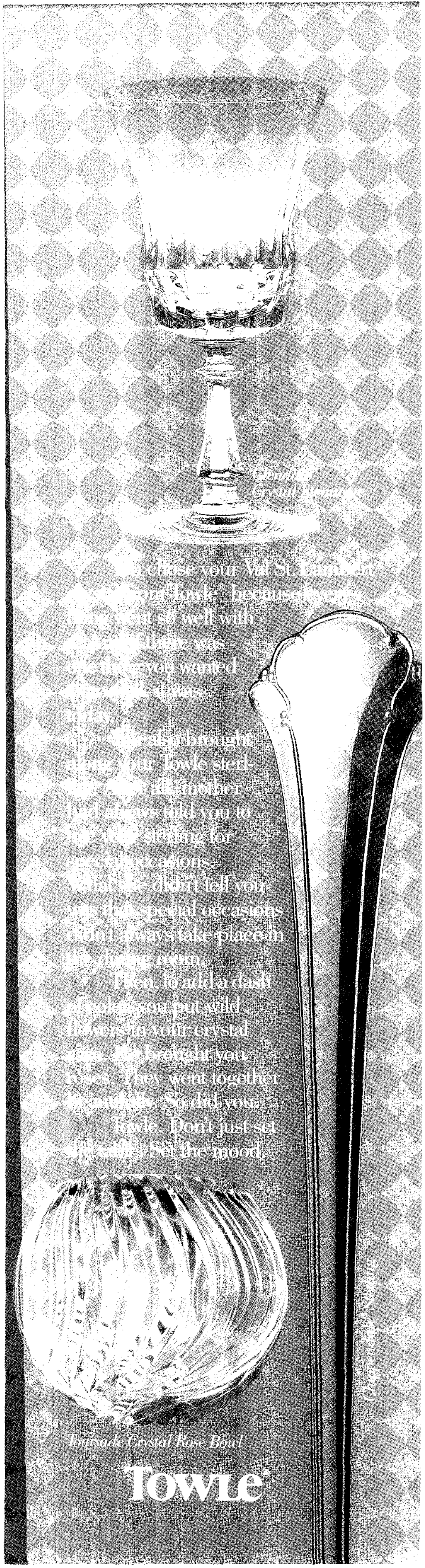
As the Cardinal tries to bring the Archdiocese of New York into the world, he is, by mission and temperament, far from the remote, autocratic American cardinals of generations past. He is as familiar to most New Yorkers as the anchors on the television news programs they watch. Not only does he himself appear on the news but his Sunday-morning homilies are rebroadcast Sunday evenings on radio station WMCA.

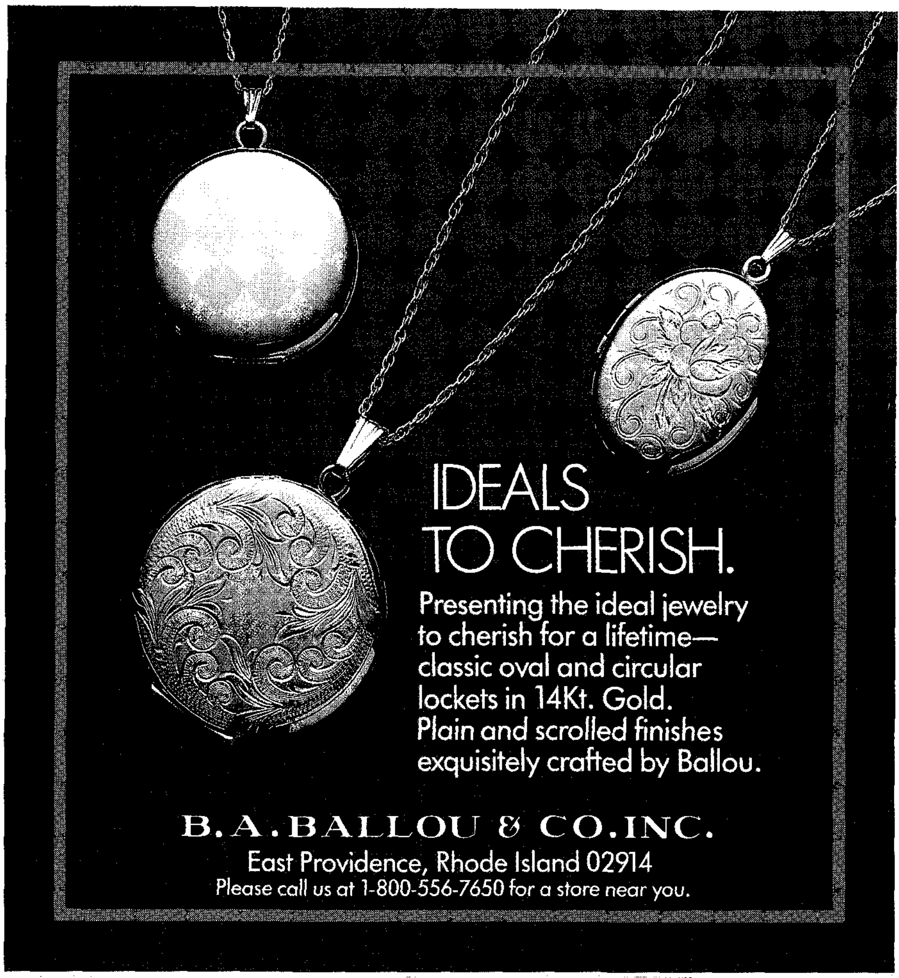
The Cardinal is habitually informal, whether he is answering questions on the street from passersby or at his dinner table at the residence. His sense—it could be called a driven sense—of the Church in service to the entire community leads him to lobby for more and better low-income housing throughout the city, and that interest brings him to neighborhoods not accustomed to seeing a prince of the Church. Because he is a vivid presence in New York, some of whose residents may wish he had remained on the high seas, many people write to him—as many as five hundred on some days. The letters that can be taken care of by Catholic Charities or by other offices of the archdiocese do not reach him, but all the personal letters do, and he is obsessive about trying to answer each of them eventually. The letter he cherishes most came "from a young woman who had simply heard me say something on television about the right to life of the unborn baby. She wrote to tell me she had literally been on her way to an abortion. And simply because of hearing what I said on television she had decided to let her baby live."

While he is addressed as Boss by some of those who work for him, there is no fear or servility in their relations with him. There is authority in his bearing and his way of speaking, but it is not coercive. This does not mean that he suffers silently when mistakes have been made. However, by contrast with some autocratic cardinals of the not so distant past—William O'Connell, of Boston, say, and John Patrick Cody, of Chicago, and James Francis McIntyre, of Los Angeles—O'Connor does not give the sense at any time of being larger than life. He is called Your Eminence, but even in his robes on his throne in St. Patrick's Cathedral he has no mystery about him, nor does he try to cultivate any.

On the third floor of the residence are his quarters. A small refrigerator contains milk and fruit, and there is usually Raisin Bran in a cupboard. The bedroom is largely taken up by a full-sized bed, over the head of which is a cheerful, boldly colored painting of Christ on a donkey entering Jerusalem. On a dresser is a pile of red skullcaps. The Cardinal, having watched the news on television, is usually ready for bed around eleven-thirty, but, being an insomniac, he usually doesn't stay asleep long; he averages about four hours' sleep a night, in fragments. Accordingly, he reads much in the small hours. Interviewing him for a book on the changing American church, Professor Eugene Kennedy was rather taken by how well informed O'Connor proved to be about both standard and very recent books on theology and Church history. "Some of the books and monographs he talked about have not been published here yet," Kennedy said. "O'Connor had got them from Europe. He'd read a lot of things that I think many other bishops don't even know are in existence." The Cardinal's considerable library is in his study, off the bedroom. It is the most pleasant room in the residence, with stained-glass windows, a cathedral ceiling, and a long conference table, at which the Cardinal writes notes for speeches, answers mail, and does some of his administrative work. His quarters also include a sitting room and a private chapel, where his morning prayers begin, he says, "before the world wakes up." On the walls of his sitting room and two guest rooms are family photographs and snapshots of various Church figures, including that frequent bearer of surprising tidings Archbishop Pio Laghi.

O'Connor's days, when he is in the city, are spent mostly at the Catholic Center on First Avenue and Fifty-fifth Street. One afternoon there, I mentioned an incident concerning the late Cardinal Spellman. He had had little tolerance for dissent, often punishing priests who disagreed with him by transferring them to much less attractive positions than they had held. He had also had no use for labor unions, as he demonstrated in 1949, when he tried to break a strike by the archdiocesan gravediggers, members of United Cemetery Workers Local 293. They had been earning fifty-nine





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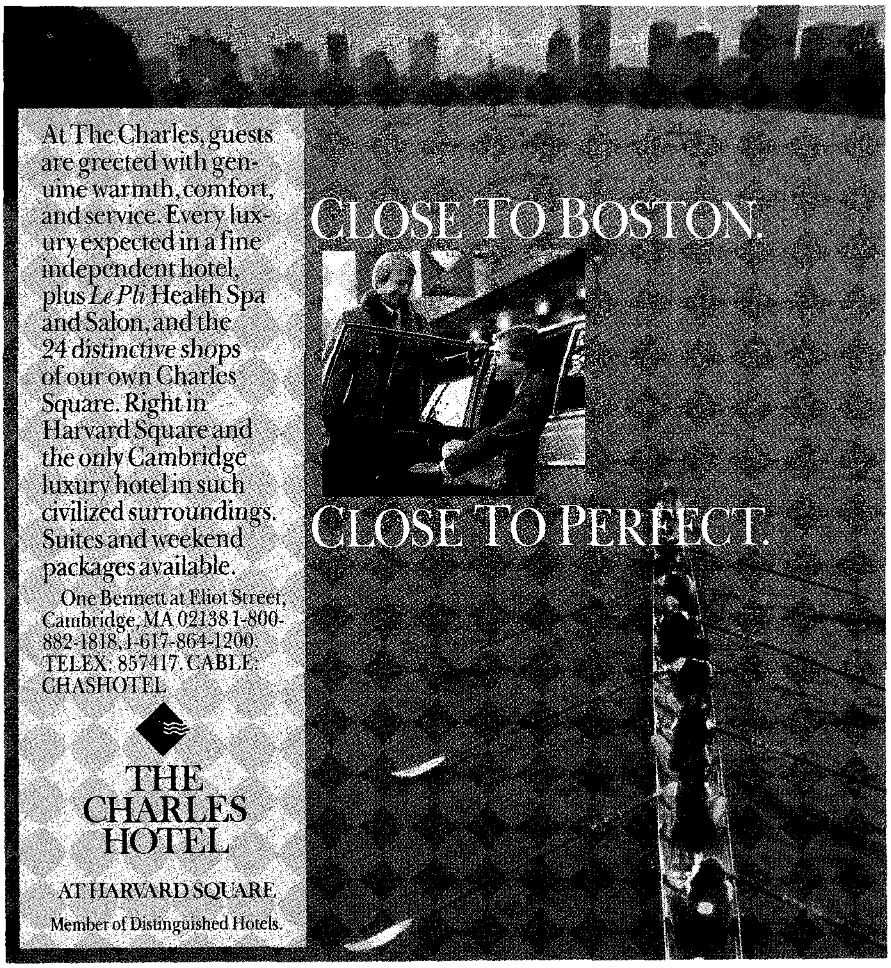

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dollars for a six-day, forty-eight-hour week. When the negotiator for the archdiocese gave them a first and final offer of one dollar more a week and no reduction in hours, the workers stopped digging graves and set up a picket line. Two months into the strike, Cardinal Spellman ordered a large contingent of students from St. Joseph's Seminary, at Dunwoodie, in Yonkers, to go to Calvary Cemetery, in Queens, and start digging graves. The Cardinal himself was the first to dig. Paul O'Dwyer, whose brother William was mayor at the time, remembers that day well. "It was in winter, and the frost was down about three and a half feet in the ground. The *News* had a picture of the Cardinal, who was a little man, with his little foot up on the spade. And Bill said to Mike Quill, the head of the Transport Workers Union, who was in the Mayor's office that day, 'What do you think of that picture, Mike?' Mike looked at the picture, he looked at the spade in the Cardinal's hand, he looked at the coffin, and he said to the Mayor, 'The poor bastard is not going to go down very far.' "

Cardinal Spellman eventually gave the gravediggers a modest raise, but he greatly weakened the union, whose members were Catholic, and who opened each of their meetings with the Workers Prayer of the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists, which began: "Lord Jesus, Carpenter of Nazareth, You were a worker as I am. . . ." In "The American Pope," a biography of Cardinal Spellman, which recounts the story of the gravediggers' strike, John Cooney quotes Monsignor Myles Burke, who taught at St. Joseph's Seminary when Spellman faced down the gravediggers. Burke said, "Very few seminarians wouldn't go because they were frightened about what would happen if they refused."

I asked the present Cardinal what he would have done if he had been a seminarian at St. Joseph's in 1949 and had been asked to pick up a shovel and help break the gravediggers' strike.

O'Connor thought for some time, and finally said, "I can imagine that I would not have been much of a hero. Because I was a seminarian, my entire life would have depended on the Cardinal. Remember, this was some thirty-five years ago. Much of my schooling would have been paid for by the archdiocese. And the seminary would have been very tightly structured. Also, I would probably have had a tremendous feeling of awe with regard to the Cardinal, and probably a great deal of fear. This does not imply that I think the Cardinal himself was a man to be feared, but I would have feared him as the Cardinal, as the Archbishop of New York. So I would probably have picked up a spade."

Cardinal O'Connor fingered the cross resting on his chest. "Now, as for the present, I can't imagine myself requiring that sort of thing from a seminarian. And, *a fortiori*, I would not do it myself. But, you know, a lot of years have passed and there have been a lot of new understandings in the Church, including a better understanding of the principles of justice."

He paused, frowned, and said, "I should have modified what I just told you about what I would have done as a seminarian back then. Picking up a spade would not have been mere cowardice or self-interest on my part. I just wouldn't have thought to go against the Cardinal. I wouldn't have thought to question the Cardinal. As a young seminarian, I would have taken it for granted that the Cardinal was right. If he said it's right to do something, it's right. But we are in a new age now. The impulse of the Second Vatican Council precipitated so many of the activities in which we in the Church are currently engaged. But you should realize that the whole world, not only the Church, has developed new insights. What was considered a just wage fifty years ago, for instance, would be appalling now. Catholics and their bishops are, after all, part of the society in which they live, and as society keeps developing new insights so do they."

In a recent book, "The American Catholic Experience," Jay P. Dolan, a professor of history at the University of Notre Dame, writes, "As Pope John XXIII said more than twenty years ago, a new day is dawning for Roman Catholicism. Today it is still early morning." I asked if the Cardinal agreed.

"Yes, I think we are still dawning in the world," he replied. "We could be looking at many innovations, some brand-new structures in the Church in the years ahead. But they will be evolutionary. I am passionately committed to the concept that just as a person at the age of forty is essentially the same person he was in the womb—despite all the developments that have taken place in him—so the Church today is essentially as it was nineteen hundred years ago. But at the same time we are maturing, growing, evolving. Consider, for example, that something like sixty per cent of all Catholics are now of the Third World. I was in Rome last week and got into conversations with cardinals from Korea, Nigeria, and Uganda. They told me that their seminaries are bursting at the seams." O'Connor smiled. "I believe we're going to see the day when Catholic missionaries from Africa and Asia will be coming to the United States to evangelize here."

The Cardinal believes that, as the Church keeps changing, more of its members will come to realize that they *are* the Church. "As it is now," he said, "when you think about it, how much real power do I have? In Spellman's time, they used to call the cardinal's residence The Powerhouse. Well, I had a long discussion about power with some of the sisters today. I showed them that whatever power I have is remarkably limited. Remarkably. I have some moral suasion, I hope. But I can't call out any troops. I can't even say to one of those nuns, 'You go there!' I can't reassign a nun, because she works for a religious institution over which I do not have control. I can tell one of our priests that I'm reassigning him, but if he refuses to leave, all I can do—and I wouldn't do it—is turn the matter over to the civil authority. Power is a very nebulous, ambiguous thing. There's an awful lot of absurdity in the concept. So if you're in this job the thing to do is try to be decent, try to believe in people, fight the battles you think have to be fought, and take your lumps."

As someone who has taken a lot of lumps, the Cardinal gives the impression of being unyielding—stubborn—in his positions. But Eugene Kennedy, who has studied American Catholic bishops, maintains that O'Connor is more flexible than he appears. "He changed a lot of his views on the war in Vietnam, and he has practically repudiated the book he wrote about it. And, for all his dissents while he was a member of the bishops' committee drafting the pastoral letter on war and peace, he came around and supported the majority opinion not only in the final vote but after. Of course, part of that came out of his experience in the Navy, and now in the bishops' conference, that once something is settled you act in harmony with the results."

On a number of issues, however, O'Connor has not changed his views. In January, 1986, he issued a pastoral letter to be read at all weekend Masses. The letter called attention to the thirteenth anniversary of the Supreme Court's decision in Roe v. Wade and described it as "a tragic event in our nation's history . . . a day of national infamy." He added, in a homily during Mass at St. Patrick's Cathedral, "During the time it takes to listen to the pastoral message that I'm reading right now, six innocent human beings have been killed in their mothers' womb." Knowing that there were reporters in the cathedral, the Cardinal went on to say, "In 1984, when I talked strongly on these issues, I was accused of doing so because the national election campaign was in progress. I said then, 'I'll be talking about this in 1985 and 1986 and until the day I die.' "

Nor has O'Connor changed his view that a bishop has the same right to speak about public issues as anyone else. And he is getting more annoyed by what he considers the unfairness of attacks on him for doing just that. He told *Catholic New York*, "I get increasingly distressed that when Catholics express their views as citizens, there is, in some sectors, a claim that we are attempting to impose our views on the rest of society. But when other communities demand legislation that may be in conflict with Church teaching, this seems at times to be considered appropriate. Catholics are not second-class citizens."

Since O'Connor's relentless opposition to the gay-rights bill in the City Council had caused the resentment against him in the homosexual community to grow considerably in the months after his exchange of letters with Karen Doherty in 1984, I called Ms. Doherty to find out if her view of the Cardinal had changed. A businesswoman, she had just come back from a trip out of the country. She was amiable and forthright. "No, I haven't changed my mind about the Cardinal," she said. "I strongly disagree with a number of his positions—obviously including his opposition to the bill in the City Council—but I respect him. I'll tell you something I didn't put in the letter that was printed. O'Connor's predecessor, Cardinal Cooke, would never meet with us. He preferred to ignore the whole issue. But one of his secretaries did meet with us, and he did not have the decency to shake our hands. But O'Connor, at the very beginning of our meeting, made a point of shaking everybody's hand."

She went on to say, "That letter of mine shocked a lot of my gay and lesbian friends, and some of the nuns and priests who support us. The tendency is to say, 'If you're with us you're good, but if you're not you're bad.' But I couldn't have said anything different from what I said in that letter. It would have been a lie. He is a very human person, and he has a lot of integrity. I got the impression that if he was alone in an opinion he'd go to the mat holding that opinion. That's why he's a tremendous adversary. And he has integrity in the way he relates to people. He didn't have to answer my letter. He could have ignored it, the way Cooke would have. It was a risk to write to me, to treat a woman who had identified herself as a lesbian the way you'd treat a human being. I'll always remember that when I first saw him coming into the room he looked grim. He'd never met with a group like ours before. I looked at him, and I cracked a smile. He smiled right back. I said to myself, 'Well, there's a little hope.' I think he has a shot at being the first American Pope, because he so strongly projects the image of leadership. There are bishops toward whom I feel more warmly, or who might feel more warmly toward me than he does, but I don't see any of them with that quality of leadership. He's like a warrior bishop."

THE Cardinal tends to see himself in less grand terms. Writing in *Catholic New York*, he noted that he becomes especially aware of the ephemeral stature of a prince of the Church when he visits nursing homes: "I find it a very powerful reminder to . . . see people who were once prestigious, powerful, healthy, and are now helpless, dependent on others to feed them and clean them. You see enough of that and it's hard to take yourself seriously and think of yourself as a figure of historical significance."

If he is remembered, O'Connor said to me, with a sigh, it will probably be more for his disagreements with the Mayor than for his Mass each morning. In the weekly paper of the archdiocese, he had said, "Every priest would like to be remembered as a priest and all that conveys, rather than as a public figure with all that conveys. I regularly go down to the crypt under St. Patrick's Cathedral, and I look at the tombs of my predecessors, Cardinal Cooke, Cardinal Spellman . . . they're all there. Right in the center is the next marble block with no inscription. That's reserved for me. And all that's important when I move into that crypt is that I have served New York as a good priest."

Early one Sunday afternoon, at the residence, the Cardinal was looking back at his years in the seminary preparing him to be a priest. "I didn't take to the seminary," he told me. "I cordially disliked my early years there. We lived in what was in its day one of the most disciplined and demanding seminaries in the United States. For the first five years, our living circumstances were—well, childish. We lived in dormitories, and the discipline was such that we had no time for ourselves. For the last four years, I lived in a room—a very simple, basic room, but at least a room."

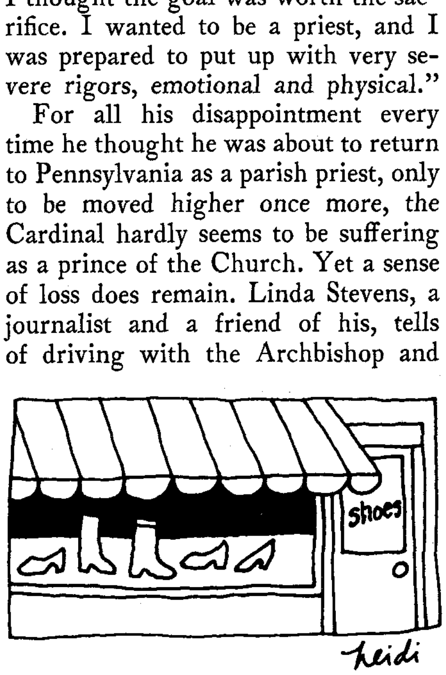
I asked him if he had thought of leaving the seminary at any point during his first five years there. Several priests nearby came closer to hear him answer.

"Oh," the Cardinal said, "maybe five times some days." The priests roared with laughter. "And ten times on other days."

"What kept you from leaving?" I asked.

"I never lost the conviction that I was where I should be. No, that's not true." The Cardinal laughed. "I never thought I was where I should be, but I did know that where I was going was the place I should be going. I thought the goal was worth the sacrifice. I wanted to be a priest, and I was prepared to put up with very severe rigors, emotional and physical."

For all his disappointment every time he thought he was about to return to Pennsylvania as a parish priest, only to be moved higher once more, the Cardinal hardly seems to be suffering as a prince of the Church. Yet a sense of loss does remain. Linda Stevens, a journalist and a friend of his, tells of driving with the Archbishop and Monsignor James McCarthy, one of his secretaries, near Emmaus, in eastern Pennsylvania, one night soon after O'Connor found out from Archbishop Laghi that he was to be a cardinal. "It was a beautiful Pennsylvania country night," she recalls. "The sky was full of stars. It was so peaceful. He was very, very tired. Monsignor McCarthy asked him if he still missed Pennsylvania. 'Every minute,' he said. 'There hasn't been a minute of the last thirty-two years that I haven't missed being in Pennsylvania.' "



On the other hand, O'Connor is aware of how much he has learned about the world and about himself as a result of not having been confined to a single parish. When he first came to New York, a reporter asked, "Cardinal Cooke said he was a simple parish priest—are you a simple parish priest?"

The Archbishop of the Capital of the World, as the Pope addressed him soon after his appointment, smiled, and said, "I'm a priest. How simple I don't know."

IN the most controversial undertaking of all his years as a priest—a trip to the Middle East at the end of 1986—O'Connor at first appeared to be all too simple but then revealed himself to be simultaneously spontaneous and subtle.

The prelude to the journey to Jordan and Israel was the Cardinal's three-day stay in Lebanon in June, 1986. During a stopover in Rome on his way home, he called for a homeland for the Palestinians, emphasizing that by keeping hundreds of thousands of them in refugee camps, "living in the most wretched circumstances imaginable, we are creating a monster."

At the same time, the Cardinal stressed that he also strongly supported the Jewish people's right to a homeland and their right "to defend themselves against outside forces."

A number of American Jewish leaders, the Cardinal told me, had been disturbed by his comments after his visit to Lebanon. They thought he did not understand the total context of the Palestinian-refugee problem. He did not understand that the Arab states could have taken them in a long time ago.

In August, Shimon Peres, then Israel's Prime Minister—he shifted to the post of Foreign Minister two months later—invited O'Connor to come to Israel. The following month,

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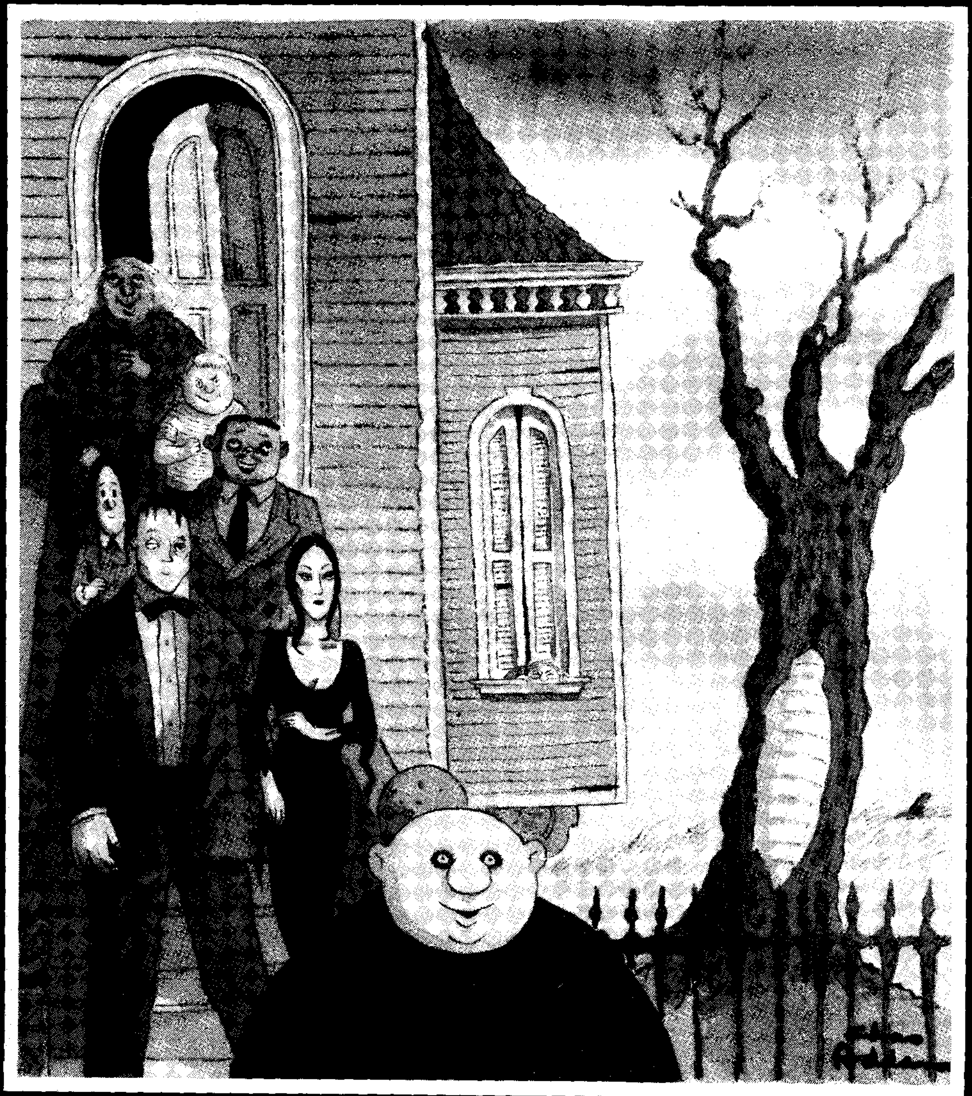

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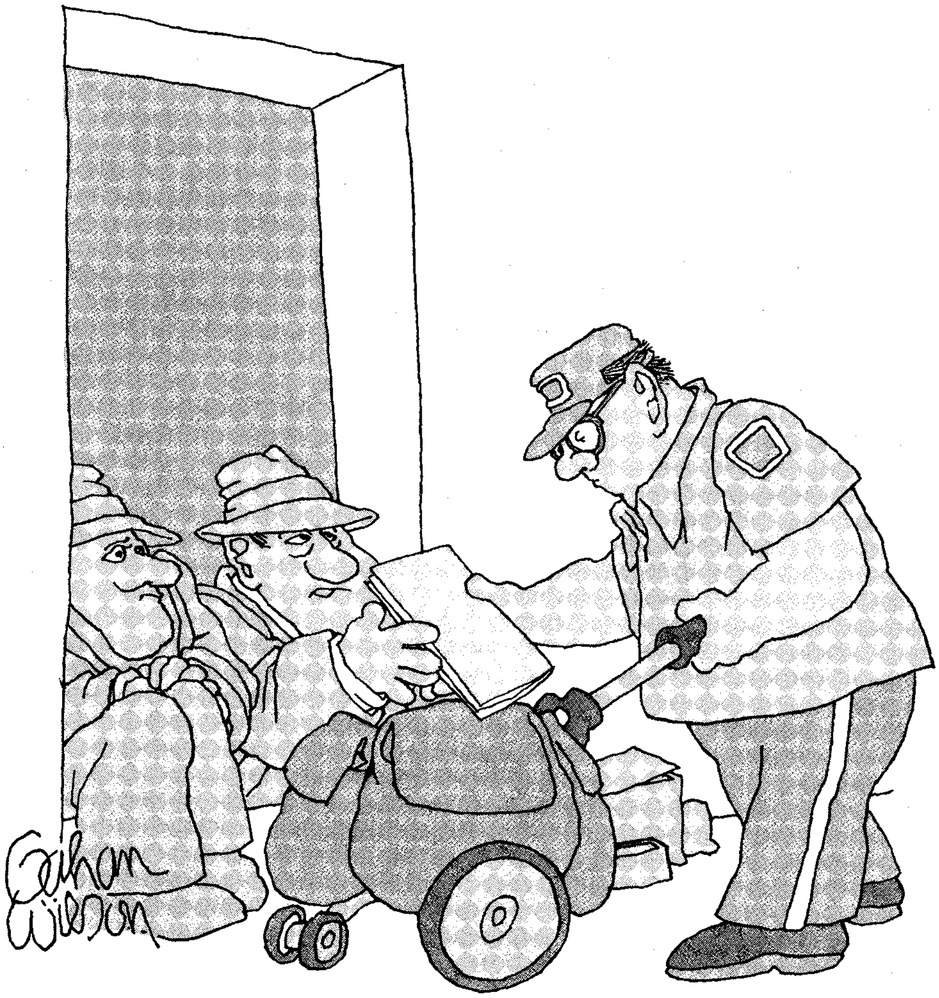
the Cardinal accepted the invitation, and Jewish leaders, both in America and in Israel, anticipated that the trip might have distinctly positive results. O'Connor, well liked by the Pope, was, after all, the head of the Church in the city with the largest Jewish population of any in the world, and he had shown himself to be genuinely concerned with combatting anti-Semitism and freeing Jews from the Soviet Union, and he was continually reminding Christians of the lessons of the Holocaust. Perhaps this staunch friend of the Jews might help Israel in its efforts to win diplomatic recognition from the Vatican or, at least, some upgrading in Israel's diplomatic status there.

On December 24th, three days before the Cardinal was to leave for the Middle East, these glowing expectations were almost entirely extinguished. Archbishop Laghi telephoned with discordant news. The Cardinal, at the orders of the Vatican Secretariat of State, was to scrap his plans for official meetings in Jerusalem with the President and the Foreign Minister of Israel, as well as with the mayor of Jerusalem. O'Connor was reminded that Vatican protocol is violated when cardinals make official visits in Jerusalem, a city the Vatican does not recognize as the capital of the Jewish state.

The initial reaction in Israel was hurt and indignation. An Israeli official let it be known that unless the Cardinal visited state officials in their Jerusalem offices "there will be no meetings. No one here wants to feel that they are meeting him on bended knee. But no one wants to embarrass him either. He's been a good friend. We don't believe he was intentionally trying to insult anyone here. He got caught up in Vatican politics."

A number of American Jewish leaders were equally distressed. Rabbi Alexander Schindler, president of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations, noted pointedly that the Vatican had not objected to the Cardinal's official visit to the king of Jordan. O'Connor's trip to the Middle East, added Rabbi Schindler, "now appears tainted, and one wonders whether it would be wise for the Cardinal to make this journey at all under the present circumstances."



"I just can't shake the alumni newsletter."

O'Connor, however, is temperamentally disinclined to retreat. His office let it be known that the Cardinal had "every expectation and hope of visiting informally with various representatives of the Israeli government."

Lest anyone miss the point, the Vatican noted coolly that "Cardinal O'Connor is travelling on a personal initiative. He is not on a mission for the Vatican."

"I made a mistake," O'Connor told a reporter for the *Times*. He said he hoped that his relationship with the Jewish community in New York did not depend on his never making a mistake. Otherwise, "it would be a shallow relationship." Having admitted his error, the Cardinal decided to set a limit to the consequences of that admission. "I want to be a friend to the Jewish community. I want to do everything I can to be supportive, but that doesn't mean I do everything your way. You can't write the script for me."

The trip began in Jordan where the Cardinal visited Baqaa, a Palestinian refugee center. "I haven't seen any evidence in the world at large," he said, "that there is any sense of urgency about these camps or these refugees. And I'm going to insist on saying, whether people like it or not, that this is a problem we all share."

As usual, when mentioning the stateless Palestinians, the Cardinal added a balancing note: "When I speak of the needs and rights of the Palestinians, I'm concerned about the needs and the rights of the Israelis as well."

Within hours after arriving in Israel, the Cardinal celebrated a New Year's Day Latin Mass at St. Saviour's Church in the Old City of Jerusalem. What he said at the end of the Mass made headlines in Israel, New York, and a good many other places. It was an apology.

"I sat there," he later recalled, "and I saw all the people and all the media, and I decided that this would be a onetime opportunity."

Wearing white vestments and a mitre, looking out at hundreds of worshippers, many of them Palestinians, the Cardinal said spontaneously: "It is fitting and it behooves me to say that I deeply regret and certainly apologize for any offenses that might have been perceived as intended by those who govern Israel . . . I failed to be sufficiently thorough in my preparations. I failed to familiarize myself with the protocols normally surrounding a visit

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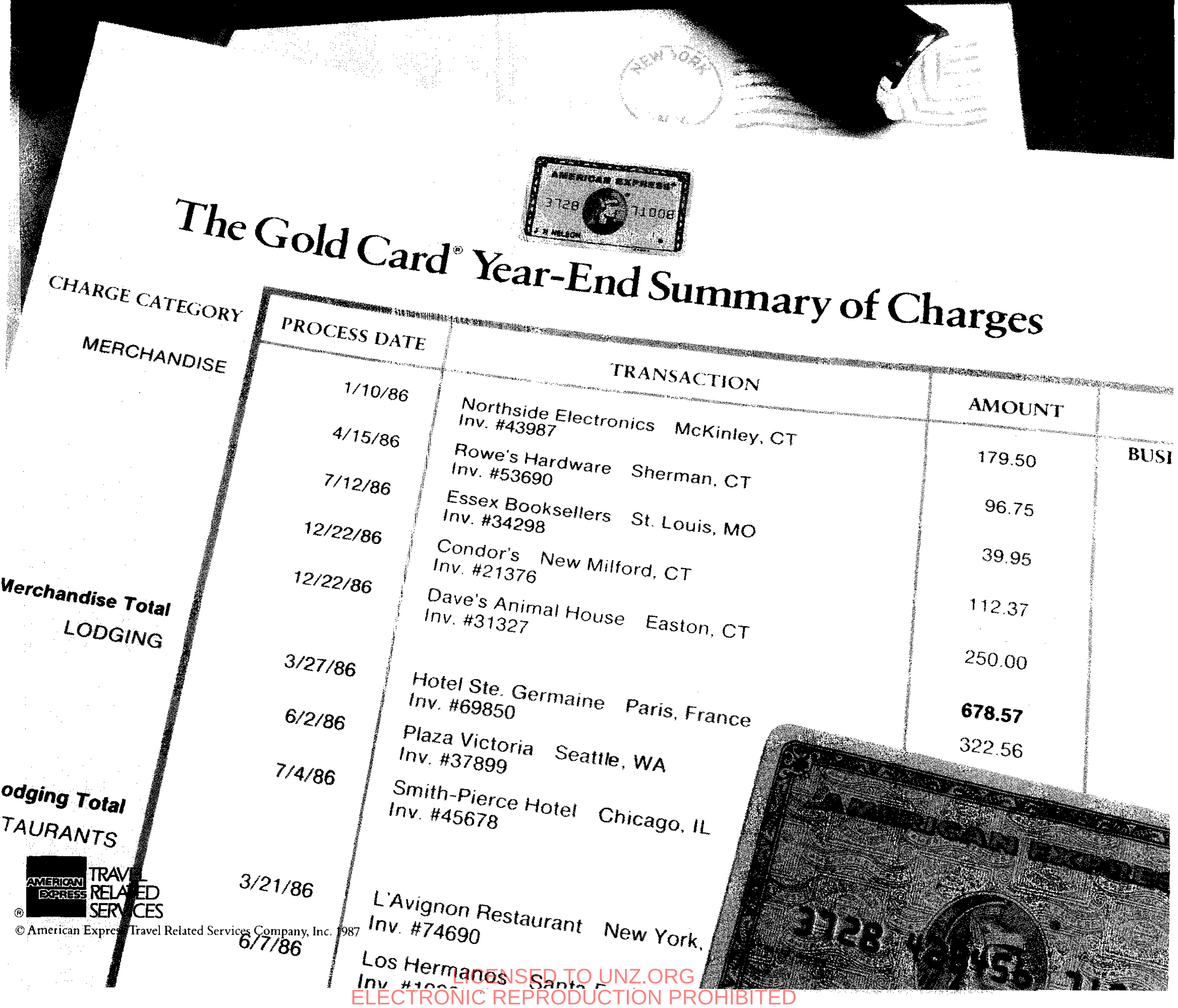

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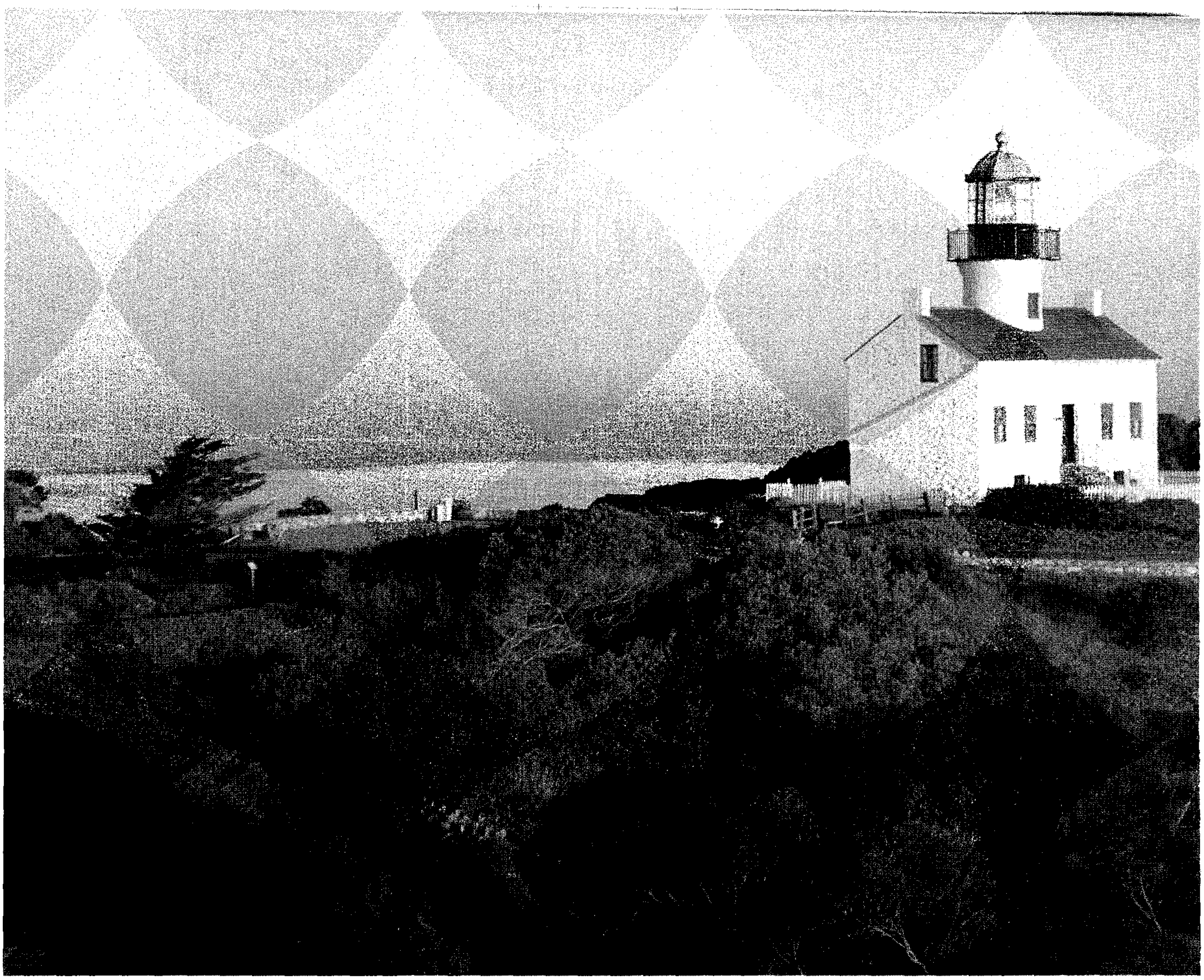

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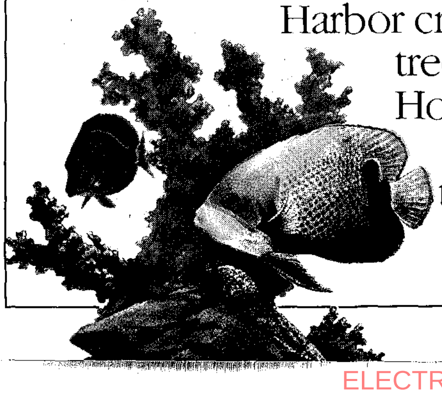

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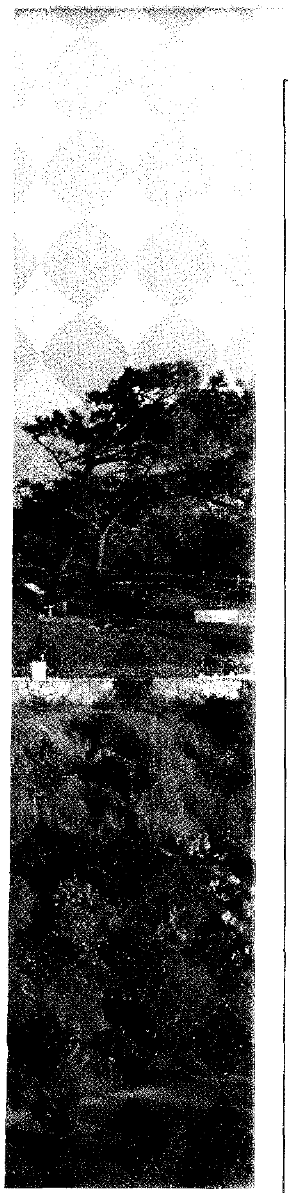

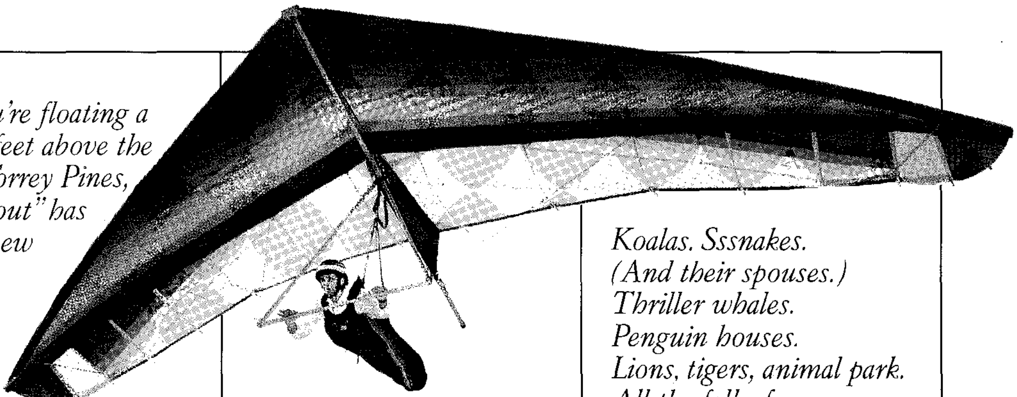

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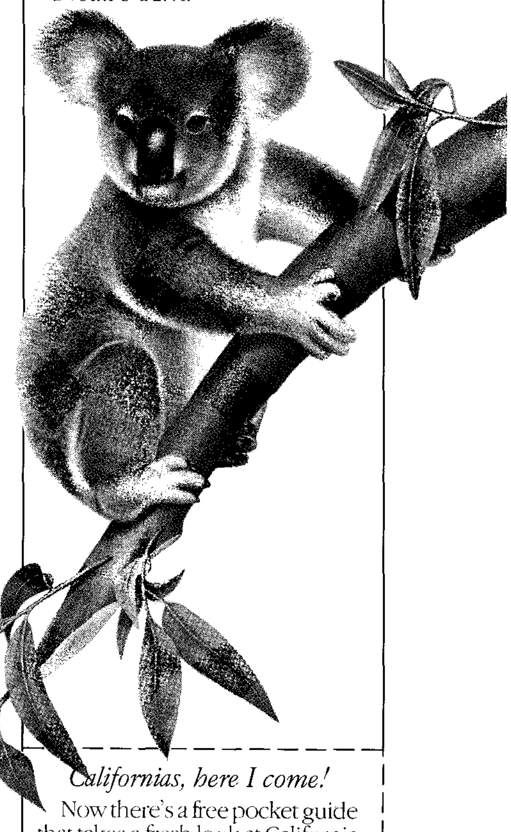

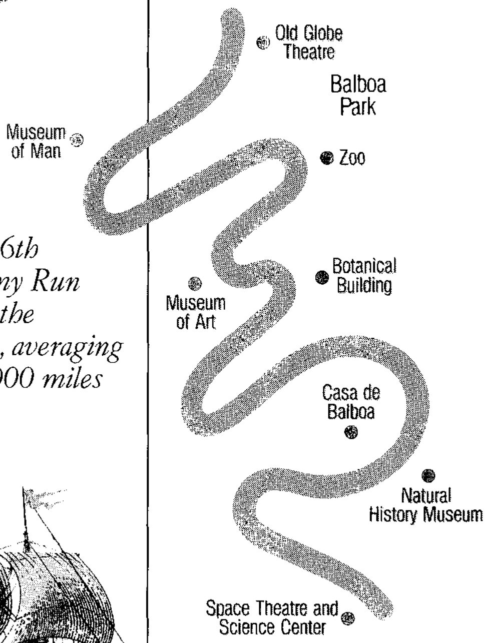
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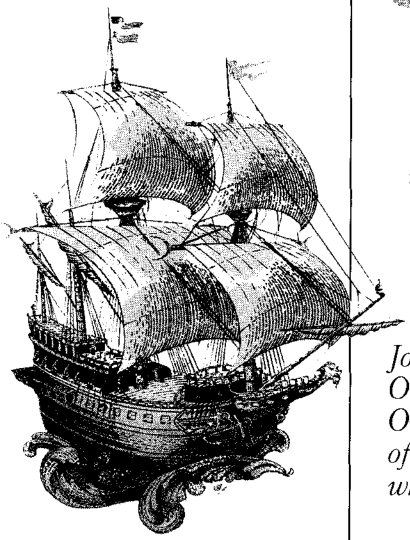

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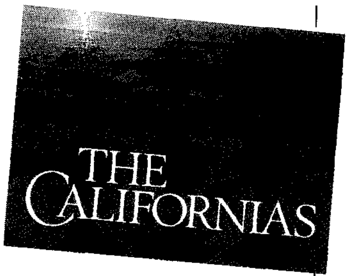
THE CALIFORNIAS

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by a member of the College of Cardinals. Because of that error on my part, unfortunately, it is quite understandable that the people of Israel and those in the government might well have construed some deliberately intended offense. . . . Whatever compensation can be made during my visit will be made within the restrictions that bind me."

In his homily that day, the Cardinal emphasized that all human beings are "equal in dignity" and endowed with "fundamental and inalienable human rights." And, homeless as many Palestinians are, so, too, were Joseph and Mary. They had to escape to an environment that was hostile to them but were "finally able to return to their homeland."

O'Connor also read from Elie Wiesel's "Night," in which Wiesel tells of how, as a boy in Buchenwald, he had watched his father die of hunger and illness. At the end, the Cardinal said, Wiesel's father asked him for water, but the boy, in fear of being beaten by the concentration-camp police if he did what his father asked, did not bring the water.

Quoting from Wiesel, the Cardinal said, " 'His last word was my name. A summons, to which I did not respond.' " O'Connor then said of Wiesel, "We can sense the pain, the desolation of the innermost secrets of his own heart, the horror of rejection of human dignity." And he went on, "Had the world responded to the cries of the victims of Nazi oppression? Does the world respond now to the cries of the victims of oppression and hunger, the old, the rejected, the unborn children in their mothers' wombs?"

He asked if terrorists would respond to his message "to turn away from the *violence of your soul, even if your* objectives are just."

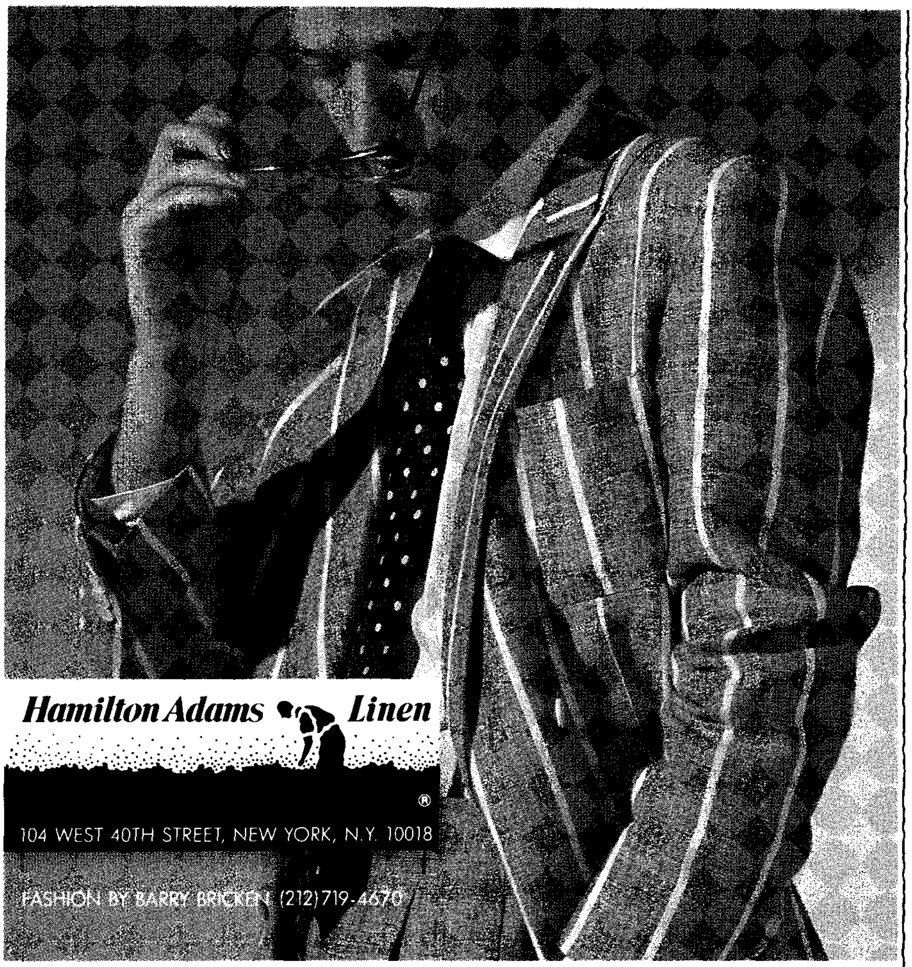
The Cardinal closed with a prayer to the Lord of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob.

His apology having been made, would any Israeli official now see him? Teddy Kollek, the Mayor of Jerusalem, did, and they met in the Mayor's municipal offices. How was that possible, the press asked, since the Cardinal was not allowed to visit officials of the state in their offices?

"Because," the Mayor explained, "the city is not a political entity, it is an administrative entity."

A reporter said he did not understand the distinction.

"Neither do I," the Mayor answered.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There were times when the Cardinal, on his own, resembled the head of a state. At one point, in the Old City, he was escorted by Catholic prelates in heir ceremonial robes, dragomans with staffs, and a uniformed troop of Christian Arab Boy Scouts while armed Israeli troops and police tried to keep back the aggressive TV crews and photographers. Monsignor McCarthy, watching the pomp and furor, ikened it to a scene in a Fellini movie.

Still undecided was under what circumstances, if any, the Cardinal could meet with the President and the Foreign Minister of Israel. Compromises were arranged. The President, Chaim Herzog, both works and lives in a Presidential mansion. O'Connor alked with him in a room that a member of the President's staff described as Herzog's study. But in that very study the President often conducts official business.

Asked about this as he left the mansion, the Cardinal said that he had made it perfectly clear beforehand that he was not meeting the President in his office, and so far as he was concerned he had not. The Israeli Foreign Ministry did not go out of its way o reassure O'Connor. Instead, it said that the President's mansion is "the highest demonstration of our sovereignty. For us it's similar to your White House."

With somewhat less ambiguity, the Cardinal visited Foreign Minister Shimon Peres at his residence in Jerusalem. But when he left the building a reporter asked O'Connor whether the visit had been with Peres the private citizen or Peres the foreign minister.

By now, O'Connor had had enough. "You'd have to get Solomon to answer that," he said. And looking at the reporter the Cardinal commanded, "*You* cut the baby."

At home in New York, these exercises in the semantics of buildings were receiving enthusiastic notices among Jewish leaders. "Cardinal O'Connor," said Morris B. Abram, chairman of the Conference of Presidents of Major American Jewish Organizations, "has performed an act of noble ecumenism and high statesmanship." The previously reserved Rabbi Alexander Schindler said, "By visiting the President of Israel in the equivalent of our White House, Cardinal O'Connor made a remarkable concession that is deeply appreciated and that will be long remembered."

During his visit, the Cardinal walked through Yad Vashem, the Holocaust Museum in Jerusalem. He saw large photographs of Jews, reduced to near-skeletons, in their bunks in death camps. He saw piles of corpses dumped into pits. He saw children in the Warsaw ghetto, starving, and women, stripped, soon to be led off to be shot.

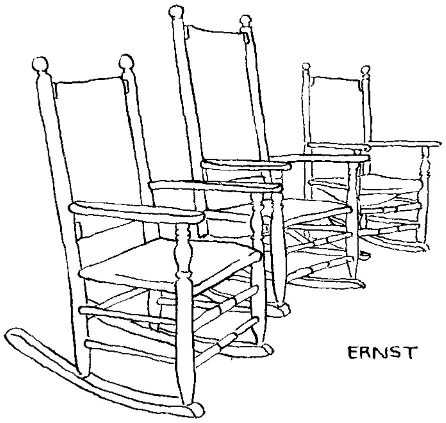
When he left the museum, the Cardinal was asked what his feelings were. In a choked voice, he answered, "Anything I would say here is banal. This is totally indescribable. This is the mystery of suffering and we must do anything we can, whatever it is, to preclude this in the future."

After leaving Yad Vashem, the Cardinal met with Zevulun Hammer, Israel's Minister of Religious Affairs, and told him, "It might well be that the Holocaust may be an enormous gift that Judaism has given to the world." Such suffering, O'Connor said, taught the world the "sacredness and dignity of every human person."

The Cardinal did not leave Jerusalem without following the steps of Jesus bearing the cross along the narrow, winding streets of the Old City. Following close behind were Israeli soldiers with submachine guns.

Later, as his visit was about to end, O'Connor, reflecting on the events of his journey, said to Barbara Whitaker of *Newsday*, "You know, this is a crazy business. You never think of yourself as being in a situation like this. I'm always asking myself, 'Who am I? Why am I here?' You just have to say, 'Here is where God wants me to be,' and you try to do whatever good you can. But it's strange. I'm the least controversial man in the world . . . but I always seem to end up in these situations."

Before boarding his plane at Ben-Gurion Airport near Tel Aviv, the least controversial man in the world focussed again on the Palestinians: "They don't have a real identity. They don't have a passport. They don't have a piece of land they can call their own. They can hardly be called a people who have the right of self-determination."



As if that were not burden enough, O'Connor continued, "we have a stereotype in the U.S. for the Arab and Palestinian. If you use either term, Arab or Palestinian, many people see 'terrorist.' " Yet, "we are talking about an ancient, noble people with which we have much in common."

ON Saturday, January 10th, as the Cardinal's plane neared New York, the city's newspapers and television stations received a statement issued by Morris Abram. Listed as endorsing the statement were representatives of fifty-four Jewish groups, nearly every important Jewish organization in the United States.

Acknowledging that the Cardinal had supported "a number of causes to which Jews are devoted" and that he had been bound by Vatican diplomatic policy during his journey—and had, moreover, apologized for the misunderstanding caused by that policy—the Jewish groups were nonetheless displeased. They were displeased by the Vatican because it stubbornly refuses to grant Israel and its capital de-jure recognition.

They were also displeased, however, by New York's Cardinal, having been "disquieted and distressed by reports in the press of statements he made during the course of his visit to Israel and Jordan." First, he had kept talking about Palestinians deprived of a homeland. Understandably, said the document, the Cardinal had been "moved by the circumstances of the Arab refugees," but he had not taken into account the responsibility of the Arab world for those refugees.

Second, "we found disturbing and painful his statement that the greatest tragedy in Jewish history 'may be an enormous gift that Judaism has given the world.' "

The statement ended by saying, "Knowing Cardinal O'Connor and respecting his office and person as we do, we look forward to his reflective views now that he is home and to a continuing dialogue with him."

On the next day, after Mass at St. Patrick's Cathedral, the Cardinal reacted to what he had read about the statement. He had not yet seen it in its entirety. Not given to masking his feelings, O'Connor expressed "deep, deep disappointment." The statement, he told reporters, "amounts to a unilateral censure, which I do not appreciate and which makes it difficult for me to move farther toward peace." And he added, "Would I make the trip now? I am not at all sure."

Getting angrier as he went on, the Cardinal said, "I didn't follow a script that some people apparently thought I should have followed." On the other hand, he continued, since becoming the archbishop of New York, by following his own script he had urged President Reagan not to visit the cemetery at Bitburg with its graves of S.S. soldiers; he had shown persistent support of efforts to free Soviet Jews; and he had again and again pointed to the horrors of the Holocaust. But now the Jewish leaders had not even had the courtesy to talk to him about his trip before releasing the statement censuring him.

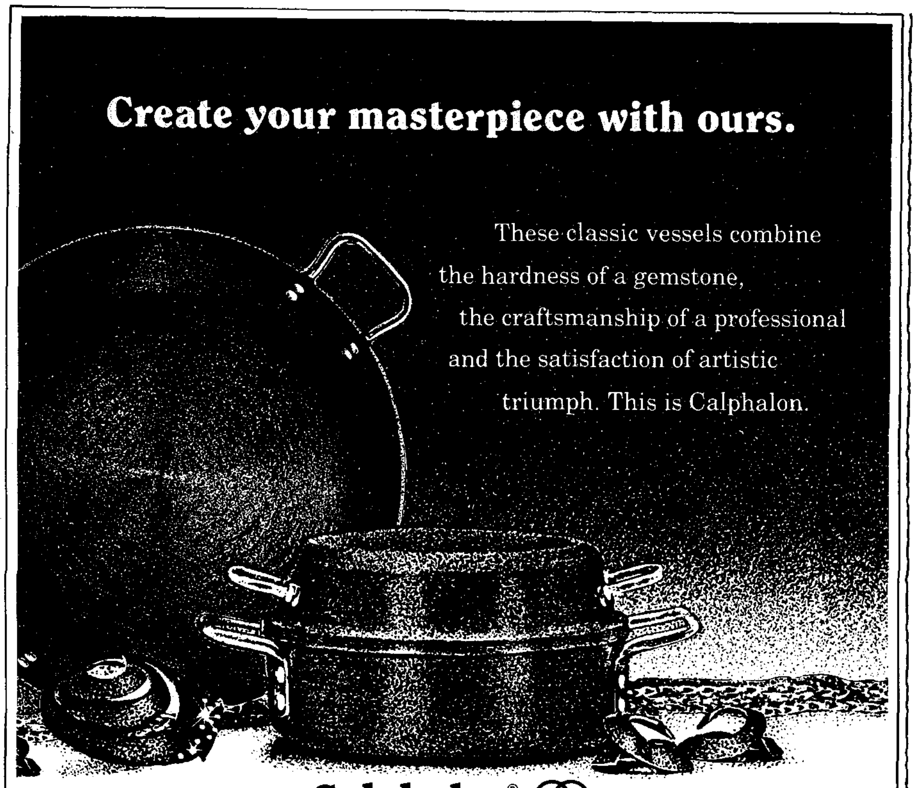
What most infuriated the Cardinal was the attack on him for having said that the Holocaust, the greatest tragedy in human history, "may be an enormous gift that Judaism has given to the world."

"If this is considered demeaning to the Holocaust," the Cardinal said, "then it demeans my entire theology because mine is a theology of suffering."

The leader of a Jewish organization that had not signed the attack on O'Connor told me, "It was so dumb to put in that criticism of what he said about the Holocaust. Why do they think Jesus is on the cross?"

Asked for a reaction to the hostilities between the Jewish leaders and the Cardinal, Israel's press officer in New York, Barukh Binah, swiftly got out of the line of fire. He said that the Israeli government had had no part in drafting the statement. "It was an American response and not the Israeli response at all."

By the next day, the Cardinal had read the entire statement, and was no less angry. During an interview on NBC television, he emphasized again that what had hurt him most was the criticism of his comment on the Holocaust. "When I came out of Yad Vashem, I was heartbroken, as I was heartbroken when I went to Dachau . . . What I wanted to convey is . . . the nobility with which the Jews accepted the suffering, the tremendous revitalization in Judaism, the fact that maybe we've been saved from great peril since then, like nuclear war, because the world remembers, if only unconsciously. What I said was meant as a tremendous compliment to the



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Jewish people . . . I can't do much about [building bridges] if I come under this kind of—what I consider to be—extremely unmerited attack. And I've got to say honestly that I feel an apology is in order. . . . This isn't a light thing. Fifty-four agencies have signed this document."

By this stage, several rueful Jewish leaders were saying privately that although the Cardinal had reacted with honest anger and characteristic distaste for euphemism, his response had also been strategically astute. His repeated public invocations of the hurt he had suffered at the hands of the Jewish organizations had drawn attention away from the particular criticisms directed at him in the original statement. The focus now was on whether the Cardinal had been treated unfairly by the timing and tone of the censure. Accordingly, the Jewish groups—not the Cardinal—had been put on the defensive.

Clearly, the Cardinal was very angry. He told the press that this had been "a very demanding journey," the "most difficult" he had ever taken, made "at great personal and professional risk to myself." And he added, "I am not a masochist. I have a huge archdiocese to take care of, and I don't need this kind of thing when, in good faith, I run the risks that I have run with my own church and with non-Jews to make this trip and to say the things I have said."

The Cardinal received support from a customary antagonist, the *Times*, which called the statement by the Jewish groups "overwrought" and a "sorry affair." And the Jerusalem *Post*, in an editorial, said that the Jewish organizations had "criticized the Cardinal in needlessly crude terms."

On Monday, January 19th, nine days after the statement by the fifty-four Jewish organizations, eight Jewish leaders met with the Cardinal for nearly three hours at his residence, at 452 Madison Avenue. One of those leaders told me, soon after, "He was angry. I don't mean he raised his voice, but he was one angry man. What he was saying under the polite language was, 'If you people say you love me so much, what was your rush in releasing that statement? If you were so concerned about what I had to say about a homeland for the Palestinians, why couldn't you wait to find out that I was also saying it had to be a state that would not physically endanger the state of Israel? And when you criticized me for what I said about the Holocaust did you really not know that the theology of suffering is central to the Catholic faith?'

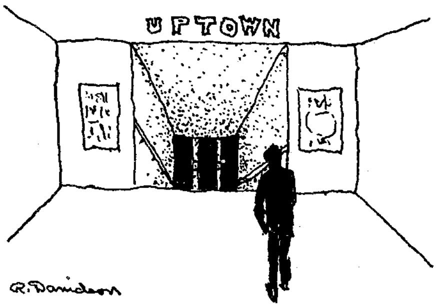
"On our side, there was a strong desire to get all this behind us. And I think he felt that way, too. He didn't stay mad. He didn't seem to. Who knows how he feels in his heart? But there is no purpose to his staying mad, and there is no political purpose in our staying mad."

The official summary of the meeting, agreed to by both sides, said that it had been cordial and candid and that "both the Cardinal and his guests agreed that there were far more issues on which they held similar views than those on which they differed . . . The Jewish leaders regard the Cardinal's visit [to the Middle East] as a helpful contribution toward greater understanding between the two communities . . . They voiced regret at any misunderstanding that may have been caused by the timing of the statement's release . . . Both the Cardinal and the Jewish representatives, meeting in a spirit of mutual respect and good will, look forward to a continuing dialogue on issues of mutual concern."

This summary of the meeting was an implicit acknowledgment to O'Connor that the Jewish groups had acted too hastily, and not too perceptively. Rabbi Haskel Lookstein, president of the New York Board of Rabbis, told *Jewish World*, an independent weekly newspaper published on Long Island, "I now feel that the timing of the statement was probably a mistake." And as for the Cardinal's comment about the Holocaust Lookstein said, "We also should have known that the Cardinal would not intentionally have said something [insulting to Jews]. In retrospect, we should have left [that criticism] out of our statement."

The Cardinal said the meeting had encouraged him to work for deeper understanding between Jews and Catholics, including the extraction of "deep-rooted" anti-Semitism from the hearts of some Catholics.

During the warfare between the Cardinal and his critics, he mentioned his puzzlement at having received a telegram from a major Jewish organization that was signed, the Cardinal said, "by a very prestigious rabbi," whose name was on the list of signers of the original statement. The rabbi said that he had absolutely not signed the document. After the peace treaty between the Jewish leaders and the Cardinal, Walter Ruby, a reporter for *Jewish World*, disclosed that not just one but twenty-one of the fifty-four Jewish groups listed as sponsoring the initial attack on the Cardinal "denied having been apprised of or having approved the final draft of the statement before their names were signed to it by the Conference of Presidents of Major American Jewish Organizations. Three other organizations claimed they had supported the preparation of a statement with the understanding that it would be released only after Jewish leaders had met with O'Connor following his return to New York. In fact, the statement was released several hours before the Cardinal arrived."



Not widely reported during the public dispute over the Cardinal's trip was the impression O'Connor had made on some Israelis. Summing up the trip in the Jerusalem *Post*, Haim Shapiro wrote:

> O'Connor showed himself as a highly independent person unwilling to be pushed into any mould. This was clear from the outset, when he shocked local Catholic officialdom by delivering a Jewishly oriented homily to an Arab congregation at a mass in Jerusalem and then compounded this by making a public apology to the Israeli government at the end of the Mass. . . .
>
> His independence and spontaneity were also evident when, after a tour of Gaza, he used a press conference at the airport before departing to make an impassioned plea for the Palestinians, even if he did not "blame" Israel for their plight.
>
> But if Israelis were uncomfortable about his statements about the Palestinians, they were probably no more uncomfortable than the Jordanian television interviewer to whom O'Connor said that Israel had the right to exist and to defend its borders.

Back in New York, the Cardinal further displayed his independence—perhaps with an extra thrust of satisfaction—when, a little more than two weeks after the peace conference with the Jewish leaders, he met with seven American Muslim leaders at their request to discuss his trip to the Middle East. "I talked to Jewish leaders," O'Connor said, "and I went to both Jewish and Muslim countries, so I was happy to respond to this group." As for his meeting with Jewish leaders, O'Connor told reporters, "I think it's fair to say that the Jewish community apologized for any misunderstanding." The Muslims were manifestly pleased with the press attention that accompanied the meeting, and one of them, Dr. M. T. Mehdi, said that the meeting with the Cardinal showed that "America is no longer a Jewish and Christian society. It is a Christian, Muslim, and Jewish society."

Asked whether this meeting might renew friction between him and Jewish leaders, O'Connor answered, "I'd be very disappointed in the representatives of the Jewish community if that happened." As described in the *Times*, another reporter seemed to be trying to renew that friction by asking the Cardinal why he would meet with people who do not support Israel's right to exist as a Jewish state.

"I've met with people who hold all sorts of beliefs," the Cardinal said.

There were no public comments by Jewish representatives on the meeting between the Cardinal and the Muslim leaders.

WHILE he was returning from Israel, another controversy was waiting at home for the Cardinal. On January 9th, in a prominently displayed story, the *Times* reported that "the rector of Saint Patrick's Cathedral has refused to perform a religious marriage ceremony for a man dying of AIDS who wanted to renew the civil-marriage vows he made to his wife three years ago."

David Hefner, who had been a homosexual in the past, married Maria Ribeiro at City Hall in 1984. He is a Protestant and she is a Catholic. Her "dream church," as she puts it, is St. Patrick's Cathedral, and her corollary dream was to have a religious wedding there. In recent months, all her time had been spent caring for her husband. During his four hospitalizations, she had slept on a cot in the same room.

Hefner, wanting to fulfill his wife's dream, went with her in late December, 1986, to see the Reverend John Clermont, a priest on the staff of St. Patrick's. They told the priest of their plans, which included, at Mrs. Hefner's request, the playing of "Ave Maria" during the ceremony. They also asked if it would be possible to have a chair or a stool near the altar in case, during the ceremony, Mr. Hefner could no longer stand.

The priest agreed to celebrate the wedding and to make everything comfortable for the Hefners. The wedding was to take place on February 14th, Valentine's Day.

Two days after the Hefners' visit to St. Patrick's Cathedral, the priest called to tell them he could not perform the ceremony. Monsignor James F. Rigney, rector of the cathedral, had reversed the priest. His reasoning was that when a life-threatening situation exists the usual pre-marriage counselling might have to be longer, and it made more sense to have that take place at the local parish rather than in so large and busy an institution as St. Patrick's. The Monsignor noted, however, that this policy does not extend to those contemplating marriage who are dying of such noncontagious diseases as cancer. Some might have drawn the implication that the rector felt that Hefner, just by being in the cathedral, might be a danger to others there.

David Hefner was greatly saddened by the Monsignor's decision. "If I were a killer, a hired murderer or a thief," he said to Ari Goldman of the *Times*, his voice trailing off. "But I'm just a person who happens to have a sickness."

Thomas Stoddard, a civil-liberties attorney who is executive director of the Lambda Legal Defense and Education Fund, a homosexual-rights group, had been a leading antagonist of Cardinal O'Connor during the prolonged battle over whether New York should have a gay-rights bill. Now he told Goldman that the Church's refusal to allow the Hefners to marry in St. Patrick's Cathedral was "nothing less than an expression of institutional distaste and intolerance for those suffering from this terrible modern scourge."

Stoddard saw a direct connection between the rector's decision and an October 30th Vatican letter to the Catholic bishops of all countries which stated that those who support homosexual rights "seriously threaten the lives and well-being of a large number of people."

Monsignor Rigney, in a written statement, explained that "if one party to a marriage is suffering from an illness that may threaten the life of a spouse or a child who may later be conceived, compassion must be accompanied by a *most serious effort to see* that the problem is met in a manner harmonious with church teaching." A serious effort could take a long time and ought to be made where the couple is both better known now "and will continue to be better known."

A bleaker view of the prospects for a Catholic marriage for David and Maria Hefner came from Monsignor William B. Smith, academic dean and professor of moral theology at the archdiocesan St. Joseph's Seminary, in Yonkers. The *Tablet*, the weekly paper of the Brooklyn diocese, interviewed Monsignor Smith and reported:

> AIDS in itself is not an impediment to marriage, Msgr. Smith said. But the impossibility of physically consummating a union—presumably the case for an AIDS patient trying to avoid transmitting the disease to a spouse or child—would be an impediment, he said. If the couple intended to prevent the birth of children, it would be impossible for a priest to witness the marriage, he said. And if they planned to prevent transmission of disease through use of contraceptives, an "intrinsically wrong act," the church could not approve the marriage, he said.

The case seemed to be closed, at least so far as a wedding ceremony in St. Patrick's Cathedral was concerned. And in view of Monsignor Smith's warnings the Hefners might not be able to be married in any Catholic church.

Then the Cardinal came home. While he was dealing with his censure by the Jewish organizations, O'Connor was also presented with the question of the Hefners' desire for a wedding at St. Patrick's. On Sunday, the day after his return from Israel, he said he would review the case. There would be no problem, he said, if it turned out that their desires met the principles of the Church. Two days later, he came to the conclusion that there was no reason that the Hefners should not be married at the cathedral if they first obtained premarital counselling at their local parish. He added that he would personally welcome them to the cathedral.

A priest secretary to the Cardinal called the Hefners' parish priest with the good news, adding that he should expedite the premarital counselling so that the Hefners could be married at St. Patrick's as soon as possible. Maria Hefner was still counting on a ceremony on Valentine's Day.

In a note on the editorial page, the *Times*, by now almost an intimate adversary of the Cardinal, spoke of his "humanity and good sense" in this matter. The note ended, "After the decision to exclude the Hefners was made, a spokesman said the church had not yet devised guidelines to handle such requests. For Cardinal O'Connor, the only guideline needed was decency."

The marriage service took place on Valentine's Day. As the couple walked down the cathedral aisle, the organ played "Ave Maria." The Cardinal, sitting in a pew near the altar, watched the ceremony and then came forward. He welcomed the Hefners to the cathedral, kissed the bride, shook the hand of the groom, and blessed the couple. Afterward, the Cardinal said, "They must be very devoted to each other. I can only pray that, however long they have together, that they will be very happy indeed."

A television reporter and his crew approached, and the Cardinal, looking into the camera, said, "There are many who would question my very presence at such a marriage. My response to that is that every human life is sacred. Regardless of what any one of us may have done or may not have done, each of us is made in the image and likeness of God."

AROUND this time, the Cardinal made another decision that was characteristic of him. In a letter that began "Dear Father," he wrote, "I am looking for ways to make it possible for me to spend more and more 'quality time' with every priest of the Archdiocese." To this end, he said that beginning on January 21, 1987, he would be available each Wednesday at his residence, 452 Madison, following his 8 A.M. Mass in the Cathedral, "for any priest who can arrange his schedule to come visit with me for twenty minutes or so (certainly longer, if desired).

"No appointments will be required. If you arrive while someone else is there, you will simply be asked to wait. . . . All visits will be completely informal. . . . Many thanks for all that you do and are."

A few days after the beginning of the open house for the archdiocesan priests, I was talking to Monsignor John Tracy Ellis, of Catholic University in Washington, the preëminent historian of the American Church. Although he is more liberal than the Cardinal in matters of theology, the Monsignor admires O'Connor.

"What he has done to let the priests

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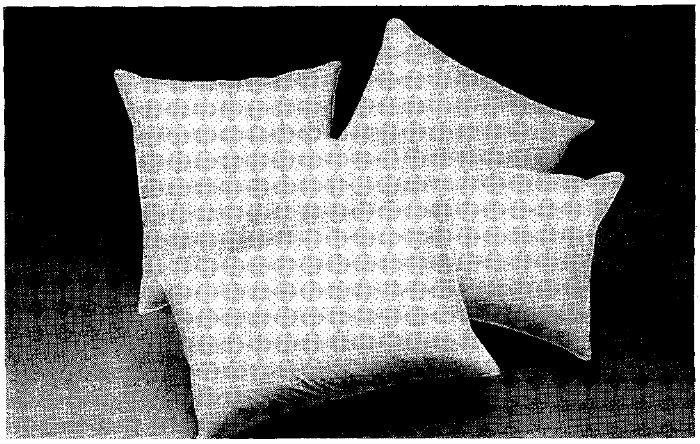

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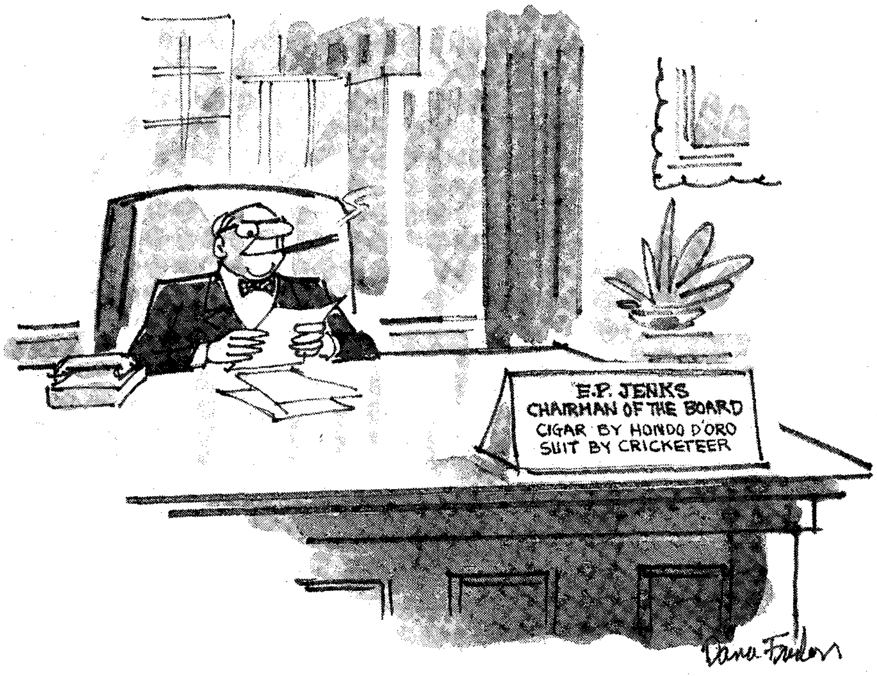

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come in just as they please to talk to him, that is unusual," said the Monsignor. "Especially in a large or even a middle-sized archdiocese. The bishops will tell you they can't do it, their schedules are so crowded. But O'Connor decided to do it, come hell or high water, as the expression goes. And for every priest to be able to come to see him without even telephoning! Well, that is a Cardinal who is not aloof."

I asked Monsignor Ellis, one of whose books is a series of appraisals of Catholic bishops he has known, how he thought O'Connor would ultimately be regarded.

"In the very long run, when he's gone to God, it would be my prediction that the appreciation of him will be very high. Because he's an honest man. And he'll be remembered for his forthrightness in looking problems in the face and not running away from them. When the dust has settled, as they say, he's going to come through all right."

On January 15th, the Cardinal was sixty-seven years old. During a meeting with the archdiocese's Priests' Council, he was presented with a cake. Thanking all the council members, the Cardinal was about to report to them about his storied trip to the Middle East. But first, he said, he had something to read to them. A series of prophecies from that day's "Your Stars" column in the *News* for those whose birthday fell on January 15th: "You experience a quickening of the pace. The question is how quickly you can think and land on your feet. It's not a dull year. . . . You have more time for yourself in February. March opens up a possible executive position —you've earned it. Travel if necessary. May shows personal advancement. Be clear-sighted and decisive. July heightens your love life. Taurus and Cancer find you irresistible. Marry in October."

The Cardinal roared with laughter, as did the priests. It was the best laugh he'd had in quite a while.

—NAT HENTOFF

(*This is the second part of a two-part article.*)

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CONSTABULARY NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Police Report of the Piedmonter-Oakland* (*Calif.*) *Bulletin*]

8-6 Woman who complained of barking dog reported owner calling her up, panting over phone, standing outdoors and barking at her for reporting his dog. Dog owner reprimanded.

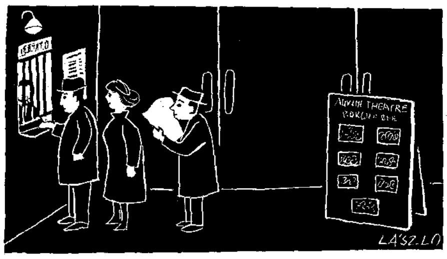
THE THEATRE

Staggerlee and Company

At last, a true musical, with real music and real comedy, has arrived in town—and high time, too! "Staggerlee," at the Second Avenue, has a rhythm-and-blues score, by the prodigiously gifted Allen Toussaint, that is brimming over with life and melody; Mr. Toussaint also wrote most of the lyrics and presides at the piano as conductor. The book and the additional lyrics are by Vernel Bagneris, the author of "One Mo' Time," of a few years ago, who serves also as the inventive director. The prodigiously gifted company is black. The action takes place in the late fifties, during Mardi Gras, "at a local corner bar in the South"—most of the action, that is; there are some scenes at a local brothel and out on the sidewalks of the town. Staggerlee is a young man who leads a life on the street that is probably criminal and certainly disreputable; he is falsely accused of murder, and the plot is concerned with his efforts to establish his innocence and to change his ways, so that he may woo and win the young daughter of the proprietress of the bar. The plot, not the strongest element of the show in any case, tends to get lost as one number follows another and as the characters switch costumes and disguises on this night of masquerade. The daughter, June, is a product of boarding school and college, and her mother, who has made considerable sacrifice for her education, is not eager to see the young woman's newly acquired gentility wasted on a local scamp—no matter that, as portrayed by Adam Wade, he is as attractive a scamp as you are likely to meet. And that will be enough of that. The story, while no model of clarity, is generous enough to accommodate a lot of music and a lot of funny scenes, to say nothing of a lot of good lines. What matters is the show itself, with its atmosphere of high spirits and lowlife in that town, which must surely be New Orleans, among the pimps and whores and numbers runners and swindlers.

Every one of the singers acts well and is believable in character. Ruth Brown, the great rhythm-and-blues singer, is the proprietress and wary, loving mother—a star if ever there was one. Marva Hicks is June, lovely to look at, delightful to hear; Reginald VelJohnson is fine as a portly bartender named Tiny, and so are Juanita Brooks and Carol Sutton in other roles. The choreography, by Pepsi Bethel, is lively and in keeping; Akira Yoshimura designed the imaginative scenery on the two-tiered revolving stage; Allen Lee Hughes designed the lighting; and JoAnn Clevenger designed the vivid costumes. And always there is Mr. Toussaint, at his piano and surrounded by his musicians; seated on a small stage that slides on and off the set, he presides over what amounts to a celebration of jazz, in all its infinite variety.

This is the late news on Eric Overmyer's "On the Verge," a beguiling comedy, at the John Houseman, about three young women in the eighteen-eighties who go off together to discover Terra Incognita—"no guides, no porters." When we first see them, in impeccable Victorian explorer outfits and pith helmets, they are assembling the objects they will need on their journey—such objects as peacock feathers and glass beads and, of course, sherry. That one of them has a Kodak with her, and a handful of snapshots, is a clue, for the journey, up the Himalaya, through jungles, and across glaciers, is a journey through time as well. It ends in 1955, when the travellers, after arriving at a gas station where they meet a jiving teen-ager and an Oriental fortune-teller who quotes fortune-cookie mottoes, repair to a cocktail lounge where a rock-and-roll musician is performing. Along the way, they acquire more objects, talismans as out of sync as those snapshots. In the desert, they come upon a couple of buttons that say "I Like Ike," and eggbeaters are given to them by invisible hands. Their deportment, whatever the circumstances—even when they find themselves aboard a dirigible—remains perky and Victorian. They are unflappable, indomitable throughout. They also become distinct individuals, each of them charming in a quite separate way.



The play is also, or perhaps primarily, about words. There are long, often tongue-twisting speeches, and lists of people and things (Bebe Rebozo, Mao's Little Red Book), and some of the wordplay is as cleverly devised as a Cole Porter lyric. (At one point, I almost muttered, "But if baby, I'm the bottom, you're the top.") At times, all this becomes too playful, but mostly not.

For a venture as literary as this one, Mr. Overmyer provides more than enough in the way of character and humor and story and mystery to hold the attention of the audience. Under Garland Wright's artful direction, all goes well. The acting is more than satisfactory: Lisa Banes is the most indomitable of the three, Patricia Hodges the most feminine, and Laura Hicks the most intoxicated with words. Clever Tom Robbins is everybody else—*everybody* else: the captain of the dirigible, the friendly teen-ager at the gas station, a puppyish yeti on the Himalayan slopes, a cocktail pianist, and a Method actor. The effective setting—vertical strips of lights and horizontal ones from which ropes and other props are suspended—is the work of John Arnone. The lighting itself was designed by James F. Ingalls, and the fetching costumes are by Ann Hould-Ward.

"Starlight Express," an English import at the Gershwin, looks like a giant Erector Set in an enormous bowl-shaped arena, lined with tracks and movable bridges to the heavens. There are railroad-station signs with the names of American cities along the way. The performers whiz up and down and around the tracks on roller skates, the men costumed as engines, the women as cars attached to them, all to a barely noticeable score by Andrew Lloyd Webber. In fact, after the first ten minutes or so everything became barely noticeable, and torpor set in. The play, or whatever you'd call it, is meant to be the dream or night thoughts of a small boy in bed, whose voice is heard from time to time, issuing orders about a race for which the prize is a silver dollar. There is little in the way of performance, nor is anything much called for. On the other hand, the lighting, by David Hersey, is lavish and astonishing—as astonishing (though hardly as eloquent) as his lighting for that other import "Les Misérables." It was a great day for Con Edison when the British came to town. —Edith Oliver

LETTER FROM SPERLONGA

Leone Pezzuco was nineteen years old when he was drafted into the Italian Army in early 1940. One of seven children (four boys and three girls), he lived with his family in a one-room apartment on the second floor of an old house on a corner of the Piazza della Repubblica, the main square of an ancient fishing village called Sperlonga, which is on the Mediterranean coast of Italy about seventy-five miles south of Rome. Leone slept at the foot of his parents' bed. He did not own a pair of shoes, and he had long since dropped out of school to go to work in the fields between Sperlonga and the neighboring town of Fondi. The big farms were mostly owned by rich landlords, some of whom lived in Rome or Naples, and Leone's status was that of an unskilled day laborer. He could count on working about two hundred and fifty days a year, for which he received minimum wages—barely enough, he recalls, to keep himself clothed and fed. As an unskilled, barely literate worker, he had nothing to look forward to except a lifetime of tilling someone else's fields—the only occupation available to him, and one guaranteed to keep him permanently impoverished.

Leone's military service coincided with Italy's entry into the Second World War as an ally of Nazi Germany, and for the next four years he served as an anti-aircraft gunner in and around Naples, which was heavily bombed during the latter part of the war. In the early spring of 1944—after Italy's surrender, the German takeover, and the Allied invasion of the peninsula—Leone left his unit and decided to go home. The Allied advance up the boot had been stopped by the Germans at Monte Cassino, a few miles inland, and northeast of Sperlonga, and German troops occupied the countryside through which Leone had to pass. He hid during the day in fields and abandoned farm buildings, and took several nights to walk home—a distance of about seventy miles. Sperlonga was eventually liberated on May 21, 1944, by American troops moving along the coast after the fall of Cassino, by which time Leone had already gone back to work on the land.

LARGE ... BUT NOT LARGER THAN LIFE.

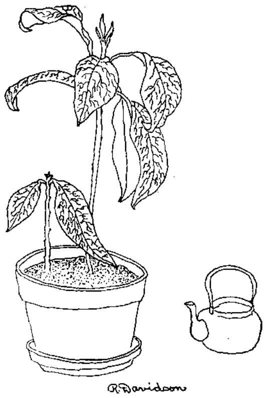
He had also married a cheerful local girl named Anita, who worked as a seamstress. They moved into a tiny one-room apartment of their own and were looking forward to raising a family, even though their economic future seemed circumscribed, not only by Leone's lack of education and skills but by a centuries-old class system based on property and rank. Sperlonga was a poor town, in which most of the valuable property, as well as the good farmland in the surrounding area, was owned by a handful of so-called *signorotti*—petty noblemen—who had inherited it and had a strongly vested interest in maintaining the status quo. During the Fascist years, little had been done to better the lot of the poor, and the assumption on the part of most Sperlongani, even with the coming of democracy, was that little would change. Fifty per cent of the workers in Leone's category were illiterate, a situation considered entirely normal by the local population. "One did not go to school, because formal education was considered a 'right' of the 'gentlemen,' " a local historian named Vincenzo Guglietta wrote in his book "Sperlonga, Storia e Leggenda." Any attempt by a member of the working classes to acquire an education was considered a shameful act of subversion, "a grave insult" to a system founded upon the exclusion of the poor from any prospect of self-improvement.

"In 1946, I was a peasant working on the land," Leone recently recalled. "Then I heard that they were hiring men to work on the new aqueduct to bring running water to the town. I got a job with the water board and taught myself to be a plumber." He worked for the municipal water board for thirty years, during which time he also helped to install a sewer system, not only in the old town but for the sprawling housing developments being built all along the coast to the north, between Sperlonga and Terracina, about twelve miles away. He was the only person who knew exactly where every foot of pipe had been laid, and his services became much in demand among the private contractors who, beginning in the nineteen-fifties, were building summer houses for the new bourgeoisie created by the economic boom of the fifties and sixties.

Shortly after he began to work for the water board, Leone became aware that a new town was rapidly being created just to the north of Sperlonga, along the beach. Like many of the ancient villages of southern Italy, Sperlonga huddled on a rocky promontory —this one thrust out like a stubby finger into the Mediterranean. During the Middle Ages, those who lived in the vicinity of these small towns took refuge at night within their fortified walls, which provided a relative degree of safety from bandits, pirates, and the mercenary armies of quarreling princes. The coastal areas and the plains had remained largely uninhabited for centuries. Now, with the coming of *il boom*, Italians who had never before been able to build vacation homes or to consider moving out of their cramped quarters in the medieval *centri storici* began to move into more spacious, modern houses on flat land. Thus, a whole new city, calling itself Sperlonga Mare, was rising along the waterfront.

The building boom everywhere was largely unplanned and uncontrolled. Leone realized that there was an immediate shortage not only of public facilities—schools, churches, playgrounds, parks, markets—but even of shops selling basic necessities. He decided to open a general store and persuaded Anita to run it, although they both had doubts whether it could succeed. "People were used to shopping in the old town," he explained to me not long ago. "But on our very first day we had so many customers that we had to stay open until after nine o'clock. Anita's feet swelled up to twice their normal size."

Today, Leone Pezzuco is a rich man. He has retired from the water board, and only occasionally works as a plumber—usually for friends or friends of friends—but he and Anita still run their store, which is open during the warm vacation months and sells hardware, dry goods, and beach equipment to the tourists who flock into the area. He and Anita have themselves moved out of old Sperlonga into a large whitewashed villa they built on the slope of a hill just above the shoreline. His two daughters have graduated from college; one is a biologist, the other an accountant. They are both married and have children of their own, and they live nearby. Every summer during August, Italy's traditional vacation month, they all move into the villa, and the family is reunited. Every winter, Leone and Anita close up the store and travel. They have been all over the world and, for next winter, they are planning their first visit to the United States. When I asked Leone some months ago if he had mastered any foreign languages, he laughed and said, "I don't even speak good Sperlongano." A tall man with a long nose and thinning brown hair, Leone likes to laugh, and clearly enjoys his affluence. "Before my time, all the Sperlongani were either peasants or fishermen," he said. "My generation was lucky. We were given the opportunity to become somebody, and some of us profited."



I have known Anita and Leone for about twenty years—ever since I first visited Sperlonga, in the mid-nineteen-sixties. A few years earlier, my mother had bought the ruins of a building at the southern edge of town and built herself a small house with picture windows and a large rooftop terrace overlooking the beach and the open sea. Other relatives and friends of ours have built or bought vacation homes in Sperlonga, and every year my wife and I spend at least several weeks here. Like many other small towns up and down the coasts of Italy, Sperlonga has now become a fashionable resort, with a flourishing economy based largely on the presence of *forestieri*—outsiders—and a growing influx of summer tourists, who swarm into the area by car, train, and bus. The changes this traffic has brought to Sperlonga have been enormous, and Leone's story is by no means a unique one. Many Sperlongani have been enriched by the phenomenon, which in one generation has greatly altered a way of life that had persisted for centuries. The generation gap between the older Sperlongani and their progeny is consequently a vast one, as attested to by Leone's remark to me one day last summer, while we were comparing notes on our children. "My daughters grew up wanting cars, motorcycles, TVs, and stereo sets," he said. "I made them work to earn what they wanted and made them pay me back when they graduated from school, and I loaned them the money for their cars. They thought life was what it is on television, where even the poor have everything. I thank God every day that I don't have a son, because I would be serving a hundred-year sentence for murder. No one wants to work for anything anymore."

The complaint, of course, is a familiar one, and not only in Italy. In Sperlonga, however, it seems to have a certain validity, if only because the contrast here between the past and the present is so dramatic. It is readily discernible in almost every aspect of local life, even in the way members of the same family dress on various occasions. I recently attended a Sunday-morning service in the local church—a new building on the edge of the *centro storico*—at which all the older women and most of the older men were attired in black, while all the younger people were in bright colors. After the ceremony, the old people walked slowly back to their homes, and their children and grandchildren scampered off to the beaches. "The old people are permanently in mourning, from the time any member of the family dies," a friend of mine who moved here from Rome explained to me. "Their children do not mourn. The old people do not go to the beach; their children have grown up at the beach. In thirty years, Sperlonga has leaped a hundred years ahead."

The old people seem, in a way, to be in mourning for a life that is vanishing, and those of us who came to Sperlonga from the outside are also in mourning for that life. Every year, we see a slow corruption or a disappearance of what it was that brought us to this village in the first place. "But I know that I am wrong," my friend continued. "Life, even in a place like Sperlonga, is not a picture postcard—all folklore and mandolins. The Sperlongani want what everyone wants—money, cars, big houses, material possessions. When we outsiders came, they saw how we lived and they are imitating us. It is not possible to blame them."

THE first *forestiero* to buy a house in Sperlonga was an architect from Rome named Alberto Boccianti. He, his wife, and two other couples had first visited the area in the spring of 1940—just as Italy was about to go to war. The men sailed down the coast

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from the Circeo, a seaside resort a few miles north of Terracina, while the women proceeded on bicycles. Because of unfavorable winds, it took Boccianti's party seven hours to complete the trip, but eventually they arrived, after dark, at the Fontana Beach, just north of the town. They found a small *trattoria* with a few rooms to let, and there they ate and slept. The next morning, which happened to be Easter Sunday, they climbed up a flight of steep steps to the village, not knowing what they would find. "No one would talk to us," Boccianti recently recalled. "There was a Mass being said by an old priest in an ancient church hidden in a maze of narrow alleys. We walked all over the village and people looked at us as if we had dropped from the moon."

From a distance and from the beach below, Sperlonga had seemed an enchanted place. The stone houses—an off-white stained by years of wind, sun, and rain—clustered together on their rock against a brilliant-blue background of sea and sky. The scene looked unreal to the architect—it was as if an artist had dreamed it up as an illustration for a children's book. The beaches to the north and south were almost completely deserted except for a few fishermen's huts and the little *trattoria* where the Bocciantis and their friends had spent the night. Before leaving, they swam in the sea and picnicked on the beach in perfect isolation. "My wife and I decided then that one day we would come back," Boccianti said. "Because of the war and my work, it was more than six years before we did return. But once you have seen Sperlonga it is impossible to forget it."

That impression is one shared by a majority of those who have visited the village over the centuries. "The aspect of the town is strange and unusual," a clerical visitor reported to his ecclesiastical superior in Rome toward the end of the nineteenth century. "Except for a bit of a piazza at the entrance, all the rest is divided by very narrow little streets, about one in ten of which is flat, all the rest being very steep or made up of steps that are very tiring to climb. A road runs around the city internally, passing through and under the houses, with countless arches and obscure passageways, while others divide the circle, descending from top to bottom. The houses in the interior are dark and admit little air, but those all around benefit from an outside view from above of the beaches, the sea, the slopes of Terracina, Fondi, and Itri, as well as the distant Circeo, a marvellous sight to see."

There were no handsome palazzi to be observed, according to this correspondent, but a few of the buildings—those belonging to the Cardi and Sabella families, the *signorotti* of the town—were magnificently furnished "with paintings and diverse old objects quite pleasing to outsiders." The visitor noted, too, that the structure of the town had been dictated by the need of the inhabitants to protect themselves—especially against the depredations of Saracen pirates, who, for centuries after the fall of the Roman Empire, had raided the coasts of Italy at will.

The Sperlongani were also superstitious, he wrote, and decorated the walls and roofs of their shops and houses with goat horns against the evil eye. "This is a superstition quite common in the region, as it was with the ancient Romans, but in Sperlonga it seems to be more strongly and securely enthroned," a local historian has observed. This was undoubtedly due to the town's long history of neglect and disaster, which had created in the inhabitants a fatalism in the face of misfortune, a trust in omens and charms of various kinds, and, above all, a wariness in dealing with all strangers.

After the war, Alberto Boccianti and his wife made frequent weekend visits to Sperlonga, staying at a simple *pensione*. When, during the winter of 1953-54, they began inquiring about buying a place, no one at first wanted to sell them anything. The village was still very poor. The women of the town washed their laundry in a stream that bubbled up from under the rocks below the southern end of the promontory; garbage and trash were routinely disposed of by being dumped out of windows; and there was no sewer system. The only hope for a better future lay in developing the town's scenic resources, but no one understood this yet. The Bocciantis were viewed with suspicion, as intruders who had some mysterious, possibly malignant, purpose in mind. After weeks of searching, the architect was finally able to buy—admittedly very cheaply—a sizable one-room structure, once used to house animals, at the very tip of the peninsula. Boccianti opened windows and built a terrace looking out over the sea in both directions. In May of 1954, a month after he bought the building, they moved in. "That first summer was extraordinary," he remembers. "It was like living in another century. Even in the heat of mid-August, we would go down to the beach and be alone. If there were ever more than fifteen people on it, we would be offended."

What finally opened everyone's eyes to the potential of tourism in the area were archeological discoveries made during the construction of a coastal road linking Sperlonga with Terracina and its neighbors to the south, Gaeta and Formia. Work on the road had been going on for several years when the engineer in charge, Erno Bellante, a passionate amateur archeologist, decided to dig on his own around and inside a large cave at the southern end of Angolo Beach, about a mile below the village. He was convinced that he would find not only evidence of an ancient Roman presence in the area but perhaps statues and other objects of value.

Bellante had good reason to be optimistic. The cave was called the Grotto of Tiberius, because the Roman emperor had once had a villa in the neighborhood and was known to have stayed in it on his journeys to and from his summer revels on the island of Capri, in the Bay of Naples. A nineteenth-century print depicts several couples strolling about inside the cave, through the opening of which Sperlonga can be seen, perched on its rock. In 1880, a bearded stone head of Dionysus had been fished out of the sea very near the mouth of the cave, and in 1896 a farmer digging nearby in his vineyard had come upon two small busts of the Gracchi. As late as 1935, just behind the cave, a gray-and-white marble statue of a dancer was discovered. This find and the Dionysus were acquired by the Superintendent of Monuments in Naples and put on display there, while the Gracchi busts wound up in the hands of a private collector in Rome. In addition to these major finds, the farmers in the area had for many years been coming across fragments of statues, columns, mosaics, and bits of marble, which they had either thrown away, taken home, or sold.

Having obtained a permit from the Superintendent of Antiquities of the province of Lazio, in Rome, Bellante and his men began to dig inside the cave on September 10, 1957. They soon made some important discoveries. A

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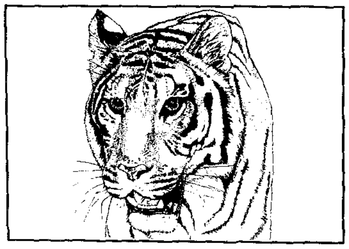

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INN ON THE ALAMEDA

journalist named Arturo Fratta reported in the Neapolitan daily *Il Mattino*, "At a depth of between thirty centimetres and a metre and a half, Bellante found the thigh, the leg, and the foot of a gigantic statue, the giant's two hands, three backsides [from other figures], a very beautiful head, another of a later date, three hands clutching a serpent, the head of the serpent, a hand holding a small statue of a boy, and mosaic decorations made of shells and depicting arms, hands, and legs, reaching a total of five hundred pieces. Digging further, Bellante brought to light part of a pool and the pedestal of the marble group."

According to Fratta, the engineer realized the significance of his find and notified the Superintendent of Antiquities, and on September 25th Professor Giulio Iacopini, the head of the agency, arrived on the scene, where Bellante was also able to hand him the fragments of a stone tablet bearing the names of several known artists and sculptors, written in ancient Greek. The possibility that the diggers had unearthed the original of the famous sculpture of Laocoön and his sons fighting with the serpents sent by the gods to destroy them during the siege of Troy caused enormous excitement and was widely reported in the Italian and foreign press. Animated primarily by a desire to examine, catalogue, and reconstruct these precious fragments, Professor Iacopini ordered that they be transported immediately to Rome.

By this time, however, the Sperlongani had become alarmed. The Bocciantis, who had visited the site every day to find out what else might have turned up, informed the villagers of the decision to take all the items to Rome. The Sperlongani considered the cave and everything in it to be their own personal property and were outraged to hear that some government organization intended to steal its contents from them. Armed with crudely lettered handmade signs carrying such exhortations as "We want our stones!," and with sticks, hoes, rakes, and other farm implements, a mob of several hundred Sperlongani descended on the site. For two days—September 27th and 28th—the citizens, behind an improvised barricade of boulders blocking the road, stymied any attempt by the carabinieri and the trucks sent from Formia and Gaeta to cart away their treasure.

The protest was sympathetically played up in the national press, and th controversy eventually embroiled several government branches, includin the Parliament, the Ministry of Publi Education, and the Ente Provincial del Turismo. It was decided at last t leave the relics in Sperlonga, to do th necessary work of research and restoration on the spot, and to build museum near the cave to house th collection and any future finds made i the vicinity.

"I think it was this incident that no only brought the attention of the outside world to Sperlonga but also wok the Sperlongani themselves up to th possible benefits to be derived fron their inheritance," Alberto Bocciant said not long ago. "Here was a plac that for hundreds of years had bee forgotten and ignored, then came th new road and the treasures unearthed Suddenly, history, which had been s cruel, smiled on it."

A HISTORIAN named Monsignor Nicola Ferraro speculate in a treatise he wrote in 1937 tha Sperlonga owed its existence to thre basic facts. The first, and perhaps mos important, of these was the manufacture of a celebrated local white win

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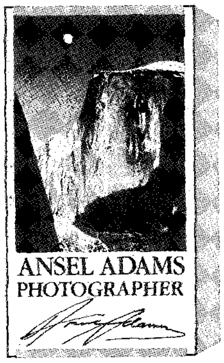

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at the Romans called Cecubo, much vored by the legions tramping back nd forth between the capital and the mperor Tiberius' sumptuous villa. he second fact was the presence of is villa itself, with its many outlying uildings, all within easy reach of the rotto. The third and most enduring act was the opening of the Via lacca, named after the Roman official ucius Valerius Flaccus, who built it uring Tiberius' reign. Traces of this oad are still visible. It was about welve feet wide and skirted he coast between Terracina nd Gaeta, its route passing ehind and above both the mperor's villa and the cave.

After the beginning of the arbarian invasions of Italy nd the fall of the Roman mpire, the peasants and fishermen, ho had been living in relative seurity on the land around the impeial villa, were forced to take refuge ear a monastery built on the promonory by Greek monks between 554 and 68 A.D. The inhabitants gradually ortified the spot, and it became what he Italians call a "closed castle," resenting to potential invaders a valled circumference, complete with a noat and drawbridge on the landward ide. According to most experts, the astle took its name from the Latin vord for cave, *spelunca*, which by the ear 1500 had evolved into its present orm. A local priest, Don Francesco Trani, however, believed that the ame originated in the phrase "*spes onga*" (long hope), words that exressed, according to Vincenzo Guglietta, the real moral and social situation of the inhabitants. By 1500, life n Sperlonga had become a long litany f disasters, mainly because of frequent irate raids. It was "a life made of ontinual worries and anxieties, of nisery and fear, drawing sustenance from the scanty yield of sea and land that [the citizens] were able to exploit with primitive means and systems."

The Saracen incursions along the Italian coasts began in the early part of the ninth century and persisted for hundreds of years. The town was considered a prize, not because of its wealth, certainly, but largely because of its setting, with its beaches and nearby streams of clear water. Some of the pirates eventually settled in the area, and traces of their presence can still be found in the local dialect, which is unique and contains words and phrases unconnected to Latin or to any of the other dialects spoken in the south.

The most disastrous and famous of the attacks on Sperlonga was undoubtedly one carried out by a renowned Turkish pirate nicknamed Barbarossa (Red Beard), who commanded the fleet of the Ottoman Sultan Süleyman the Magnificent. Barbarossa's main purpose was to abduct a famous beauty, Giulia Gonzaga, the Countess of Fondi and Traetto, whom the Sultan wanted to add to his harem. Barbarossa showed up with a large fleet off the coast early on the morning of August 8, 1534, and disembarked two thousand armed men on Angolo Beach, below the town, while the fleet proceeded up toward Terracina on a secondary raid. The Sperlongani took refuge behind their walls, but they were unable to put up much of a resistance against the invaders, who first sacked the fishing port, then broke into the town itself. Only fifty-one inhabitants survived—the rest were either killed or taken as slaves.

Barbarossa's force then turned inland toward Fondi, a larger and much richer town about ten miles away. The main prize he was after, however, the Countess Gonzaga—described by a present-day chronicler as "cultured and of singular beauty"—managed to escape. Tipped off by a fugitive from the attack on Sperlonga, the Countess reportedly fled nearly naked out of a window and hid in the nearby woods while the pirates sacked and burned the town. Barbarossa also attacked and devastated Terracina, but he and his men were repulsed at Itri, a town a few miles south of Fondi, where the citizens, alerted in time, put up a furious defense from inside their strongly fortified *castello*.

Although Barbarossa's ruinous raid was by no means the last one, Sperlonga somehow survived, even if it never prospered. A fiscal report on the village by the county of Fondi tax officials in 1690 reveals that the population was seven hundred and five, of whom only three families could be considered well off, while about a dozen others were able to scrape along adequately. "All the other inhabitants practice fishing, carry on agriculture, and transport their fish to sell in all the nearby places and also in the Roman state," the report noted. Almost everyone was poor, and the town depended, as it had for many years, on work it could scrape up from its neighbors. The description is astonishingly similar in tone to all the others made

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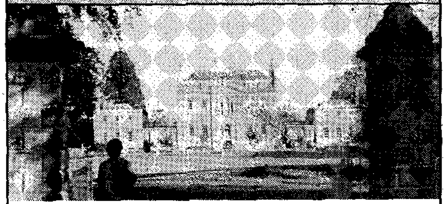

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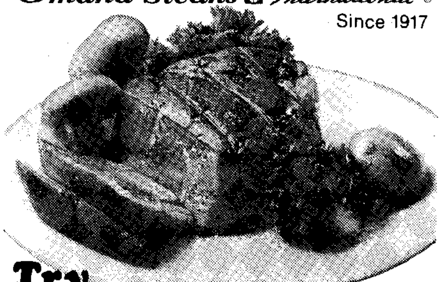

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from time to time over the next two hundred and fifty years. The one constant in Sperlonga was poverty.

The chief trouble was that after the fall of the empire Sperlonga was cut off from its neighbors. The main Roman road south, the Via Appia, reached the coast at Terracina, then turned inland again toward Fondi and Itri before reaching the sea once more at Gaeta. The Via Flacca had been abandoned, and Sperlonga's only link, except by sea, to the rest of Italy was a narrow road—little more than a footpath—to Fondi. Not until 1871 was a project approved to build a real road between the two towns, and work was not completed on it until 1889.

The isolation and sufferings of the village over the centuries, and its dependence upon the powerful noble families who ruled in Fondi, formed the character of the town. They created, according to Guglietta, "an inferiority complex, and induced it to submit always to everything with a dismaying passivity." This attitude affected everyone and everything in Sperlonga, prolonging a feudal state of mind that resisted any attempt from whatever quarter to better the lot of the citizens and to free them from the past.

LIBERATION finally came about as a result of the new two-lane highway from Terracina. Also named the Via Flacca, it follows roughly the route of the old Roman road, then proceeds through a series of tunnels toward Gaeta and Formia. It was opened to traffic on February 9, 1958, after six years of work, and it immediately put Sperlonga on the map. It still took close to three hours to drive down from Rome, but property prices soon began to soar as the new Italian bourgeoisie began buying up and remodelling existing houses and apartments in the *centro storico*, as well as constructing villas, hotels, and *pensioni* along the northern shore. The building boom was on all over the country, and it was largely uncontrolled. Even where there were zoning laws and planning boards, the real-estate speculators did pretty much as they wanted. The rules were simply ignored or circumvented, while politicians and public officials conveniently looked the other way. It wasn't until some years later—long after the worst abuses had been perpetrated—that a number of scandals exploded into the public eye involving collusion between the speculators and the guardians of the public interest. Some of these scandals helped to topple national governments and resulted in the jailing of dozens of people—mostly private businessmen an minor officials. Every corner of th peninsula was affected by the boom and Sperlonga was no exception.

The present mayor of the town Antonio La Rocca, has been in offic almost continuously since 1945, whe he was first elected to the post, at th age of twenty-eight. La Rocca, a Socialist, is a short, stout man with gra hair and an energetic, affable personality. He is also obviously a very astut politician, since his party receives onl about fifteen per cent of the vote i almost every election. He manages t remain in power by collaborating wit the Christian Democrats and th smaller democratic factions of the center, apportioning public jobs and responsibilities so as to secure the support he needs to continue in office Almost all the building and the development of the town's resources ha taken place under his regime and with his blessing. Some years ago, he wa accused of having profited illegally from the boom—by having licensed and condoned a number of suspec projects—and he lost the next election Although he was eventually cleared o any wrongdoing, his detractors—mainly members of the large and powerful local Communist Party—still insist that he has been responsible for many of the worst abuses in the area Nevertheless, he was soon reëlected and gives no indication of wanting to withdraw from political life.

Much of the development of Sperlonga has been beneficial to the town. Water and sewer systems, two new schools, a Palazzo Comunale and other public buildings, a breakwater making possible the creation of a small enclosed harbor—all were approved, financed, and carried out under Signor La Rocca's administration. He has also pushed for housing projects, better roads, and additional parking facilities—measures aimed, in his view, at increasing tourism and thus bringing added prosperity to the community.

Most of the criticism directed at the La Rocca regime's policies concerns the aesthetic and environmental price being paid for what amounts to a boundless dedication to progress at any cost, and also concerns the detrimental effect it will have on the quality of life in the region. "We see over the years a slow degradation" is the way it was put to me recently by a slight, bearded, intense-looking young man named Stefano D'Arcangelo, the secretary of he local Communist Party, who is employed in a civil-service job having o do with tourism and development. “Ideas, certainly, are not lacking, but he execution is.”

A friend of mine, whom I’ll call Gabriella Schiavone, has joined in a number of attempts over the years to organize and rally the resident *forestieri* against this trend, admittedly without much success. “Some of us have been here for twenty years and we own property, but it makes no difference,” she told me not long ago. “We are still outsiders, and no one at city hall pays attention to us.”

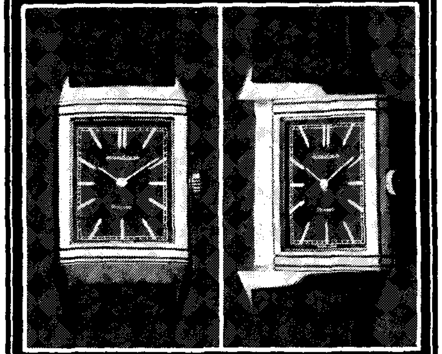
In the mid-1960s, Gabriella bought an old Sperlonga building facing the sea and converted the interior into several apartments. She and her family use one of them, and they rent out the others to summer residents. “What I see every year is the disappearance of he little things that were Sperlonga—chimneys, corners of buildings, stairways, balconies, terraces, windows, even the colors of the stones,” she said. “For instance, the old windows were ringed in white, where the women used to wash the walls by hand. The balconies were narrow, contained within the traditional local straight ron railings. Now everything is being remodelled in the Assyro-Tyrolese style, with shutters and ornate, curlicued balustrades. The old shops in the piazza disappear, to be remodelled and reopened as pizzerias, ice-cream parlors, boutiques, and wine bars with names like New Pop or Baby’s. Then, there are the wires and cable lines wherever you look, the television antennas, and next year the new gas pipes they are planning to run along the outside walls everywhere. If you try to protest and to explain to these people that they are slowly ruining everything, they look at you as if you were demented. ‘Ah, *you* have a nice house, Signora,’ they say to me, ‘but you built it on our shoulders.’ ”

In their headlong rush to prosperity, the Sperlongani have indeed tended to ignore what it was that made their town attractive to moneyed outsiders. As the old buildings in the *centro storico* are remodelled into luxury apartment houses, they tend to lose the exterior characteristics that made them unique and picturesque. Some months ago, I arrived in the Piazza della Repubblica to find that one of the main buildings on the square had been converted into a sort of Beverly Hills–Spanish mansion, with shutters, balconies, ornate iron grillwork—all painted a brilliant white. Not only did it clash with the friendly, slightly dilapidated, ancient look of the rest of the piazza but from the beach below it stuck out from its neighbors like a neon sign mounted on a verdant hillside. I heard that the building belonged to a Christian Democratic politician, who happens to be a member of Mayor La Rocca’s administration. He is reportedly busily at work remodelling several other buildings he owns in the *centro*—and who knows what we will find when we return to Sperlonga this spring?

IT may be, of course, that something of the old Sperlonga will survive—enough to keep the *forestieri* coming back year after year. The legacy of the town’s tragic past persists in its stones, and nothing so dramatizes the clash between history and the future as the present-day view from Alberto Boccianti’s terrace. To the south, as one looks toward the grotto and the museum, the sight remains largely unspoiled—not unlike what the architect saw when he first visited the town. Angolo Beach curves gradually toward the mouth of the cave, framed by the rocky slopes of the hills that here stretch gently to the sea. Between the beach and the hills are cultivated fields of lettuce, corn, and tomato plants, with a handful of private villas tucked back in among groves of trees and, along the beach itself, a few modest-looking establishments catering to the needs of visitors during the summer months. Ever since the first archeological discoveries around the grotto, the whole area has been under the protection of the Superintendent of Antiquities, which prohibits private construction near the site and commercial exploitation of any kind. (The villas were built illegally a few years ago, but have been allowed to remain —a not uncommon occurrence in a country where, as an old Roman friend of mine once put it, “there are plenty of laws, but no one enforces them.”) Except during the hot months, when the beach all but disappears under long parallel rows of colored umbrellas and the seafront becomes a hive of frolicking vacationers, the aura of old Sperlonga lingers over the scene and the sense of a living past is strong.

To the north, however, the view is completely different. Sperlonga Mare has become a great jumble of apartment houses, hotels, *pensioni*, shops, restaurants, banks, and parking lots. The

VINTAGE WRISTWATCHES



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buildings press down to the high-tide line, and every summer it seems to become more crowded, with hordes of tourists shuffling along the sidewalks and pushing in and out of the shops and restaurants. Even in the cold months, when the old town seems to be asleep and largely deserted, Sperlonga Mare remains bustlingly active. This is because most of the roughly thirty-eight hundred Sperlongani now live there. As the *centro storico* has been bought up by outsiders, the inhabitants have been forced to move—a phenomenon common to all of Italy. Many Italians, tired of the cramped quarters and the climb up into the old hill towns, have sold their ancestral homes and parlayed their new wealth into modern apartments on flat land nearer to their jobs, the new highways, and the railroad. Every hilltop *castello* in Lazio, Tuscany, and Umbria, for instance, is ringed by blocks of new apartment houses, factories, and office buildings—new towns where the real day-to-day life of these communities is lived. Only three or four hundred Sperlongani still dwell in the *centro*, which in winter can seem as forlorn and empty as a ghost town. "All of Italy begins to resemble Disneyland, as if our past had become an amusement park to entertain the foreigners," Gabriella Schiavone says.

These days, however, the past is in danger of being abandoned completely. "There are enormous pressures to keep on building," Stefano D'Arcangelo informed me. "For ten years, there has been a struggle between various government agencies with authority over the territory, and every now and then someone slips something past them." About eighteen months ago, one of the most aggressive speculators managed to secure a permit to build luxury villas about fifty yards from the mouth of the grotto, a project that was shelved, temporarily at least, when a story about it was published in several local and Roman newspapers. "There is a basic lack of understanding in city hall about the tourist value of unspoiled landscapes and views," D'Arcangelo said. "The landowners plead hardship, that they are prevented by a tangle of laws from being able to earn any money from their property. The politicians and bureaucrats think that all these problems can be solved by more roads, more hotels, more parking lots—the cement solution."

To some Sperlongani, as well as to the *forestieri* who have bought home here, the flight from the past and everything it represents is best symbolized by the tower of Truglia at the ti of the peninsula and the old church i the heart of the *centro storico*. Bot structures have been empty for year and are slowly falling to pieces. Th once fortified tower, from which lookouts first spotted pirate ships on th horizon, is becoming an eyesore, wit gaping, empty windows and tras strewn about the grounds. The ol church, which was name after St. Leo the Great, th town's patron saint, is a rotting hulk whose roof i threatening to cave in. Fo years, groups of citizens hav tried to get a permit from the ecclesiastical authorities to reopen it as cultural or youth center, but withou success. "In the end, people get tire of struggling, and they turn thei backs," D'Arcangelo explained.

Another poignant symbol of thi abandonment is the town cemetery near the Via Flacca at the entrance t Sperlonga Mare. Surrounded by high stone wall, the graves lie in long even rows, the stones looking shiny and new under the bright sun. There are very few tombstones indicating that anyone died before 1950; the bones of the older dead, some of whom rested in a tiny ancient cemetery inside the old church itself, have been dug up and consigned to a common, unmarked grave. "Only the rich are now remembered," an old Sperlongano, who still lives in the upper town, recently said to me. "This is the cemetery of the big shots."

The daily life of Sperlonga today has thus become, as it has in so many other picturesque Italian villages, a never-ending guerrilla war between those who, like the old, the *forestieri*, and the more enlightened, educated younger citizens, see a need to preserve at least a remnant of the past, and the forces of progress at any cost, who view history in general as an encumbrance and an obstacle to material well-being. This contrast is immediately evident even to the most casual visitor. At the entrance to the old town, from the access road that curves up the hill from the Via Flacca, one enters the Piazza Europa, a modern-looking square built outside the old walls and flanked by the white stone bulk of the Palazzo Comunale, a large public parking lot, a row of modern shops, and the new church—Santa Maria Assunta in Cielo—a sterile, anular structure that could easily be nistaken for a supermarket. Beyond he Piazza Europa, a single narrow treet over what used to be the castle noat leads into the Piazza della Repubblica, where the façades of most f the old houses remain pretty much s they were a thousand years ago, vith drying laundry dangling from he windows and swallows darting bout over the rooftops. Despite the new pizza joints and the boutiques, the ense of history here is very strong. nd even in summer, when the whole own all but disappears under a crush f tourists, cars, buses, motorcycles, nd gangs of vacationing teen-agers rmed with stereo sets and electric uitars, something of the past persists.

Among these throngs of revellers, he last of the old Sperlongani—those vho have not been enriched by the oom—remain like relics of another ge. The men sit placidly in their habby clothes against the walls of the Trani Bar—a small café that has been n the piazza for over a century—azing with mild, resigned curiosity at he comings and goings of the new nvaders, while the black-robed women move through the crowd like phanoms. "When these old people have ll died off, who will remember what perlonga was like?" Gabriella said o me one day.

I was standing at the Trani Bar one norning last summer, sipping a *caffè atte*, when I struck up a conversation vith a middle-aged Sperlongano namned Fernando De Fabritiis, who owns a small grocery store on the Via Tiberio, up the street from my nother's house. Fernando has lived in Sperlonga all his life, and likes to express his views on matters of public concern by telling jokes and stories he has known since he was a child. When I asked him if he thought anything could be done by the present municipal administration about the heedless overdevelopment of the area, he smiled and shook his head. "I will tell you a story," he said. "A man has a grove of pear trees, but one of these trees fails to produce, so he chops it down and he sells it to a carpenter. The carpenter carves a statue of St. Joseph out of it and gives it to the local church. The man who owned the tree goes to the church one Sunday, where everyone is praying to the statue of St. Joseph. The man refuses to pray. He knows that piece of wood. 'It couldn't make a single pear,' he tells everybody. 'How will it produce a miracle?' "

—William Murray

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Exotics

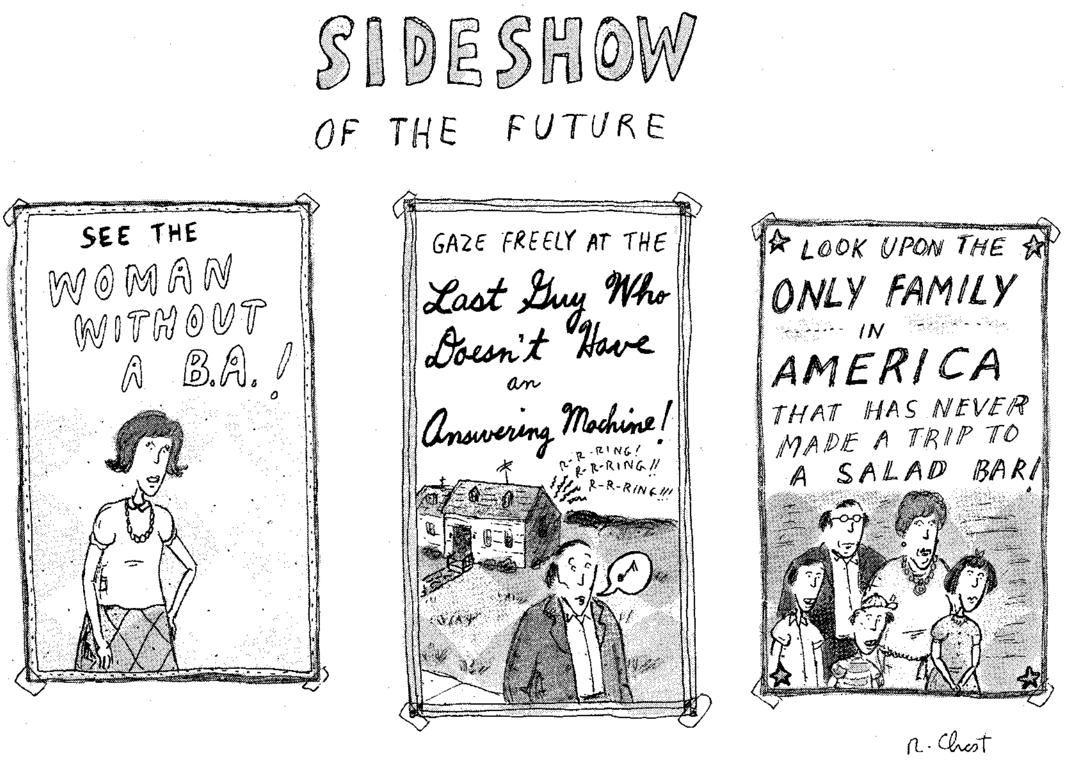
THE Metropolitan Opera's latest extravaganza is a local edition of the "Turandot" that Franco Zeffirelli designed and directed for La Scala in 1983. Nearly three hundred people, we are told, appear in the riddle scene of Act II. The show seems to have been conceived in a spirit of wholehearted agreement with Joseph Kerman's judgment, in "Opera as Drama," that Puccini's

> music does nothing to rationalize the legend or illuminate the characters; it is consistently, throughout, of café-music banality. There is simply no insight into any emotions that might possibly be imagined in any of the situations, to say nothing of an imaginative binding conception.... The tremendous apparatus provides exoticism for its own sake.... Rarely has myth been so emptily employed.... Genuine drama is entirely out of the question.

The Met, as if to demonstrate contempt for the drama that Puccini believed he was writing, has replaced it with busy, grandiose spectacle, accompanied by music of monotonous, meaningless loudness. By adding comic touches to Puccini's high moments, it has guarded against any temptation to take the work seriously. During Turandot's aria, dancing girls flutter their long sleeves, mimicking the unsteady singing of the soprano, Eva Marton. As Calaf guesses each riddle aright, huge carnival streamers—green, red, then white—are pulled, conjuring-trick fashion, from Turandot's shoulder blades. Calaf's "phrenetic" kiss, whose "incredible contact transfigures" the heroine, gets its laugh. Glitter dust pours down from the flies to greet the happy ending. The parodistic effects are applied earnestly—not with commedia-dell'arte lightness.

Professor Kerman's thesis and the Met's elaborate demonstration of it should not go quite unchallenged. "Turandot" is not altogether worthless. The plot—a version of "The Taming of the Shrew"—is hard to defend. The apparent "moral"—that beneath violent male embraces a proud, cold woman melts into tender love for her ravisher—is unpleasing. (Wagner handled a similar situation less bluntly at the close of "Siegfried.") And the rest is decoration—but decoration achieved with music of uncommon charm and romance, lifted above "café-music banality" by the skill and delicacy of the scoring, by subtle, varied textures, by harmonic mastery. There are operas—Weber's "Oberon," Bellini's "I Puritani," Janáček's "Osud," "Turandot"—whose music transcends an unsatisfactory plot and creates a drama of its own. They are not the highest kind of opera (in which libretto and music conspire) but are not negligible. Mosco Carner, Puccini's biographer, ha suggested that Act I of "Turandot' can be enjoyed as a four-movemen symphony. Act II is a ritual with a unforeseen resolution. Act III is composite, for Puccini did not live t write the apotheosis-finale. Franc Alfano, who composed it, drew o some Puccini rough sketches for th opening, but about two-thirds is all hi own invention. He did not even hav Puccini's full score of the earlie scenes to guide him but orchestrated i his own manner. Alfano's ending wa —at the insistence of Toscanini, wh conducted the première—cruell abridged, but in one or two shor passages improved. The Met uses th abridged version.

Musically, the performance, conducted by James Levine, was heav and insistent. The episode of the boys voices, doubled by offstage saxophones stealing in from afar, drawing close —usually an enchanted moment—seemed prosaic. The trio of Masks—Brian Schexnayder, Allan Glassman and Anthony Laciura—sacrifice lightness and grace to volume Turandot's aria "In questa reggia' begins over a chord from two flute and a muted horn, all *piano*, as sh evokes events of long ago; Mis Marton trumpeted the phrase. She ha the volume for the climaxes but lessened their effectiveness by singing loudly, too, in passages that should b soft, lyrical, and beautiful. Placid Domingo, the Calaf was in fine, fervent voice. Leona Mitchell's tone was rather complicated and covered for Liù's gentle arias. Paul Plishka, the Timur, was another singer reluctant to drop below *forte*. (He played the exiled emperor as blind, which is traditional but is at variance with the stage direction "opens his eyes, gazes at his rescuer, scarce able to believe the reality," before his cry of "O my son! You! Alive!") The chorus, huddled at the footlights, from side to side of the stage, was very loud. Hugues Cuénod, making his Met début at the age of nearly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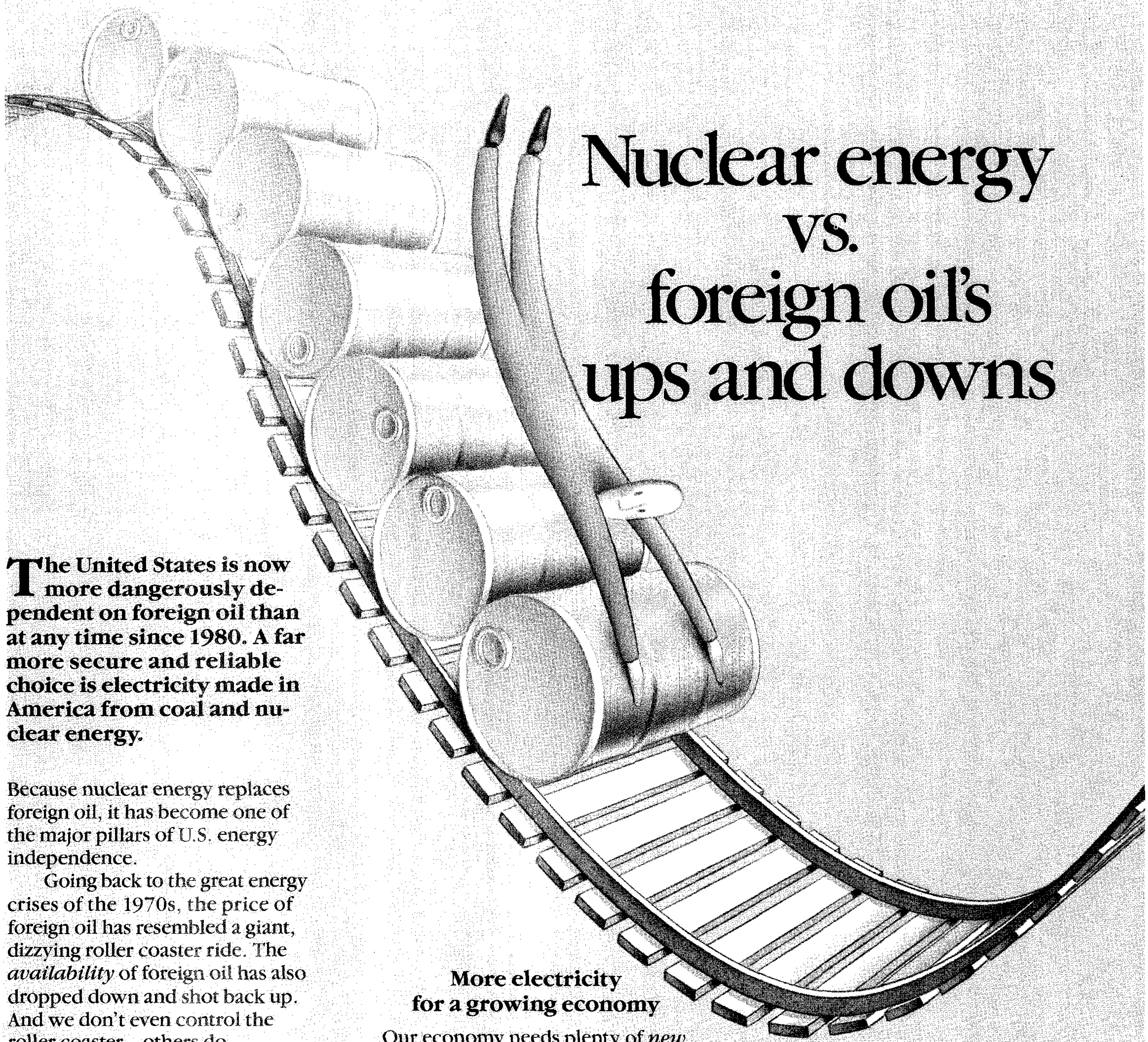

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18 Dancer Alexander
19 Wan
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21 Like a Met production
23 Classic new condominium at Lincoln Center
25 Exclude
26 Bookish
27 Traffic-light mechanisms
28 No longer new
30 Harem
31 N.Y.C. gambling initials
32 Obliteration
34 Upbeats, to Mehta
38 Puma
42 Famed Egyptian mummy
43 Elizabethan dramatist
44 Leblanc's --- Lupin
45 Cio-Cio-san, e.g.
48 British sovereign: 10th C
49 Song for Sutherland
50 Scrap for Fido
51 Wallet fillers
53 Zoo animal
54 All of 23 Across's apartments --- washers and dryers
56 Shank
58 Cinch
59 Put on a happy face
60 Lincoln Center's --- was 28 in 1986
61 Republic south of Libya
62 King topper
63 Footnote abbreviation
65 Pavarotti or Domingo
67 Writer Jon Dos ---
69 Voracious S.A. fish
72 Habituate
73 Big Board initials
74 Oriental greeting
75 A sauna and --- room are located in 23 Across
76 Singer-actress Elaine
80 Gypsy's horse
81 Buildings like 23 Across are called ---
83 Fronton cheers
85 Alger's "--- the Fiddler"
86 Explode
89 Choral response in a church service
91 Ezio Pinza was one
93 Verdi opus: 1867
95 Soprano Grist
96 Place for a chapeau
97 Residents of 23 Across swim --- 75-foot-long indoor pool
98 Girl in an office pool
99 Exec's note
100 Gaelic
101 The famous Cafe --- Artistes is near 23 Across
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1 Rebel in "The Emperor Jones"
2 Telephone co. employee
3 Site of famous boutiques near 23 Across
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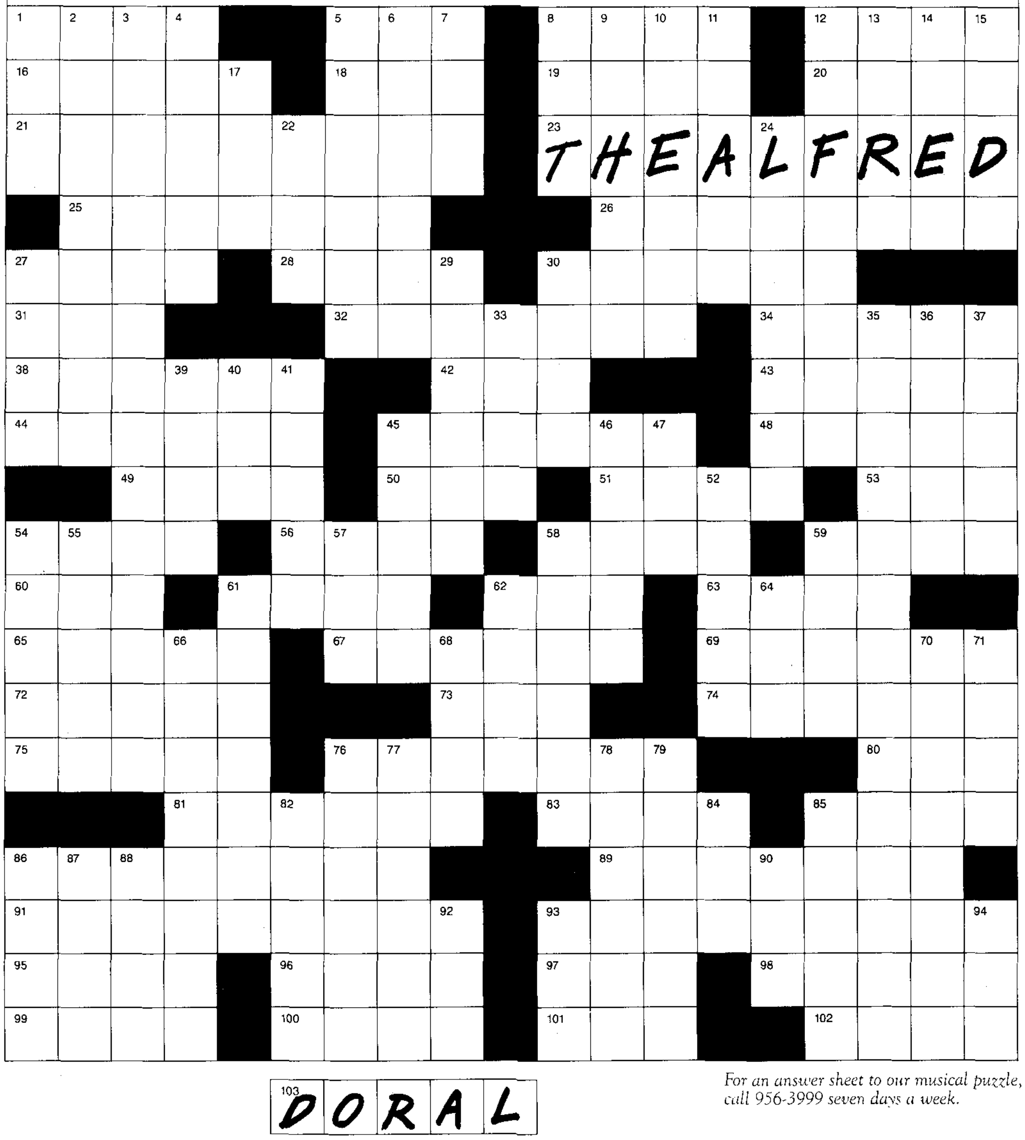
5 Stimulate
6 Carpenter's plane
7 Asner and McMahon
8 Quick to learn
9 Composer Gustav ---
10 Liquid part of fat
11 Ranch in Ferber's "Giant"
12 Kind of lamp or film
13 Theda of the silents
14 Mimic
15 Crooner Vallee
17 Town near Arnheim
22 Chit
24 Delaware Indians
27 Comedienne Imogene
29 Librarians' devices
30 Pierre's interjections of disgust
33 Fit
35 Ballet Russe founder
36 Met *mezzo-soprano* Obraztsova
37 Mosslike plant
39 Actor Richard from Philadelphia
40 Violinist Kavafian
41 Juilliard School is within easy --- of 23 Across
45 A mild cheese
46 Uses a whetstone
47 Anecdotal compilation
52 Homeric poems
54 Detests
55 Deputy
57 Knock
58 Renata of the Met
59 Revolve, as a log
61 Very fine violin
62 Italian wine district
64 Ewe said it
66 Type of music often played at Avery Fisher Hall
68 Letter opener
70 Sherrill Milnes is one
71 Conductor Cooper
76 Game dog
77 Sweet --- are available at Chocolates by M near 23 Across
78 Genus of Arctic mollusks
79 Certain rinses
82 What haste makes
84 Monogram of "The Ancient Mariner" poet
85 --- Novo, capital of Dahomey
86 Undergrad's pad
87 Fencing sword
88 Polk had one; so did Carter
90 Headland
92 Her mate is ruff
93 --- you know that 23 Across offers a view of Central Park?
94 Junior

MUSIC TO YOUR EARS



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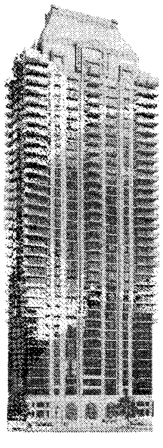

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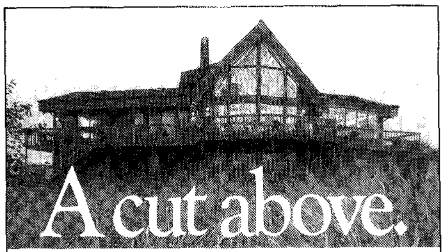

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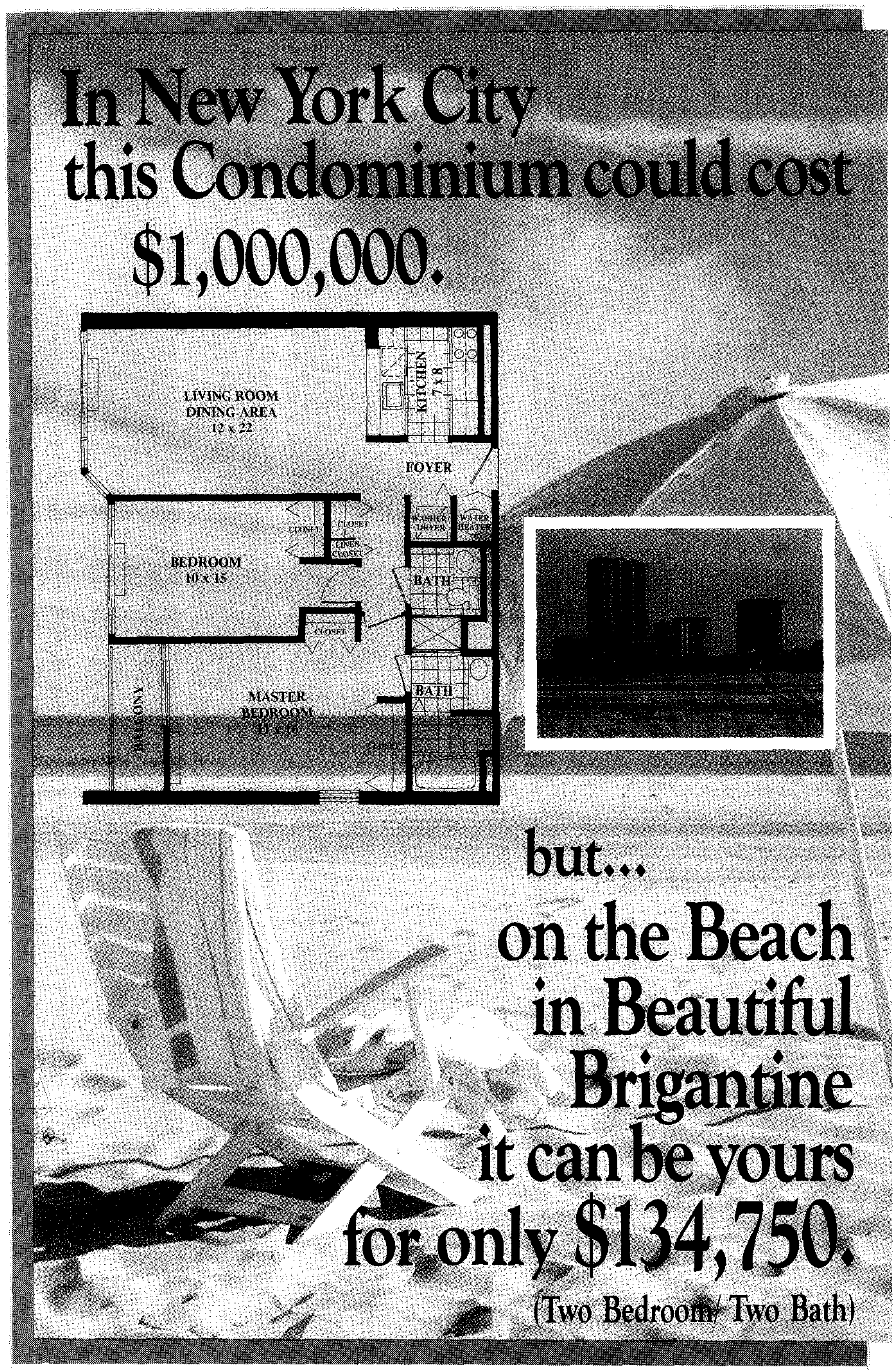
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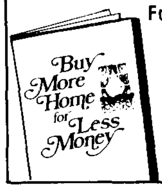

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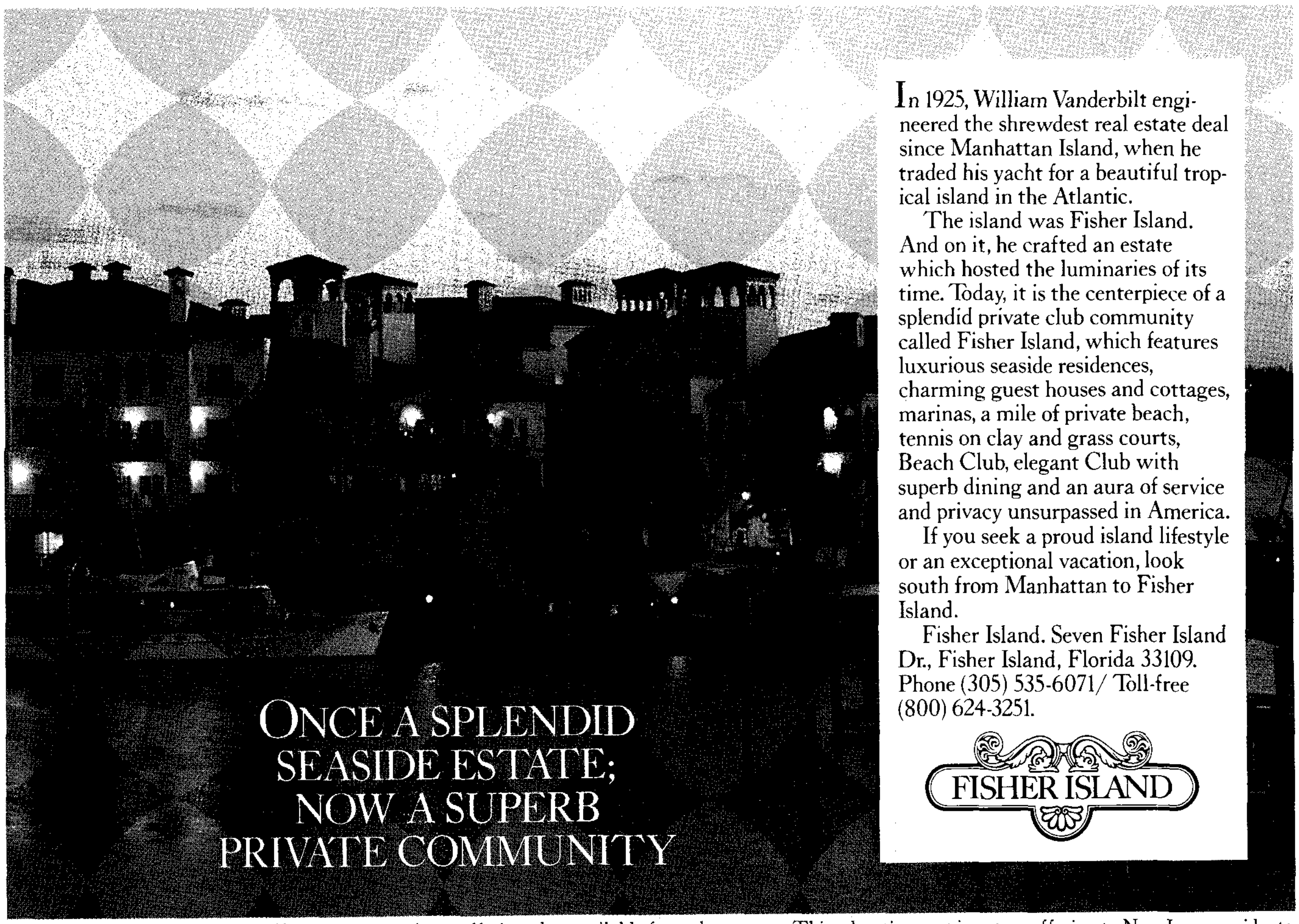
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ighty-five, as the Emperor Altoum, ave a precise, vivid performance.

If the staging were simplified, and if Mr. Levine took as his maxim, and npressed on all his singers and playrs, *plus fait douceur que violence*—xcept, of course, in the passages of "Turandot" that *should* be stentorohonic—something might be made of his production. The décor will always e hazardous: Acts II and III play on small, stepped circular island in a arge pond, reached by narrow bridges.

HEITOR VILLA-LOBOS, Bohuslav Martinů, and Darius Milhaud were three once prominent twentieth-entury composers so copious, and so neven in quality, that there is now no settled assessment of their merits. Each as his champions. There are those who hold Milhaud's three operas on American themes—"Christophe Colomb," "Maximilien," and "Boliar"—among the high achievements f twentieth-century music drama, while, in New Grove, Christopher Palmer suggests that Milhaud may be music's Cézanne. Martinů's opera "Julietta" has just had its second Lonon production in a decade, and Rodney Milnes, the editor of *Opera*, writes, "We all have our little eccenricities, and amongst mine is the obtinate belief that not only is Martinů ne of the finest of all twentieth-entury opera composers, but that his 'Julietta' is a blazing masterpiece." The repertory needs more blazing masterpieces, yet "Julietta," first perormed in 1938, awaits an American première. (Mr. Milnes calls it an ideal piece for skillful student performers; perhaps a Juilliard or Manhattan School production could lead to one at he Metropolitan or the City Opera.) Villa-Lobos (born in 1887), Martinů (born in 1890), and Milhaud (born in 1892), very different composers, have his in common: not only did they (in Saint-Saëns's phrase when *he* was reproached for copiousness) "produce music as an apple tree produces apples;" they produced music that is unfailingly attractive, never sapless or shrivelled. At its best, their music moves listeners to resolve to discover more of the composer's works; at its slightest or least disciplined, it is still marked by unlabored, felicitous, abundant musical invention. Each of the three continued to draw musical sustenance from his birthplace—Brazil, Bohemia, Provence. All three made their way to Paris: Milhaud early, and Martinů and Villa-Lobos in 1923. Villa-Lobos returned to Brazil in 1930. Martinů and Milhaud left France in 1940, before the Occupation; both spent years in this country. The Boston Symphony's seventy-fifth-anniversary celebrations, in 1955-56, included new works from all three: Villa-Lobos's Eleventh Symphony, Martinů's Sixth, and Milhaud's Sixth.

Villa-Lobos was casual about his birthdate, which was reported variously between 1881 and 1891 until research established it as March 5, 1887. In this centenary year, a fair amount of his music is turning up on New York programs. As harbinger, Gerard Schwarz conducted an exhilarating account of the nonet "A Rapid Impression of All Brazil" (1923) at the opening concert of Merkin Hall's Music Today series, in October. The piece, which had its first performance at the Salle Gaveau in 1927, demonstrates Villa-Lobos's claim that he had gone to Paris not so much to learn as to show. He *had* learned, it seems plain, from both Varèse and Stravinsky, but what he learned was boldness, scorn of conventional niceties; what he showed was a fiercely direct, personal way of presenting Brazilian melodies and calls in bright primary colors. Another, less sharply focussed account of the "Rapid Impression" ended a Villa-Lobos concert presented later in October, in Alice Tully Hall, by the Brazilian Cultural Foundation. Aldo Parisot, for whom Villa-Lobos wrote the Second Cello Concerto, had brought eight of his Yale cello students along to play part of the first and, with Carla Cortner as soprano, all of the fifth Bachiana Brasileira. Nelson Freire, a pianist who commands attention, played the Prelude to Bachiana Brasileira No. 4, the "Baby's Family" first suite, and "The Three Marias." Carlos Barbosa-Lima gave a lilting account of the catchy, raglike Chôro No. 1 and other guitar pieces.

Villa-Lobos composed twelve symphonies, five piano concertos, seventeen string quartets, several stage pieces but is best known for his fourteen Chôros (1920-29) and nine Bachianas Brasileiras (1930-45). A *chôro* is a band of *chorões*—Rio street musicians. The young Villa-Lobos played guitar in one. In later life he remarked, "As soon as I feel someone's influence on me, I shake myself and jump out of it." In Paris, where he heard Stravinsky, Debussy, Ravel, Prokofiev, the shaking and jumping evidently took the form of converting something of what he had heard into *chôro* music: Chôro No. 5, for example, suggests an improvisation by Brazilian street musicians who have encountered "The Rite of Spring." The Chôros are mostly short; the forces range from guitar solo (No. 1) to two orchestras and military band (No. 13).

There were four Villa-Lobos concerts in New York during the centenary week. I missed those of the Villa-Lobos Music Society, given at the Americas Society on Park Avenue, and of the North Country Chamber Players, in Merkin Hall, but caught a pair presented in Merkin Hall—one on the birthday and one three days later—by the Sine Nomine Singers, conducted by Harry Saltzman, and the Quintet of the Americas (a wind quintet). These included six of the Chôros (those not calling for orchestra) and the Quintet in the Form of Chôros (1928). It was good to hear all this exuberant, gladdening music. At the same time, the programs were carefully planned to be uncloying. They included the quietly glowing motet cycle "Bendita Sabedoria," which Villa-Lobos dedicated to New York University when it gave him a doctorate, in 1958; "Two Amerindian Legends" (1952), beautifully laid out for unaccompanied voices; a longish, attractive Trio (1921), for oboe, clarinet, and bassoon; and a longer Quartet (1921), for flute, saxophone, harp, celesta, and women's voices, which contained passages of doodling after Ravel but also exquisite sounds. At the first concert, Marcella Calabi sang the alluring, mercurial Suite for Voice and Violin (Marshall Coid was the dashing fiddler), and at the second the touching "Poem of the Child and Her Mother," accompanied by flute, clarinet, and cello. The set of ten Typical Brazilian Songs (1919), arranged and harmonized by Villa-Lobos, and dedicated to that incomparable Brazilian singer Elsie Houston, brought forward eight Sine Nomine singers as

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soloists. Beatriz Roman played piano pieces, and Michael Cedric Smith played guitar pieces.

The performances were accomplished—neatly prepared, carefully balanced, rhythmically alert—but some of the music needed harder, brighter timbres and a bolder style of presentation. (Someone should have told Miss Calabi, a charming singer with a charming soprano, not to be afraid of looking her listeners in the eye. I never saw Elsie Houston—she died in 1943—but people who did tell me that the teasing, seductive sparkle I know so well from her records informed all her presence.) Villa-Lobos's fiercer moments were somewhat tamed, but otherwise his range—from thoughtful polyphony to buoyant dance rhythms, from quiet lyricism to full-throated ardor—was fully covered.

I USED to think that Juilliard students were perhaps taught never to let any signs of enjoying a piece or their performance of it escape them; to hold grim earnestness of mien the mark of a "serious" performer. I am still sure—ears provide the evidence—that some performers when changing from casual rehearsal clothes into the old-fashioned uniforms donned for most New York concerts also assume more sober musical manners. (By chance, I was at Merkin Hall when the Suite for Voice and Violin was in rehearsal there; Mr. Coid, bejeaned, was an even more dashing fiddler then than, attired as a waiter, he was at the concert that evening.) But things are changing. The lead story in the latest issue of *The Juilliard Journal* begins:

> It's not accurate, and it's just not fair, but it's almost always true that an audience's first impression of a musician isn't based on his or her vibrato, or precision with the baton. That important first image is visual—drawn from how the performer walks onstage, and holds himself or herself, and even dresses. It has nothing to do with music.

Phyllis Curtin, I read, was going to tell Juilliard students "about such necessities as proper house lighting, flattering appearance, and how to create a strong presence onstage." I'm delighted to have Miss Curtin on my side against those who reproach a critic for bothering with extramusical fripperies. If musical performance were a "pure" art concerned only with what reaches the ear, we might as well all stay at home with radio and records. (Glenn Gould took this austere idea to memorable heights.) Musical performance before a public inevitably contains a theatrical element and Miss Curtin, an artist of rare force and integrity, is also a "total" interpreter.

I'D picked up *The Juilliard Journa* on the way to a recital in Alice Tully Hall—a Naumburg recital celebrating Charles Neidich's winning o the 1985 Naumburg Competition for clarinet. In the light of the *Journa* article, I gave low marks to Mr. Neidich's tailor and his barber, and wondered why the page turner was more brightly lit than the soloist or the accompanist, Robert Spillman. Once Mr. Neidich began to play, the music became paramount. He drew the focus securely onto what his clarinet was sounding. Two works, in an otherwise "instrumentalist's" program, compelled attention to more than his grace, tonal variety, and subtle way with phrases. One was Isang Yun's Monologue for Solo Bass Clarinet (1983), which seemed less a monologue than an arresting three-voice dialogue: between the mysterious, furred lower register of the instrument, its easy assumption of normal clarinet range, and high commentary as it from an uncommonly melodious cockatoo. The other was Elena Firsova's one-movement Sonata for Solo Clarinet (1976), which worked modern clarinet sounds—microtones, slides, two-part writing, and chords—into a substantial and shapely design. William Schuman's "Awake Thou Wintry Earth," for clarinet and violin (played by Curtis Macomber), had its première: two slight, agreeable movements, Reverie and Variations, based on a seventeenth-century carol tune. For the rest, there was Schumann's A-Minor Violin Sonata (transcribed for clarinet by Mr. Neidich), a vapid fantasia by G. Meister, a sonata by Sigfrid Karg-Elert, and the Magyar fireworks of Mihály Hajdu's Capriccio all' Ongarese. —ANDREW PORTER

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

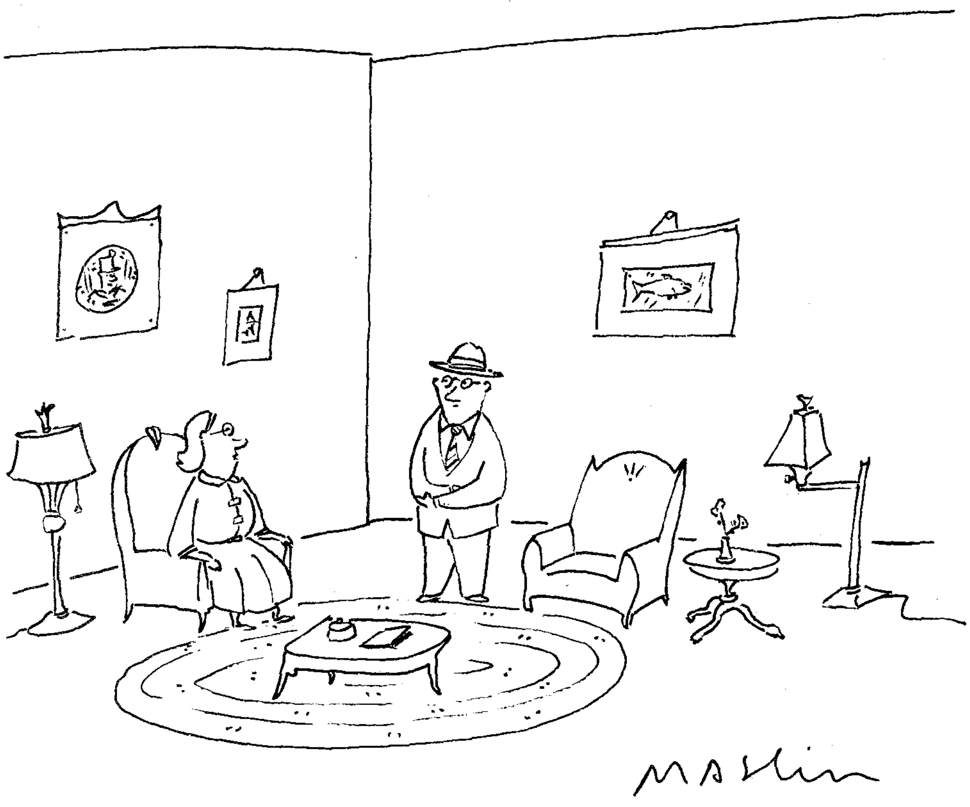
MARCH 22

THIS is one of the strangest times here in memory. The President's advisers are trying to restart the Reagan Presidency—the fourth such attempt since, on the same day (November 4th), the President suffered a political humiliation in the 1986 elections and the news first broke hat the United States had been engaged in swapping arms to Iran for hostages. Each time the show doctors are brought in, they seem to offer the ame prescription: have the President ook busy (a snippet on the television networks of one appearance a day can do the trick), have him make a speech, end him on the road. But none of hese efforts have been very successful: n part because they are so obvious (the President's advisers not only have him do these things but they talk about having him do these things, thus undermining the exercise); in part because the story of arms for hostages and all the rest not only won't go away but keeps growing; and in part because he lead player is the same. His hitting he road for last fall's elections did him no good, largely because he had so ittle to say. And the President's recent speech on the Iran-Contra affair was only partly successful, mainly serving the purpose of buying him some time. That's usually about all hat speeches can do for Presidents in rouble. In the current circumstances, a buck-and-wing won't suffice. His press conference last week was widely considered a success, simply because it wasn't a disaster—but he said a number of things that will not stand up to scrutiny.

The arrival of some new and popular figures in the Administration and the departure of some old and disastrous ones certainly helped; though Washington does tend to fixate on personnel changes, with a President as passive as Reagan changes of personnel can mean changes in substance. In fact, without the context of Donald Regan's having departed (characteristically stormily) as chief of staff and having been replaced by Howard Baker, the speech would have had far less effect. And the way in which the change in chiefs of staff was done—by the President's wife and some of his associates—made the President appear even more hapless than before, threw him into bolder relief as a bystander at his own Presidency. Baker was cooked up by others and served to him—just as Regan had been. For now, and perhaps for a few more weeks, Baker and the other new arrivals will be given generous, even glowing, treatment by the politicians and the press here, but such treatment can be of limited duration. Moreover, some of Reagan's new team have been appalled at the mess they have found throughout the Administration, and it is far from certain that they can glue a government together.

Many people here—in fact, a much larger number of people than ever before—are aware that the Reagan Administration is in the grip of events beyond its control, and that at any time something new and shattering could come out. The word around town is that Rear Admiral John Poindexter or Lieutenant Colonel Oliver North may well testify that Reagan did know about the diversion of profits from the arms sales to military assistance for the Contras—which a small but growing number of people say could get him impeached, or force him to leave office—but even if that is so (it's not always clear how these rumors get started), it's not the only danger Reagan faces. If it becomes clear that Reagan knew about the systematic efforts by members of his National Security Council staff to get military assistance to the Contras at a time when such aid was prohibited by Congress—not just from North but perhaps also from Poindexter or Robert McFarlane, who were North's supervisors—then he could be in serious trouble as well. If a White House can decide that a law passed by Congress is inconvenient, and simply set out to circumvent it, then our constitutional system is finished. Other Administrations have found Congress a pain (in fact, most do), but Reagan and some of the people surrounding him have frequently showed a strong contempt for Congress—an attitude that may have led them to a contempt of Congress. Of late, I have heard very calm and sensible people—who know a lot about the Iran-Contra issue—talk about the possibility of Reagan's "forced retirement."

SUCH are the problems with Reagan himself that his handlers, including his wife, make it obvious that they are most reluctant to let him out on his own and say anything that has not been carefully scripted. They held off his press conference for as long as they thought they could get away with it. And his answers during the press conference were obviously carefully rehearsed. The President's recent device of feigning laryngitis whenever the press got near was a supposed joke

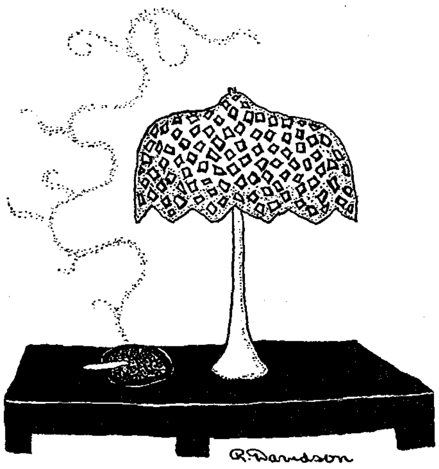


"You'd best take off your hat and coat and make yourself comfortable, Milton. It's going to be a long, long marriage."

that was nonetheless disconcerting. (Other devices employed for keeping the President safe from himself are to have the rotors of the helicopter that is to take the Reagans to Camp David turning, thus drowning out the shouted questions of the press, and to have the President use his deafness as a convenience.) When the President of the United States can't be allowed to speak spontaneously, something is wrong. This is not a new problem: throughout Reagan's Presidency there have been episodes that caused the President's advisers to clap their hands to their foreheads; in the 1984 election, he was carefully cocooned from the press, and his performance in his first debate with Walter Mondale, in which he was especially hesitant and forgetful, caused a severe attack of angst within the Reagan camp. It was clear that his people were trying to hide something from us.

One of the many forms of luck that Reagan enjoys is that the standards to which he has been held have been so low that the fact that he got through his latest speech (a very brief one) on the Iran-Contra affair was considered something of a triumph. So was the press conference, in that Reagan simply got through it without too much faltering and mental wandering (though there was some). He turned in a relatively good performance as Ronald Reagan, but it was obviously a performance. Fortunately for him, he has succeeded in getting many people to judge him on that standard alone—that is, on his own terms. His earlier televised speech was held to thirteen minutes by his advisers because they feared there was no way that Reagan could go on for longer without appearing defensive. This confirms the impression one had from watching the speech (and the press conference) that Reagan really hadn't come to terms with what had gone on, that he still didn't get it. What some observers saw in the speech as an act of contrition seemed to be more a case of Reagan's grudging acceptance that he had to admit that something had gone wrong but a resistance to saying any more than he felt he absolutely had to.

Years of watching Reagan make it not too difficult to tell when he doesn't believe what he is saying—in part because he is so good at conveying what he does believe. But even now, after all the practice, his acting abilities are limited. In his speech, he admitted that there had been an arms-for-hostages policy, because by then he had no choice, but he still insisted that it had grown out of what had begun as a noble geopolitical effort. And he did the same thing in the press conference. Though in the course of the speech Reagan said, "It was a mistake," figuring out the antecedent of "it" presented a daunting challenge. The most likely candidate was "What began as a strategic opening to Iran deteriorated in its implementation into trading arms for hostages"—how the "deterioration" happened was left unexplained. (He used the same formulation in the press conference, though the Tower Commission report shows that the opening to Iran and the trading of arms for hostages began simultaneously.) The President, in the speech, seemed to hold the word "mistake" as far from him as possible—as if it were a worm. And one problem was that in November Reagan had said, "I'm not going to lie about that. I did not make a mistake." So which does he really believe? In the speech, he engaged in a number of circumlocutions, and (as in the press conference) was not always at one with the facts, or the findings of the Tower Commission, about which he said, "Its findings are honest, convincing, and highly critical, and I accept them." In both appearances, he offered not one bit of new information and made no mention of the fact that there had been a coverup. He continued to maintain that he had tried all along to get the story out—an obvious untruth. And in both appearances his delivery was energetic—and seemed deliberately so, in order to have us conclude that thirteen minutes of a forceful delivery or a half-hour news conference in which he struck and held a commanding pose means that we have a forceful President, one who is in command. But after each of Reagan's reluctant pronouncements that something or other went wrong he seems to lapse into



recidivism, and in private conversa tions has continued to defend wha went on.

WE know now, of course, tha almost everything the Presiden said in the days after the story brok last November—in a speech and in press conference—was untrue. Reagan's advisers try to explain this awa by saying that he was poorly briefed b advisers who are no longer with him But there is a difficulty with this explanation: how, for example, could President who (as the Tower Commission report shows) sat through number of meetings on the question o coöperating with Israel in sendin arms to Iran, and who approved suc an action, not remember that Israe was involved—as he maintained, fou times, in his November press conference, it was not? (A correction wa quickly issued by the White House, i Reagan's name, saying, "There ma be some misunderstanding of one o my answers tonight." At last week' press conference, Reagan said, "It wa just a misstatement that I didn't realize that I had made," but when h gave his version of how the Iran polic got under way he once again lef Israel out.) Moreover, Reagan tol the Tower Commission that he ha thought the Israelis would be involved. There is also the problem o Reagan's saying that he doesn't remember when he approved the Israel shipment (a decision with legal implications)—and his changing his stor on this twice, ending with a rathe pathetic letter to the Tower Commission. ("Try as I might, I cannot recal anything whatsoever about whether I approved an Israeli sale in advance o whether I approved replenishment o Israeli stocks around August of 1985 My answer therefore and the simpl truth is 'I don't remember—period.' ") In the press conference, the President again changed some of wha he told the Tower Commission but continued to maintain that he couldn't remember when he approved the Israeli shipment.

There were other things the President told the Tower Commission he had forgotten. Among the more alarming lapses of memory was whether in early January, 1986, he had signed a "finding" permitting the C.I.A. to become involved in getting arms to Iran (though it already had been). The law requires a President to sign a "finding" in order to authorize any covert action, denying him deiability. Donald Regan told the ommission that the President may ave signed it "in error." If the President can mistakenly sign a document) set in motion a covert activity, there ; a problem. (The commission also ays it is unclear whether the President igned a different proposed finding in Jovember, 1985.) A slightly altered ersion of the finding, the official one, vas signed by the President later in he month.

This gets to rather basic questions bout the President—questions raised y some in earlier years but hat a number of people had referred not to face. There ; no good explanation for is "forgetting" when a key ecision was made, just as here is no good answer to he question of whether or ot he knew about the diversion of unds to the Contras. (Reagan has laimed a faulty memory before.) But here is one possibility that could explain not only Reagan's but also his dvisers' various versions of when the ecision was made to let Israel send American-made arms to Iran (with us ater replacing the arms) in order to et some hostages back: that the decision was deliberately made in an paque manner so as to give the Administration deniability if the gambit idn't work. (Thus, this operation vas launched without a finding.) In act, the chronology of events and the estimony and memos published in the Tower Commission report show that a leliberate decision was made to let the sraelis handle the job so as to provide he Administration with deniability. There is reason to think that the explanation often put forth for why certain things happen—that Reagan is 'disengaged"—might be overdone.

Even the Tower Commission suggested, delicately, that the Administration attempted a coverup after the arms-for-hostages story broke. (It exempted the President, saying that it was "convinced that the President does indeed want the full story to be told.") And though it touched only lightly (it had run out of time) on the Contra-support operation run out of the White House during the congressional ban, it did make it clear, through the publishing of certain documents, that North had been engaged in an elaborate exercise in getting this done. This was not—or should not have been—news, but the combined effect of the documents and the commission's authority gave the subject new weight. The documents also show that North kept Poindexter and McFarlane fully informed about what he was doing. Yet because of the commission's lack of time and of subpoena powers there remain a number of questions that it did not get into to any great extent: among other things, where the money from the arms sales went, how the exercise in getting military equipment to the Contras worked. Those are among the reasons so many people here feel that the story is far from over.

The strong impact that the Tower Commission report had stemmed from the fact that it did force people to face some fundamental things about the President: that he is so deficient at governing—and in understanding what governing means (even relaxed governing)—that he cannot be left to function without very strong and smart advisers to make up for his deficiencies. ("President Reagan's personal management style places an especially heavy responsibility on his key advisers.") The clear implication was that Reagan is not up to the job of being President. But the commission elected not to say this, for fear of the consequences of doing so. The commission members—former Republican Senator John Tower, former Democratic Senator and Secretary of State Edmund Muskie, and former national-security adviser Lieutenant General Brent Scowcroft (Ret.)—set about with the deliberate aim of trying to shake up the President while at the same time fulfilling the necessity, as they saw it, of preserving the Presidency. Since Reagan presumably would be around for the next two years, they did not want to render him completely ineffective. These three men are king's-party men, not rebels, but they wanted to tell the President some things that he could not avoid. They did it in a way that caused a national thunderclap.

But the fact that the President is a great delegator, and often appears to be disengaged, does not mean that he is always ignorant of what is going on. His is at times what might be termed deliberate disengagement—a calculated removal of himself from the picture when it seems better that he not be in it. His "disengagement" provides a convenient excuse. Reagan is not the simpleton that so many portraits of him suggest: he is wily, and quite capable of guile. (Several of his answers

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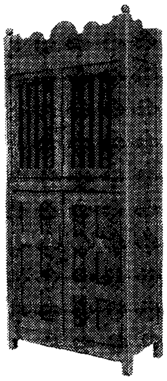

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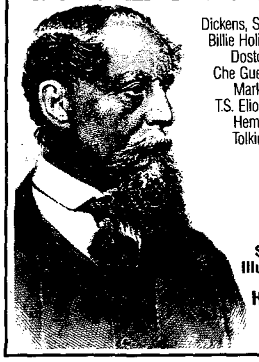

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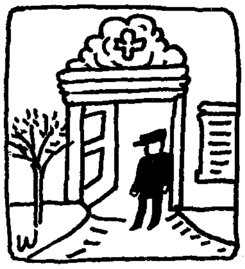
at the recent press conference were clever—perhaps too clever.) And, after all, he does attend meetings and make decisions. In addition, he creates a certain atmosphere within his Administration that leads people to think, not accidentally, that there are certain things he would like to see happen. Therefore, the idea that Reagan is "disengaged" does not necessarily mean that, among other things, the arms-for-hostages plan was foisted on him. (The Tower Commission report shows that Reagan wanted to keep the arms-for-hostages plan going when even some of its proponents wanted to shut it down.) It also does not necessarily mean that he was unaware of the fact that his aides, in probable violation of the law (the Boland amendment) prohibiting the Administration from providing military assistance to the Contras—directly or indirectly—were engaged in a systematic effort to get arms to the Contras.



In fact, it would seem impossible that Reagan was unaware of the Contra-support program; that the Contras were receiving military aid from somewhere and that North was involved was being reported in the press, with some prominence, and the President himself was involved in meeting and thanking contributors of what was said to be "humanitarian" aid. The President said at his press conference that he was thanking them for raising money for television ads urging Congress to support Contra aid; the Tower Commission report contains a memorandum by North to Poindexter saying, "The President obviously knows why he has been meeting with several select people to thank them for their 'support for Democracy' in CentAM." It was an open secret that North was coördinating the getting of military assistance from "private" sources and from third countries to the Contras. Congress looked into the matter but didn't pursue it: Reagan was very popular then, and the tentative congressional inquiries that were made were easily foiled by the White House. (After one session in which North misled some members of Congress on this point, Poindexter wrote him a memo saying, "Well done.") The Senate Intelligence Committee report, which was issued in late January, showed the President to have participated in certain meetings where getting military assistance to the Contras, and the diversion of funds, ma have been discussed, and both the committee and the Tower Commissio showed that—perhaps not coincidentally—a memo by North talking abou McFarlane's forthcoming trip to Ira and also suggesting the diversion o some of the profits to the Contras wa attached to a memo about McFarlane' instructions. The commission (whic was subject to fewer security restrictions than the committee was) published North's memo showing that it was addressed to Poindexter who was to forward it t the President, and als showing that it requeste the President's approva or disapproval of the proposed steps for gettin arms to Iran in connection with McFarlane' trip and of McFarlane's instruction The commission said it had "obtaine no evidence that Poindexter showe this memorandum to the President."

Perhaps the President believed, o was led to believe, that in providin "private" and third-country militar aid to the Contras no law was bein violated, but there is no sign that h made a point of finding out. It is not i his nature to ask a lot of questions a meetings, or to call in aides and demand to know what the hell is goin on. This is what the Tower Commission referred to, in its business-school textbook prose, as Reagan's "management style." In the press conference the President defended his "management style" at the same time that h appeared to be laying off on his aide the responsibility for the Iran program having "deteriorated" into arms fo hostages, and said frequently that h still doesn't know the answers to som important questions about what happened. At times, the commission seemed too kind; for example, it seemed to accept the President's word that he didn't even know that the Iranian operations were being run by the National Security Council staff, rather than the C.I.A.—which seems preposterous. As for the President's contention that he had no knowledge of the diversion before Attorney General Edwin Meese told him about it (and shortly after that told the public), the commission's saying that "no evidence has come to light to suggest otherwise" doesn't put an end to the matter.

The very fact that the Tower Commission, made up of three unflamboynt figures, gave the President the enefit of the doubt on this and so many other questions, and wrote a ombre, colorless report, and employed number of euphemisms, lent what it aid all the more impact. The commision also deliberately skirted the question of whether illegalities were committed, but even on the basis of what we know thus far several seem to have een. And it also deliberately refrained rom making proposals for structural hanges in the National Security Council or for new laws governing it—so as to avoid letting Reagan slide ff the hook by announcing that he as solved everything by moving omeone's office four doors down the all. (Anyway, Frank Carlucci, who ook over as national-security adviser arly this year, had already made ex-ensive changes in the N.S.C.'s proce-ures and personnel.) Rather, in saying, "The N.S.C. process did not fail, t simply was largely ignored," the ommission laid the problem at the President's door. By also placing lame on Donald Regan ("He must ear primary responsibility for the haos that descended upon the White House") and Secretary of State George Shultz and Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger (saying that they had "distanced" themselves from the rms-for-hostages policy, and had not ried hard enough to talk the President out of it), and a number of others, the ommission did (perhaps intention-lly) leaven the charge against the President. But this in itself gets back o Reagan's incompetence in governing.

The importance of the Tower Commission report was that it gave an official stamp—if these guys said it, it had to be true—to some things that a number of people had been saying about Reagan for some time. Moreover, now the audience was readier: there had been a long trail of foreign-policy disasters within only five weeks' time (the "non-swap" of Nicholas Daniloff for a Soviet spy, the downing of Eugene Hasenfus's plane over Nicaragua, the "disinformation" campaign, Reykjavik). Looking back, the downing of Hasenfus's plane was an omen—and a metaphor.

With the departure of Regan and the retirement of C.I.A. director William Casey, a number of Administration officials feel vastly relieved. Regan's ruinous corporate-style management of the White House shut almost everyone else out—and when Regan did allow anyone to see the President he almost always was in attendance. And Regan, it became disastrously clear, had absolutely no political feel. He was a walking example of the hazards of having businessmen in politics. With Casey gone, other officials feel not only that a malevolent influence on the President has departed (Casey did have direct access to the President) but also that they are no longer in so much danger if they have incorrect thoughts. The thought police who have patrolled, if not controlled, this Administration are not entirely gone, but one of their most powerful officers has left the scene.

Howard Baker will have no easy time of it as the President's new chief of staff. He has an equable temperament, a conciliatory manner, and is at ease with himself—all qualities that are most welcome, especially after Regan. (Regan, among other things, had a violent temper.) That Baker is a likable man and that he has very good relations with Capitol Hill (on both sides of the aisle) and with the press were seen by the Reagan advisers who installed him in the job as prime assets. Reagan had run against "Washington" and, especially in the second term, governed against Washington, but when he was in very deep trouble his advisers turned to a quintessential Washington insider. (Richard Nixon did the same thing, and so—though he was in less trouble than the other two—did Jimmy Carter.) That Baker has ended up not only as chief of staff but almost as a prime minister—at least, this is how many Republicans hope it will work—is full of ironies. Regan was criticized for trying to act like a prime minister. And Baker has hankered for a long time to be President or Vice-President, only to be barred by the very wing of the Republican Party that has now reached out to him for salvation. An associate of Baker's says that he had become bored with practicing law, and was most interested of late in becoming Secretary of State—but that job (at least as of now) is filled. I'm also told that Baker would have accepted the role of director of the C.I.A. but that he hadn't been asked right: Donald Regan asked him, and Baker was not interested in being Regan's C.I.A. director. Baker was apparently quite ambivalent about whether to run for President this time, so the invitation to come in and save Reagan was attractive.

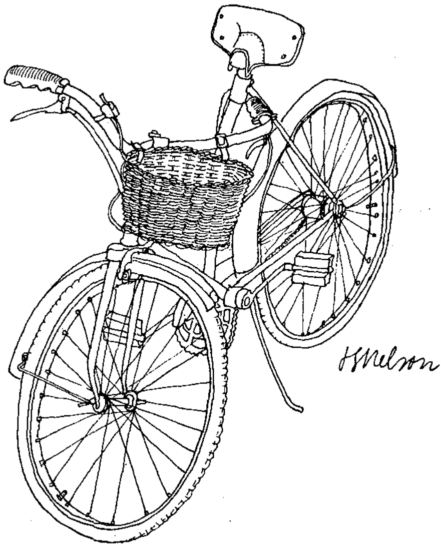
However, so many of Reagan's supporters are still so suspicious of Baker that Meese (another watchdog for the right) has had to provide him with political protection, and conservatives have set about providing checks on him. Former Nevada Senator Paul Laxalt, perhaps the President's closest pal, will head a committee of prominent conservatives—his co-chairman will be Edwin Feulner, the head of the right-wing Heritage Foundation, which sometimes seems to be running this Administration—to keep an eye on Baker. (Actually, Reagan doesn't seem to have strong friendships in the sense that he reaches out to people—they try to figure out how to get to him, and usually do so through Nancy Reagan.) Reagan's "kitchen cabinet"—the wealthy Californians who have backed him for a long time—is to be brought in for a White House meeting. Important Republican Party figures will be called in. Laxalt, who figured large in bringing Howard Baker in, told me recently, "I think they're all going to watch Howard very carefully. They'll be assessing the situation and seeing to it that Howard adheres to the President's agenda." By "the President's agenda" the conservatives have in mind meeting the targets of the Gramm-Rudman law (a virtual impossibility without a substantial increase in taxes, if it is done honestly), not trading away the Strategic Defense Initiative, and continuing aid to the Contras. (Military assistance has once again been made legal, but the entire program is in jeopardy on Capitol Hill—though perhaps not as much jeopardy as many people seem to assume. It is not yet clear that the Democratic Congress wants to be held politically responsible for completely cutting off aid to the Contras.) Laxalt told me that the purpose of these exercises in Baker-watching is, "to some degree, pacification" of the right.

But there are a number of questions about Baker in his new position, among them what his philosophy really is. People tend to think of him as a moderate, in part because he is so reasonable, but even some people close to him say that he doesn't have a political philosophy. During the first Reagan term, when Baker was the Senate Majority Leader, he was essentially a broker. People who admire Baker and know him well worry about some other things about him in his new job: he has never run a large staff, he has never had to make executive decisions of the kind called for in the White House, and his history is one of conciliating rather than of knocking heads together—but if he is to bring order to the Administration, knocking heads together may be essential. Baker does bring something to the White House that it desperately needs—some common sense. If the President listens to him—a big question—Baker can help do the one thing that Reagan obviously needs: give him more protection against himself. But Baker is working for a man with deeply ingrained habits of thought.

FOR all the impact the Tower Commission report had, there still has not been a thorough investigation of what happened. The investigations now under way by the independent counsel, Lawrence Walsh, and by the newly established Senate and House Select Committees will tell us a great deal more than we already know—probably none of it good for the Administration. It is possible that several indictments will take place, and that some dramatic—and possibly explosive—testimony will be given. And the committees and the independent counsel are proceeding in an unprecedentedly coöperative manner—which also bodes ill for the Administration. They have gone a long way toward resolving, through negotiations, their potentially conflicting aims: the counsel to get indictments, the committees to get testimony—which can require giving witnesses partial (limited) immunity, from prosecution based on what they say before the committees. The fact that the two committees have agreed to hold joint hearings and to pool their resources and investigations—so as to avert charges that they are doing overlapping work, solely for the glory of it, and to keep them from tripping over each other—is a near-miracle.

The two committee chairmen, Senator Daniel Inouye, Democrat of Hawaii, and Representative Lee Hamilton, Democrat of Indiana, want the hearings to get to the point as quickly as possible and want to avoid trivializing what the issue is all about. While showing on television some of the shady, even shabby, figures that the Administration got involved with would be entertaining, and telling tales of money trails and Swiss bank accounts and ripoffs could be riveting, the chairmen want to avoid an atmosphere of low comedy. Both men also want to avoid the atmosphere of the Ervin Watergate committee, which, though entertaining and productive, devolved into partisanship and certain instances of showboating. And both chairmen want to know where the public testimony is headed before it is begun—thus the agreements with the independent counsel that the committees can, under tight security, begin to interview key figures in private, giving Walsh time to build his cases against them in the meantime. Therefore, the next couple of months could be the crucial ones. (Public hearings are not scheduled to start until May.)

In making judgments about whom to call and when to call them, the committees and their own counsel are deliberately trying to avoid foreclosing the prosecution of certain people: among them might be Richard Secord, the former Pentagon official who, along with old friends from the Pentagon and the C.I.A., was involved in both the Iranian and the Contra operations. (Some of the most important people in our government entrusted some of the most sensitive and secret—at least, from us—policies to people who came from the world of Edwin Wilson, who is serving a jail sentence for selling arms to Libya, and to Middle East arms dealers, one of whom flunked a C.I.A. lie-detector test.) Albert Hakim, Secord's business partner, has been granted limited immunity, because the congressional investigator are having trouble getting access t information about the Swiss accounts (Switzerland protects its clients.) An the Senate committee has begun civi contempt proceedings against Secor to get his bank records.



The reason Poindexter will b given limited immunity in early Ma and will be called to testify in mid June, pursuant to an agreement between the committee and the independent counsel last week, is that he i now considered the key figure in th case. North, after all, reported to him and Poindexter briefed the Presiden every day. North won't be given limited immunity until mid-June, thu giving the prosecutor more time, an will be called to testify after that What the congressional investigator want to know is whether Poindexte told the President not only about th diversion of funds but also about th extensive program run out of th White House to get military assistanc to the Contras—in defiance of the law And if Poindexter did *not* tell th President about the Contra-suppor program, they want to know why no —who told him not to. (The investigators will also look into McFarlane' involvement in the Contra-supply effort while he was national-security adviser.) Poindexter, after all, is a military man, and a rigid one at that, used to working in a chain of command Most people here think it highly unlikely that Poindexter took it upon himself to have the N.S.C. staff carry out these or other operations.

Whatever Poindexter has to say about whether he told the Presiden about the diversion and about the program to provide the Contras with military support at a time when this was banned—and if not why not—could be very explosive. An issue that is gaining high priority in the congressional investigations is that in undertaking the Contra-support program the executive branch defied the law established by Congress. In the current context, members of Congress are taking this more seriously than they did before. This is really why the Select Committees plan to begin their hearings with the Contra-support program—and not just, as spokesmen said publicly last week, because they want to take up the issues in chronological order. (The Contra-support program preceded the arms-for-hostages dealings, and they were both essentially carried out by the same people—in and out of government.) And this is why he committees want to interview Poindexter, and then have him testify publicly, as soon as possible. There is a growing feeling within the Hill investigations that if Reagan did know about the Contra-support program this has serious implications. An important member of the Senate Select Committee has told me that part of the strategy s that if anyone testifies that Reagan knew about the diversion, proof that he had also known about the Contra-upport program would give weight to hat charge, but the Contra-support program is now considered important on its own. This theory goes that Reagan had ample opportunity to tell he country whether he was aware of he White House activities to get miliary assistance to the Contras, but even n his latest speech he said nothing about this and in the press conference he denied that he had known about it. The moral distinction between lying and withholding the truth is a narrow one. In both appearances, he also said that he did not know about the diversion. (Some senators close to the investigation say they are surprised that Reagan was so absolute about this at the press conference—that he left himself no room.) Thus, the idea is quietly taking root on Capitol Hill that if it turns out that Reagan was lying on either of these points, or blatantly failed to level with the country, then Congress, as well as the country, could be so enraged that he might not be able to finish his second term.

MEANWHILE, the President's advisers are trying to get the Administration back on track, and get the public's attention focussed on other subjects. But even some of Reagan's closest aides and strongest supporters in Congress know that it will be very difficult to keep public attention focussed on other matters—and Reagan himself is not much help. Not long ago, in what was then a rare public appearance, he said, "We've spent enough time the last few months on inside-Washington politics—who's up and who's down, who's in and out." This is in line with a comment he made last fall—"This is a Beltway bloodletting." If Reagan really believes these things, he is not only seriously out of touch but also will not be of much help to himself: straightening out a problem has to begin with understanding what it is. That is, if it's not too late. And the term "inside the Beltway" is a mindless one—one that should have long since been retired. It overlooks such things as television, newspapers, and magazines that convey information "outside the Beltway;" it demonstrates a total lack of understanding of how opinion travels, and grows; and it is an insult to the American public. There is a direct correlation between people's using the term and their wishing that a certain subject not be discussed.

Reagan, of course, only undermined himself by bowing recently to the wishes of Weinberger and Shultz that he defend them against what the Tower Commission report said about them; in doing so, in a recent Saturday radio talk (to the consternation of Howard Baker and several other advisers and allies), he gave the subject a new lease—and completely scrambled the signal about his acceptance of the report. We already knew that Shultz and Weinberger were more aware of what was going on in the course of the arms-for-hostages policy than they have let on, and that they could have tried harder to stop it. Their insistence that Reagan exonerate them is symptomatic of a problem that has dogged the Reagan Administration for some time and is far from solved—that it is made up of a bunch of people who proceed on the theory of every man for himself. Reagan's preference for "cabinet government" has been a deterrent to coherent policy all along, but at least in the first term he had some people around him—James Baker, Michael Deaver, and Meese—who helped hold things together, if only to a degree. (Deaver, of course, has since been indicted for perjury in connection with his lobbying activities after he left the White House.) After the first term, whatever center of gravity there had been was gone. The fact that Reagan has had five national-security advisers in six years has been a symptom, as well as a cause, of the Administration's chaotic foreign-policy-making. The recent behavior of Weinberger and Shultz—and the President—is an example, but not the only example, of the fact that the centrifugal forces in the Administration are still dominant. And the Iran-Contra affair—contrary to what Tower said when the commission released its report—was not "an aberration" but only an extreme example of what was going on all the time. One foreign-policy official said to me recently, "The barons still want to rule their own roost." He continued, "The State Department and the Defense Department would still prefer not to have the

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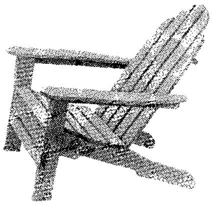

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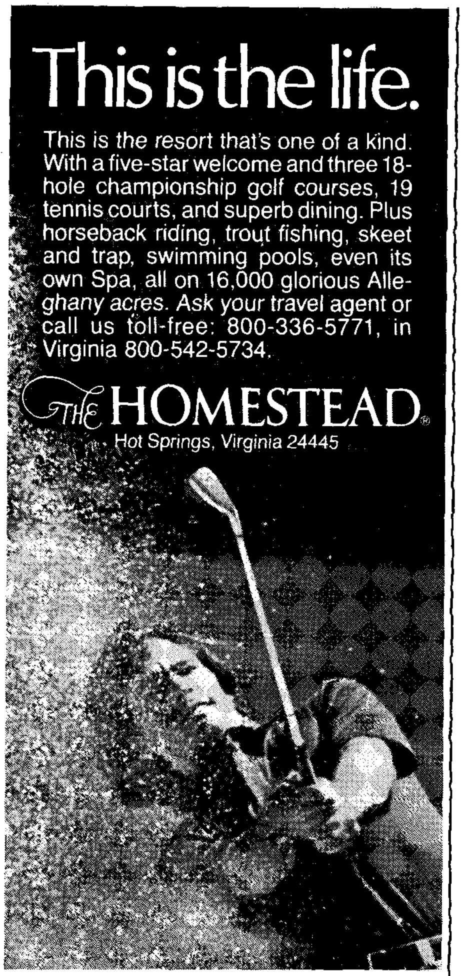
N.S.C. coördinate things; they don't like the idea of reaching bureaucratic decisions, because it is more difficult and less likely to reflect their own positions. And they have bureaucratic allies, and friends on Capitol Hill and in the media. The Administration resembles the Congress—with continuing battles among the special interests." Howard Baker and Carlucci are trying to put the Administration back together, this person said, but he added, "After six years, and especially the last two, it is very difficult to restore some central control over what is really anarchy."

Representative Dick Cheney, of Wyoming, one of the most powerful Republicans in Congress, and also usually a strong supporter of the Administration (something that recent events have made it increasingly hard to be), said to me the other day, "I didn't like that Saturday radio talk. It seems to me the President hasn't solved all his problems until he manages the Shultz-Weinberger relationship. As long as they think they can get him to work for them, that's a problem. And it has substantive consequences, because as long as there is the apparent drift within the Administration on major foreign-policy issues—arms control, the A.B.M. treaty, Central America—there's a sense of a lack of decisiveness in the foreign-policy arena that encourages the Congress to move in." Cheney added, "The President's going off to defend the Secretaries is proof that he hasn't conquered that problem."

William Webster, Reagan's new nominee to replace Casey, will, if he is confirmed, face some real challenges. Webster gets generally high marks for his recent role as F.B.I. director, though some members of the Senate Intelligence Committee, which must approve his nomination, have a few questions they want to raise—among them some about Webster's own handling of certain aspects of the Iran-Contra affair. Still, Webster is well liked here, and gets around, so he starts with a line of credit. But it is clear to people who know a lot about Casey's C.I.A. that Webster will have to not only reorient the agency (away from trying to relive the days of the O.S.S.) but also, as one qualified observer puts it, "clean out" the agency's operations directorate (the one that does covert action). Casey, in thinking that the glory days of the O.S.S. could be revived, set the agency loose on many questionable ventures, gave a number of C.I.A. officials who wer all too ready to go back to the good ol times their head, and proceeded as i the laws enacted in the last couple o decades (in the wake of certain disclosures), including requirements to report certain things to the congressional Intelligence Committees, wer not meant for him. Thus, Casey reflected, and encouraged, an attitud that was not uncommon in the Reagai Administration—which in several instances was no less than lawless. Thi fits in with the case that the Selec Committees on the Iran-Contra affai are building. Further, Webster coul have another problem: he has no background in the area of foreign policy and thus will be dependent upon th C.I.A. bureaucracy. And some informed observers think that the trut has not come out about the C.I.A.' full role in the affair. Also, C.I.A officials have a history of runnin rings around directors who are unfamiliar with the place.

REAGAN could, of course, be blesse again with his famous luck. H has already had the good fortune t have Soviet leader Mikhail Gorbachev make it somewhat more likely that th two men might be able to agree on a treaty reducing intermediate-rang nuclear missiles. All Gorbachev did was revert to his pre-Reykjavik position that such an agreement could be reached apart from agreements on long-range weapons and S.D.I. For Reagan, this was a great gift, presenting him with the possibility of both an I.N.F. agreement and a summit meeting, and perhaps even the outline of an agreement on the larger questions. But, given the situation within the Administration, with those who don't want Reagan to bargain on S.D.I. still trying to checkmate those who do, the chances of a full, if any, agreement on the big questions do not as of now seem very great. It is the very fact that the I.N.F. issue is not so important that makes an agreement on it more possible. The historical irony is that Reagan and Gorbachev seem to have parallel needs: each, for his own reason, needs an arms-control agreement. Reagan, of course, needs one to improve his political situation and for what is referred to as "his place in history"—which is a bit shaky just now. Gorbachev needs one in order to affirm his primacy within the Soviet leadership and to lessen the drain on the Soviet economy of the arms race.

But whether even an I.N.F. agree-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ient can be reached is far from certain t this point. Among other things, the Jnited States may be asking for verifiation procedures that will make an greement impossible. Carlucci is said y an associate to be "slowly, slowly" rying to get some decisions made; up ill now, arms control has been a coninual free-for-all within the Adminstration. If Reagan does seem to be on is way to an arms-control agreement, he pressure to "get off his back" on he Iran-Contra affair could get inense. But Nixon staged some foreignolicy spectaculars when he was in rouble, and the inquiry into his Adinistration's activities went on inexrably.

REAGAN may, in the end, succeed in changing the subject. He might ave some successes with Congress on ther issues. He also might somehow scape further heavy weather on the ran-Contra affair. His inherent resilence and fighting nature might retore him as an important force—depite the fact that he is in the last two ears of his Presidency and, in effect, ost the November elections. He has eemed, of late, to have had some of he wind knocked out of him, to have ost some of his confidence—which ad been an important source of his trength. The apparent (if illusory) uccess of his press conference, plus he confirmatory applause by his staff fterward, seems to have cheered him p—at least for the moment. Reagan as bounced back before—albeit from ess dire political circumstances. He will never be more intelligent than he s, and it is unrealistic to expect that, s Laxalt predicted recently, "the days of hands-off policy in connection with serious policy matters are over for Ronald Reagan." But he is better protected now than he has been for the past two years. Thus, it is possible that the Reagan Administration could coast along for the next two years—not doing wonderfully, perhaps, but not doing terribly. And then again it is also possible that, at any moment, it could get blown away.

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BOOKS

Back to Nature

ONCE upon a time in the fifties, before words like "ecology" and "counterculture" had any circulation and when the phrase "back to Nature" comfortably implied that there would always be a Nature to go back to, there were in Cambridge, Massachusetts, two young literary persons destined to spend an unusual amount of their future out-of-doors, in faraway places, seeking rapport with animals and so-called primitive peoples. Edward Hoagland and Elizabeth Marshall, of the Harvard-Radcliffe class of 1954, precocious as writers (he wrote an eventually published novel, "Cat Man," while still an undergraduate, and she had a short story printed in Martha Foley's "Best American Short Stories of 1953"), have trod the less trodden ways in the decades since, and have become known for their nonfiction—his essays and travel books and her anthropological studies of African tribes. Now, within a few months of each other, both have produced novels—he, "Seven Rivers West" (Summit; $18.95), and she, "Reindeer Moon" (Houghton Mifflin; $17.95). Both books describe (and include maps of) perilous treks in a reconstructed past—his, the Canadian Rockies of 1887, and hers, central Siberia twenty thousand years ago. And both are excellent books, wonderful in the root sense: they refresh our sense of wonder. They revive that elemental awareness dulled in the all but suffocatingly urbanized and humanized world of our tired century.

THE BOOK STALL

Hoagland's fiction, though he followed "Cat Man" with two other novels, has been quietly received. Readers of this magazine may recall from fifteen years ago a curious gem of a short story, "The Final Fate of the Alligators," about an aging sailor who kept a fully grown alligator in a bathtub in his apartment on Twenty-first Street. It and two other tales of Manhattan were published last year under the title "City Tales," by the Capra Press, of Santa Barbara. The two non-alligator stories display a tough wisdom, a poetic slant, and many superb sentences, but also an elusive grittiness—a faint abrasive pugnacity to the prose—and an impatient, sporadic way of moving that hobbles their momentum. The longer of them, "The Witness," is, Mr. Hoagland's introduction confides, "about as autobiographical as fiction gets," and has much the tone of the boldly discursive and fearlessly frank essays that have made his reputation. "I found at the end of the 1960s," the introduction continues, "that what I wanted to do most was to tell my own story . . . without filtering myself through the artifices of fiction."

The change of genre came with a change of milieu. The nameless hero of "The Witness," after detailing the varieties of urban brutality visible from the windows of his workplace on Lafayette Street, and permitting glimpses of a doomed and dingy affair he is conducting with a married woman on the floor below his apartment on the lower East Side, announces, "I needed a vacation badly, needed to get to the country; I was irritated simply by humans and human activity." To the far country, then, be it Alaska or British Columbia or northern Vermont or the Sudan, Mr. Hoagland has gone, with his avid yet somehow stoical and detached attentiveness. His first nonfiction book, "Notes from the Century Before," began, he tells us, "as a diary intended only to fuel my next novel." Though the journal was kept in the summer of 1966, it seems as though his observations of the lonely mountains and rivers and men of northwestern Canada had, after twenty years, fed into the majestic panorama of "Seven Rivers West."

The front matter holds an epic disclaimer: "This novel is an invention. No people or tribes, no rivers or mountains, no villages or events are drawn from life." A map shows the seven titular rivers (plus nine or so others) and the numerous, quaintly named mountains (Shipshape, Muckaboo, Belly, Tooth, Many Berries, Mother, Mad Me) of the invented territory; it contains two features, the Continental Divide and the tracks of the fictional Winnipeg & Pacific Railroad, that place it on the British Columbia–Alberta line not far from what is now Banff National Park. The map also traces the novel's story: the trip, by horseback, foot, and raft, that Cecil Roop, a young man from the Massachusetts Berkshires, took up north into the Rockies and back down again, in search of a bear to tame an carry East to the vaudeville circuit. I this adventure, which begins as the i is breaking up in the rivers and ends few moons later, Cecil is accompanie by Sutton, a stout older man fro Louisiana with hopes of a gold strik and a circus trick of diving into shallow water and landing on his bell Margaret, a middle-aged Crow squa widowed by one white man but le with a taste for more; Charle Biskner, a true leather-clad "mountai man," with some gold dust kept in " buffalo's or a moose's scrotum," an a cozy cabin high on the Memphramagog River; Left-Handed Ro a shaky old "desert rat" who lost on arm in a sawmill accident; and mor horses and dogs (not to mention mule, cat, and kitten) than I coul count, though Mr. Hoagland particularizes and cherishes them all. Thi ungainly crew swims rivers and climb mountains and encounters the spars human and rich animal population o an almost virgin land. Though th buffalo herds have been decimated, an a few settlers established, this is stil the frontier; the railroad is just comin to the newborn town of Horse Swim a Cecil leaves, the river has been recently named Margaret in honor o one of our characters, and the India tribes are acquainted with white me but, in the mountains, far from subdued. With a mysterious offhand assurance, the novel conveys the unsettled, improvised, ragged state of th Wild West, as the wary and growingly demoralized but still savage re men intermingle, in these vast areas with the forward edge of white adventurers, eccentrics, romantics, and entrepreneurs—a huge human even that, though often sung in film and story, acquires a startling freshness through Mr. Hoagland's details. The sexual interaction, for instance, between white men and Native American women, downplayed in the textbooks, is here bluntly and tenderly explored, via the persons of two squaws—the hardened and somewhat whorish Margaret, who joins up with Sutton, and the quite unassimilated Lizzie, a young Sikink widow and captive with whom Cecil reaches a tussly and insecure accommodation. "Lizzie" is his version of "Xingu," meaning "Young Basket." The warmth of her vibrant though alien life and, as their ourtship progresses, of a common human nature breaking through language and cultural barriers is vividly endered: "To his nose she smelled no different from the Thloadennis—a ort of mixture of pikefish, smoke, charcoal and tamaracks. . . . He found he didn't care that she was as tall as him and her arms nearly as muscular. He liked her quizzing eyes and the planes of her face, which were less hefty than the Thloadennis' crowded cheeks, and the bulge of her hank of hair under her hat, and her strong hips." In all the various tense encounters the white wanderers have with local Indians, we feel the poignance of this moment of continenal mixing. The Indians are neither mplacably hostile nor stupidly gullble; their actions and attitudes are shaped by the very human question 'What's in it for me?" Not much, it turned out in the long run; but in the short many deals were struck, which permitted traffic and an uneasy coexistence. As Charley says, "the West is a great place for turnover."

Along with his keen and nonjudgmental intuitions into human arrangements, Mr. Hoagland provides a wealth of tactile details about the tools, costumes, sights, and usages of the frontier. The tops of a horse chief's ears were clipped, as a stigma; cowboys wore rattlesnake skins as neckties; pioneers arrived deafened by the screeching of their wagon wheels; a sun hat could be kept stiff by washing it in starchy potato water—just the first chapter yields these details, along with such strongly flavored old words as "navvies," "platted," "hightailed," and "quinsy." (I did wonder, though, if "hog heaven" and "zoo" in the slang sense of mass confusion were in the language a century ago, and if one could speak of a "Czechoslovak" language before Czechoslovakia was founded, in 1918.) Remarkably precise sentences revive vanished sights:

> He was elegant in his tan shirt and pants, trailed by a lovely blond matched pair of trotters hitched to a democrat, with cheesecloth screening over their noses to ward off the flies.
>
> Last year's onions were still stored in his house, braided in chains by their dried tops, the chains looped across the low ceiling beams, along with split string beans, which were strung up by the many hundreds like tiny two-legged dried-leather britches in walking postures all around.

Man's old-fashioned agriculture and husbandry are thus witnessed, but it is the timeless—the animals and rivers and mountains—that excites Mr. Hoagland's noblest style. His particularization of the successive rivers, in terms of tint and surge and bottom quality, is as intimate and loving as his naming and description of the various animals, domestic and wild—the dog Smoky, "who was smoke-colored and affectionate but suffered from epilepsy;" a billy goat "with its brisk, fastidious gait, cowlicky beard, bald knees, and deep-thinker's forelock;" a grizzly bear "as purple-colored as a plum;" a moose "with his brown bell swinging and two upside-down chairs on top of his head." The animal world yields to the author's anthropofugal eye incidents of a human strangeness and fallibility:

> A kingfisher dashed out in pursuit of a fish hawk and actually rode on its neck for a hundred yards, sitting like a broncobuster, while underneath their conjoined, monstrous shadow a groundhog on the riverbank took such fright it bumped its head and stunned itself in diving for its den.

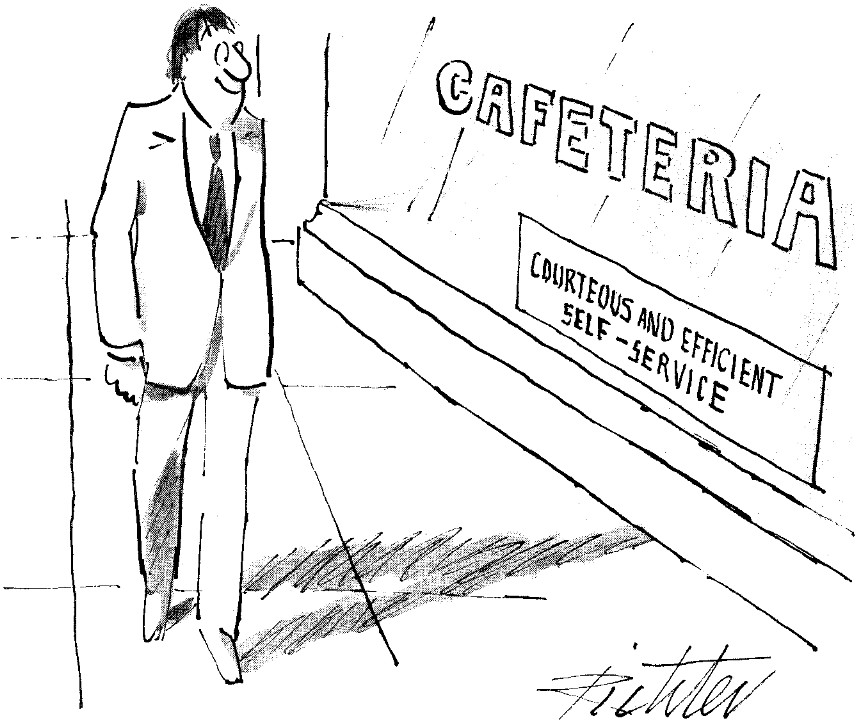
The effort to render precisely the vast mountainscapes drives Mr. Hoagland's prose to a kind of sprung rhythm, a Hopkinsesque compression:

> The mountains mobbed into a jumble of slopes and pitches, gun-metal heights and gunstock-colored gorges which didn't separate into isolated cones but ran together in multiple masses connected by short, cloud-stuffed plateaus as cold as the snow in the saddles not far above or the blade-edged crestlines that were an icy blue.

This jumble is good; at times the mimetic effort becomes perhaps too muscular and colorful, as in this version of northern lights:

> These were as pink in the night sky as the salmon she was splitting open by firelight, and glowed like antler tines, vibrated like a dozen tuning forks, fanned high into an arch of organ-pipe columns, and blanketed the sky with orange sheets that turned to a diaphanous white chiffon before sweeping upward into instant oblivion.

We are given, in any case, a great deal to visualize, and relatively little to hear and to feel. The travellers are laconic with one another, though some pungent things are said. The motives of the central two, Cecil and Sutton, are rather lightly etched. Both, as if refugees from the author's youthful circus novel, "Cat Man," are circus-minded, with stunts they now and then perform. Cecil hopes to catch a bear, a squaw, and a Bigfoot in these Rockies, and Sutton to settle down and mine gold, but rather fantastically: their quests don't communicate excitement, and in the end Cecil's bear seems to be both captured and forgotten. Perhaps this thinness of sympathetic motive holds a truth: the men of the far frontier were more concerned with getting away than going to, and the trip to the edge was its own mystical purpose. These foreground figures stand in this lovingly wrought homage to a stupendous terrain much as the little figures are planted in a great wilderness canvas by Frederick Church or Albert Bierstadt, to supply a sense of scale. Mr. Hoagland is better at "characters" than at character; walk-ons like Ouddo, a deaf and affable old killer ensconced in eremitic luxury, and Switzer, an unarmed, Bible-quoting pilgrim carrying a bag of apple seeds, crackle with an authentic American



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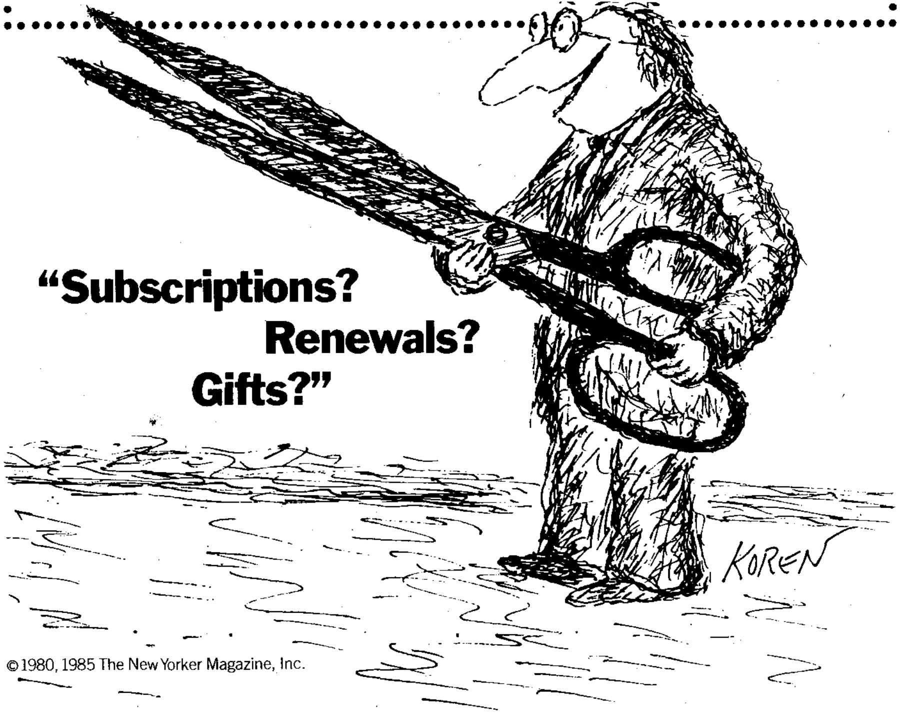
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crankiness. Among these vital, humanoid eccentrics should be included Bigfoot, or Sasquatch, who turns out to be an apparition of hypnotic reality, smelling of "a mustardly piquancy or the vanilla scent of joe-pye weed" and after a while seeming just one more of the fauna in this remoteness, with "its peacock or parroty scream . . . its baboon muzzle and bearish set of teeth, its body haired all over like a shaggy pony's, its hands like a giant man's or an ominous ape's, its forehead and face more spiritual than intelligent but more human than animal." Like Moby-Dick, this creature (whose presence makes Cecil feel woozy) reifies the murky and ominous meaning that gazes at man out of the external world in all its impervious magnificence. By setting himself in pursuit of this meaning, Mr. Hoagland joins cause with the transcendentalists, and wilderness mystics like John Muir (in whose praise he has written a rapturous essay), and that long line of American novelists who have attempted in one gorgeous grab to say it all. He has come closer than most.

Elizabeth Marshall Thomas's "Reindeer Moon" has the one thing missing from "Seven Rivers West"—a lovable protagonist, whose travels and travails we follow with continuous concern. Her heroine, Yanan, tells her story in a limpid, unassuming, piquant voice that engages us from the start:

> My story isn't big like the stories some of the mammoth hunter men could tell. Mine doesn't end with a huge pile of meat. My story has no captured women, only the gifts of a marriage exchange, and no battles, only arguments about the gifts. My story isn't very long, and perhaps lacks wisdom, since the beginning was told me by other people and the end came sooner than I wanted. I was still a young woman when I left the world of the living and became a spirit of the dead.

Such a voice—firm and direct yet afloat in an indeterminate subjective space—avoids the two aesthetic perils of third-person ventures into the Paleolithic like Jean Auel's best-selling volumes: the peril of sounding like animated anthropology, and that of sounding like one more querulous, ego-ridden modern novel. Yanan's people feel, as do we, anger, fear, love, and jealousy. But their sense of personal possessiveness is qualified by a clan solidarity more intense than ours; they know hunger as a constant companion; their relationship with animals s close and murderous; and their religion is a practical reality interwoven vith earthly survival. On the earthy level, "Reindeer Moon" tells of Yanan's maturation, from child to nother, in the space of perhaps four rears. The years are harrowing but ypical for these semi-nomadic huntergatherers of the sub-Arctic steppes, ave for the winter when the cruel leaths of her mother and then her ather isolate the still girlish Yanan, vith her little sister Meri, in a wild vorld bare of clan protection. In the ale's most compelling and alarming pisode, the two children manage to urvive with the help of a similarly solated female wolf and her one cub, nd eventually make their way, living ike animals in burrows and crevices, off roots and frogs, to a lodge of their kin. On the unearthly level, Yanan, as her opening sentences announce, dies young; yet she continues, as "a spirit of the dead," to experience and to unction in the life of her clan, as a guardian of her people's lodge. In its natter-of-fact interlarding of a brief ife with its wide-ranging afterlife 'Reindeer Moon" is something of a our de force, but it rarely feels strained, or cute. Partly under her own volition and partly under the magical nfluence of the tribal shamans, Yanan is spirit takes the form of a number of creatures—a wolf, a deer, a raven, an owl, a bustard, a lion, even a mammoth—and reënters reality from their angles. The novel gains thereby an entrancing variety and airiness of texture, while deepening its basic theme, which I took to be the terms upon which we human animals enjoy our contract with nature.

The writing runs smooth and almost colorless and rarely thickens into one of Mr. Hoagland's poetic knots. But our awareness of such a basic comfort as shelter is exquisitely sharpened by a simple sentence like "As we reached the middle of the woods in the early evening, tiny, grainy snowflakes began to fall." Yanan and Meri have that day abandoned the lodge where their father's corpse lies—he has died, after days of delirium and coma, of an infected wolverine bite—and the tiny, grainy snowflakes, falling into their hopeless trudge through this vast inhuman wilderness, have the weight of terror, of our terrible frail loneliness. Food, too—what it means to be a carnivore—is comprehended anew, through the dozens of detailed and pitiless killings expertly described in the novel. And the necessary tightness

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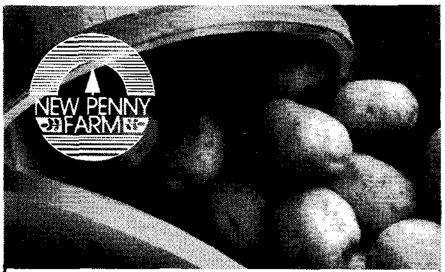

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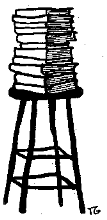

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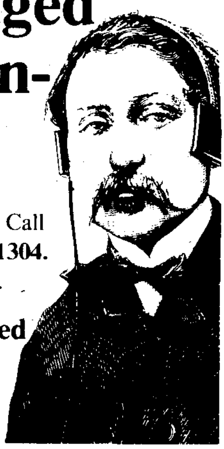

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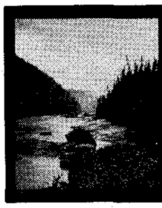

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of the social weave that holds hunger and cold and predators at bay is illustrated by the cunning coherence of the plot: Yanan's sin, her disruption of the clan, comes during a fight precipitated by her stealing and destroying, to spare her sister's feelings, what she takes to be the pelt of the wolf cub who became a brother to her sister during the winter they were forced to live with wolves. And they had come to that pass, really, through an impetuous decision of their father's to remove his family from the larger clan because of an imagined slight. From one breach of order others flow; no violation of taboo or mutual trust goes without its disruptive effect, and all must be repaired. The incessant mending of the tribal consensus includes placatory rites directed at the gods—the Bear and the Woman Ohun. Man has extended his social net upward into the air, and rising smoke carries offerings of blood and meat to the spirits. The urgency of these natural and supernatural interconnections lends "Reindeer Moon" an intrinsic coherence and suspensefulness that modern novels, describing a world where the social unit is relatively loose and diffuse, must grope for. In "Seven Rivers West," the deaths and matings, as set down by Mr. Hoagland's modern male sensibility, have a disjunct abruptness, as if to point up the cosmic indifference that frames such high animal moments; in "Reindeer Moon," the pace feels softer—each crisis rounded in the telling so that we can follow its curve, each event a fruit held and pulled from the tree of life.

As Yanan tells us at the outset, hers is a woman's tale. Its feminist overtones are audible but not strident. Since, from the pharaohs on, women have been assigned a back seat in history, there is a tendency to claim prehistory as their turf. "Men own the meat," Yanan tells us, but "women own the families, the lineages." Her cousin Teal instructs her, "You came from a strong lineage, a Fire River lineage. If you're afraid of initiation or coitus, you mustn't show it." The implied moral of Yanan's heroic trek with Meri is that *women can do it.* Wielding the heavy spear taken from beside her father's corpse, she hunts with the men. She fights being beaten by her husband and, when the time comes, proudly attempts to give birth to her child away from the lodge, with only little Meri in attendance. She overreaches: women in the time of "Reindeer Moon" still must be creatures of endurance and submissio They less make things happen tha have things happen to them. "What i happening to me?" Yanan asks hersel when she first makes love, echoing th exact words her mother uttered whe she found herself dying of a hemorrhage. Teal tells Yanan, "Thes women's things—menstruation, initiation, childbirth—they aren't very difficult and don't need skill or knowledge. . . . They just happen. You nee only to keep quiet." When Yanan ask "Why must I?" Teal answers griml "We must. It's The Woman Ohun' plan." Yanan's, and Mrs. Thomas's vision of triumphant femininity is endearingly embodied in the hulk of a old female mammoth, the leader of herd that Yanan joins in her spiri form—the most remarkable in a delightful, humorous, and scrupulous series of empathetic animal portraits:

> The elderly leader waited for me t come near. With her head high and he eyes squinting, her chin tight, her cheek sucked in, and her lips pressed firmly together, the large mammoth seemed strong-minded. Her ears were small and tattere as if they had been frozen when she wa young. Her tusks were long, sweeping ou and down, then curving inward and upward, with grooves and scratches on the —tusks far older than mine, which wer still growing into their downward curve By the early light her shedding, patch hair looked black; it was matted on he flanks but sleek on her chest where he summer coat parted over her breasts, whic showed behind her forelegs as the breast of a woman on her hands and knees show behind her arms. When the gathering light shone through this mammoth's hair I saw its red color.

This monstrous yet not unfriendly vision, with its womanly breasts and blood-colored tint, corresponds to Mr. Hoagland's affecting, quizzical portrait of Sasquatch and to Melville's great picture, in the eighty-seventh chapter of "Moby-Dick," of "The Grand Armada," the whale society, complete with nursing mothers and amorous couples, "suspended in those watery vaults": a vision, that is, of something quite *other* in nature, beyond the confines of human culture, that yet gazes back at us with eyes not totally unlike our own.

—JOHN UPDIKE

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[*From the Buffalo News*]

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